





Sheldon Jackson's  
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Dr. Sheldon Jackson, whose illuminating lectures on the Terra Incognita of America have been so educational in geography and history, is a young man in appearance and address despite his divinity-student spectacles. His close-cropped beard and crisp, direct diction combine to give him rather a western air, which his extempore style of address aids.

, 1880.

#### "AZTECS AND INDIANS."

Lecture by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., of Denver, Colorado, in the Amphitheatre, July 31, 1880, at 8 P. M.

When we were children in the common schools of the east, we were taught that the eastern portion of the United States was the oldest section, and when we desired to speak of the new section we always referred to and thought of the west; while the fact is that the west is the older civilization of the United States, and the east is the newer. When our forefathers in the first winter upon the bleak New England shore were sheltered in their log cabins, there were churches in the west that had grown grey with age, and some even crumbling into ruins. It is not only the oldest section of the European colonization of the United States, the Spanish having penetrated far up into Arizona and New Mexico as early as 1541, eighty years before the landing of the Pilgrim fathers; but we find a civilization ant-dating even that. When, in 1535, the first wandering Spaniard crossed from Florida through Texas and reached New Mexico, he there found ruins as great as any that are to be found in Asia; so great, that the inhabitants of 1535 could not tell when those buildings were abandoned or who had built them. Imagine a triangle, taking for one angle Tucson, Arizona, for the second Denver, in Colorado, and for the third Sacramento, and inclosed within that immense triangle, covering thousands of square miles, you may find every few miles evidence of an immense population. That country is remarkable for its prehistoric ruins. In northern New Mexico is the Canon de Chelly, a canon in many respects more wonderful than the Yosemite valley. While it lacks the great waterfalls of the Yosemite, it exceeds the latter in its antiquarian interests. As you approach the canon from the south—riding to the very edge of the precipice—you can roll a stone over and it will strike no bulges of the rock until it falls upon the sand at its base, some 1200 feet below. In places you can throw a stone

across and meet a corresponding rock on the opposite side; in other places the canon is a quarter of a mile wide. Taking a Navajo Indian for your guide and picking your way down to the bottom you stand between those perpendicular walls. Gazing upon them you think that you see cracks in the stone; but bring your field glass to your eye and you will find those seeming cracks have opened up into doors and windows; you see the evidences of rock stonework far up the sides of the precipice, in some places 20, 50, 100, 500, 1000 feet up. Working your way through the cracks in the rocks you can reach some of the lower houses. Some are composed of only two or three rooms, others having a hundred rooms, and in some cases two stories high. In several instances we find built in the rocks cisterns or reservoirs for water and corn. Some of those houses can be reached from the top. There are others that no man in the present age has been ever able to reach.

To the eastward of De Chelly one hundred miles, is the famous canyon of De Chaco. In this canyon are immense houses still standing. Standing upon the debris you can look up through four stories of stone walls into the blue heavens above. The partition walls still standing indicate that some of them contained, in their first condition, from four hundred to five hundred and six hundred distinct rooms. The remaining stone walls are laid up as symmetrically as our master masons of to-day put up buildings in the great cities.

They differ, however, from the discovered ruins in Central America in this; that they lack the sculpture found there; but in the laying up of stone masonry and in their cement they probably can not be excelled in the art of stone laying at the present day. In that canon are some thirteen or fourteen of these immense houses, the majority of them in the valley, some of them on the rock Mesa. Thus, through thousands of miles of your country are evidences that there was once a civilized population in that section numbering millions.

The question arises, "What has become of them?" Is there anything to-day corresponding to the population that once existed in that country? Well, as long as our scientists are quarreling and differing with regard to that matter, it ill becomes me speak with any confidence, and say whether the present population is linked with a distinct prehistoric past or not. There is, however, in that section to-day, a strange population; a peculiar



people, separate and distinct as the children of Israel were from the Gentiles around them. A people that during all these centuries since European history has reached them have neither intermarried with wild nomadic tribes surrounding them on the one hand, nor with the Mexicans on the other. They remain to-day as they were found three centuries ago, a peculiar and distinct population, and a self-sustaining population, independent of all the rest of the world. If the entire human race, with the exception of that population, should be blotted out of existence it would make no difference with that people or with their comforts. They raise and create everything that they need. They have sheep out of which they manufacture their cloth and clothing. They raise their own corn and wheat, peaches and melons. They make their own pottery ware and crockery. These people are classed by our government, perhaps for want of a better classification, among the Indians, but they are as distinct from our ordinary North American Indians as a Frenchman is from a Swede, or a Russian from an Englishman. Those people dwell in large houses on the communistic plan. They build a one-story wall that would enclose a block in one of our large cities and cover it with a flat dirt roof. The outside wall of the second story is then commenced upon the first partition wall on the inside. The roof of the first story makes a terrace around the second. The third story is built in the same manner upon the second partition wall of the foundation; each story receding until, when you come to the fifth or sixth story (for they build their houses so high), you find a succession of rooms along the length of the building and only one room wide. If you should attempt entrance to one of these houses you approach to what you suppose the front and you see a bare wall with no opening whatever: you think you have made a mistake and pass around to the side where you will find the same blank wall, and so all around the building; but you frequently see a ladder. Following up that ladder, you find another going down through what seems a scuttle hole, but it leads to the room below, so that in fact they go up a ladder upon the roof and then down a ladder to reach their room. Usually the third, fourth, and fifth stories have stone steps. These houses were standing in 1540 when Coronado, the first military conqueror from Mexico, visited that country. They were standing substantial as they are to-day and in 1540 the people that occupied them could not tell when they were built

any more than the people of to-day. Some of these houses are sufficiently large to contain five and six and seven hundred people in one building. They have their suites of apartments according to the size of their family, and these apartments descend from mother to daughter, instead of from father to son, through generations. Upon entering one of their houses you are met at once by the lady of the house, clothed in a picturesque and becoming costume. It reminds me somewhat of the dress of the Switzerland peasantry. She meets you with a polite wave of the hand extending a welcome and expressing her gratitude to you that you have not forgotten her, but have called before leaving the village. She then retires to the back portion of her room, which is without any furniture whatever. In one corner there is a little triangular fire-place and a few iron kettles sitting around it. A bench runs along three sides of the room, upon which is a pile of blankets and sheepskins. If it is cold weather she brings out her best sheepskin, lays it upon the floor by the fire-place, and then, with a graceful wave of the hand, bids you be seated. Retiring into one of the interior rooms she presently reappears with a basket woven from grass. This basket is so closely woven that it will contain water. The basket is heaped full of bread, "guave" they call it. You notice in her little fire-place a large flat stone about three feet square, and if you happen to be there about baking time you will see a large baking trough full of batter made of cornmeal and water. They grind this meal themselves, and the time of the women and girls is largely occupied by it. You will find in one place a row of flat stones having a slight inclination, with a curbing around them about three inches wide, and near by is a stone roller. Go into their houses at almost any time of the day and you will find the women and girls arranged along here and there, down on their knees rubbing this roller up and down over the stationary stones grinding the grain into meal. This meal is made into batter, into which, when the stone is sufficiently heated, the woman thrusts her hand and with a dexterous movement covers the whole baking stone with a batter. In a moment the bread is baked and she brings up a large loaf of bread, nine feet square in size, but it is exceedingly thin. It is immediately rolled up in form of the French loaf.

Among these people exist many customs of Asia that have been brought



over to this country, perhaps by the Moors to Spain, and from Spain to Mexico. In the spring, instead of seeing fine steel plows that our shops turn out you find the people ploughing with a crooked stick. Not only the Aztecs but the Mexican population to-day largely plough with a crooked stick, the yoke tied across the horns of the oxen. They reap with the sickle, and the poor may be seen gleaning in the fields of the rich gathering up that which the reapers have left. Passing by their homes you will see the threshing floors upon the ground, a space perhaps twenty or thirty feet in diameter, over which they are driving their sheep and goats to thresh out the grain. Then when the wind is favorable you find them flinging the chaff up into the air and winnowing the grain after the Old Testament fashion. The women go to the brook and wash the sand and dirt out of the grain, when they spread it out upon great woolen blankets to dry in the sun. Then comes the after process of grinding and preparing it for food.

In the morning and evening long rows of them can be seen going down to the well, not as Jacob watered his flocks according to the pictures, by letting a bucket down into the water, but they have dug an inclined way to it and you will see one file passing down and another going up, with great jars upon their heads. A woman will go up with a jar holding the equivalent of two ordinary bucketsful, and never think of putting her hands upon her head to steady this jar. She seems utterly oblivious to the fact that she has got two pailsful of water upon her head.

These people have in all their dwellings the remnants of Baal worship, and sun worship. Their assembly or worship rooms are called estufas. The best conception I could give you of one would be to take a large wash-bowl twenty feet across and twenty feet deep and invert it. You will then have the form of those underground rooms. Walking along in front of one of those great houses, you will see a ladder passing apparently into a cistern. Going down that ladder you find a clay altar in one part of the room and upon the eastern side an ash-pit with living coals. They claim, although it is still a subject for dispute, that in some of those estufas the fires never go out. Once a year men are selected from their tribe whose business it is to see that these fires are kept burning. There are eighteen of these villages in New Mexico, and seven in Arizona, making a population of some twelve or fifteen thousand.

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In earlier days they were accustomed to take their choicest children and tie their wrists together, and also their ankles, and laying them upon the altar, with a sharp flint-stone cut their throats and when they had bled to death burn them.

Their Mexican neighbors say they will occasionally do it yet, but they deny this themselves. Yet it is not improbable that when some great calamity, some great epidemic—like the small-pox in 1877, which carried off one-tenth of the entire population; a scourge only second to the yellow fever in '78, which carried off thirteen thousand of our people. When some great calamity like that comes into their household and sweeps away whole flocks of children what other course have they, what other thought will come to a heathen mind to propitiate the offended deity than to take the children and sacrifice some of their dearest and best to appease that deity? Upon the hill-tops surrounding many of these villages you will find there to-day standing altars of Baal in the high places; and the sacred groves of Baal still exist in this so-called Christian land, and scarcely a voice raised in all our Christian churches in behalf of these Baal worshipers. Those of you that remember the International Sunday-School lessons of a few years ago will remember the terrible denunciations pronounced in the Old Testament against Baal worship. How often it led Israel astray and brought upon them the judgments of God. And yet through all these years it has existed in these United States! It exists here to-day, and in only three of those twenty-five villages is any Christian denomination whatever making any effort to bring this people up out of the darkness of Baal-worship into the glorious light that the Lord Jesus Christ can shed into their darkened minds; with scarcely a feeling of sympathy, utter indifference by the larger portion of the church of Christ in this land with regard to these perishing heathen in our midst.

With regard to these stone altars: Take, for instance, the village of Laguna, and upon three little hill-tops in the immediate vicinity of that village I counted forty of these altars; and all around them innumerable votive offerings of that people, largely consisting of two little sticks, perhaps a quarter of an inch in diameter and four or five inches long, bound together with a species of grass and then a feather from some sacred bird tied at the end of the grass. Those are the prayers of the people to an



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unknown god that he will have compassion upon them. You can go into the corn field and find these two little sticks bound together and a piece of corn shuck tied to them and a little feather at the end. It is a prayer of this people for a good crop of corn. You will see them out upon the plain with a seed head of grass, and this is a prayer for a good crop of grass. You will find them around the springs of water, because water is scarce in that country, as in Asia. All around these springs these feathers fluttering. They are prayers to the great Giver of water that He will send them, that which is so necessary to their lives. You will find them in their houses. In the hair of their children, the out-going of a mother's heart that God will keep her boy from measles, small-pox and other misfortunes—the out-going of the parental heart unto a god whom they know not for a blessing upon their children.

Among the Pueblos of New Mexico you will find a plural religion. As early as 1540 to 1550 the Spanish priests went among them and established their religion. You will find in one portion of the village a little Roman Catholic church, and in another place the estufa. Upon feast day, about nine or ten o'clock, you will see those people devoutly attending mass. Later in the day, if you get access to one of their estufas, you will find them going through all the acts of sun worship. When they are hard pressed by questioning and cross-questioning to know if they should be compelled to give up one of these religions, they usually evade it by saying: "We could not think of giving up our Montezuma worship," the old religion. The Moqui towns in Arizona are differently situated. In the sixteenth century the Jesuit priests got entrance among them. In the great rebellion of 1680, when they rose in their might and drove the trained Spanish soldiers of Europe in the very height of their power four hundred miles down the valley; and when the Spanish received new recruits from old Spain, the Pueblos rallying, would push them back to the southward—thus through twenty long years the tide of war went up and down the great valley of the Rio Grande of New Mexico, making it the classic historic battle grounds of the ancients in our land. In that revolution the Spanish priests were driven out of the Moqui towns or killed. They tried again and again to gain access to them, with the zeal peculiar to Jesuit priests, but in vain.

The Moqui towns are built upon high rock mesas. Approaching from the east you see before you great high stone pre-

cipices. Coming closer strange rocks appear along the top, and you find that these strange rocks are the three and four storied houses of the ancients. A zigzag path winds up the face of the rock. The top of that rock is seven hundred feet above the surrounding valley, and it is not a continuation of a ledge of rocks, but one immense rock rising up distinct out of the plain, so that upon horseback you can ride around it. Upon this great rock three-fourths of a mile long, and one-quarter of a mile wide, are three distinct villages, only three-quarters of a mile apart, and yet they have three distinct languages, besides which they all speak a common language, and some of their natives know a portion of the Mexican language, making a people on that rock using five languages. This rock is such a natural fortress that for months it defied the Spanish power. They never so completely re-subjugated them that they were able to get a lodgement for their Catholic priests after the revolution. The priests often went there, and refused to go until the officers of the villages took them by force to the precipices and threw them over, so that since 1680 they have been entirely free from Roman Catholic influence, and are to-day the pure sun-worshippers of our land.

In many of their homes you will find wooden idols, the representations of men and women; symbols of the sun and moon; some of them with a human body and the head of a steer. Their religion is the same worship of the sun as that of the ancient worshipers of Baal. They are essentially a religious people. I suppose there is no village or villages in the United States where morning worship is so universally observed as upon those rocks in northern Arizona. If you were sojourning among them instead of pitching your tent, as at Chautauqua, you would probably lay your blankets out upon the flat roof; at early dawn you would hear the tinkling of a bell calling the people to morning worship. For want of a large bell they tie small ones to the ankles of a man who runs along over the houses and the motion of his feet ringing the bells wakes the people up. Then you will see the population pouring out of their houses down the ladders and steps, and going out to the edge of this mesa and very composedly sit along the edge of the rock. If they should fall off they would go down seven hundred feet and be dashed to pieces. There they sit watching the rising sun. As they see the sun rising they go through



certain motions greeting the great source of light and heat.

They have a tradition among them that Montezuma is to come from the east, a beautiful tradition that when he left that country to establish his kingdom in old Mexico he planted a tree in Santa Fe having its branches in the ground and its roots in the air; that a people would come from the south and enslave them. After a long while that tree would blow down, and a people would come from the east and deliver them from slavery, and soon after he himself would come and restore to them all the glory of their first ancient kingdom. Sure enough after his departure the Spanish came, conquered them, and made them work in their silver mines without pay. During the Mexican war that tree blew down and soon after General Kearney came and delivered them from the Mexican and Spanish yoke. These people saw in the descent of our stars and stripes the fulfillment of prophecy, and came out *en masse* to welcome the United States. They have never been at war, like other Indian tribes, with the United States. They have saved hundreds and thousands of our fathers and friends who in the early gold excitement were lost in those deserts and perishing from thirst. These people found them, led them to the secret springs under the rocks and mountains, and took them to their homes. The American people owe a great debt of gratitude for thousands of lives that in days past those people saved; and at one time when the Apaches were driving out our settlements in Arizona, the Pima and Moqui were the only bulwark against the murderous Apaches. These people had this tradition, that the Americans came as their deliverers; and I suspect this morning worship I have described is to prepare for the coming of Montezuma. On some of their feast days they choose some of their fastest runners, and send them out with all their might to greet the rising sun. I suppose it suggests to your mind, as it did to mine when first I heard this tradition, the feeling of the Jews that were watching for the coming of the Messiah who should deliver them from Roman bondage and restore the glory of Israel. So should not these worshippers of Baal in our land, as morning after morning they cast their longing, earnest eyes to the eastward find that a Montezuma is coming, sent by American Christendom, bringing them the tidings of one greater than Montezuma, who can do what Montezuma cannot do—take away the doubts and distress and crav-

ings of their human nature and giveth them that peace which passeth understanding? I expect that in 1877 there was no sadder sight to the recording angel upon this continent than was to be found in that land as this poor people saw one child after another carried off by the plague, creating such consternation that sometimes the living child was buried before the breath had left its body; to see those poor people casting themselves in the agony of despair upon their stone floors before the altars and images of Baal, that had ears indeed but could not hear their shrieks of anguish, that had arms but could not stretch them out to save their people, that had eyes but could not witness their misery. And they were left comfortless in this Christian land because the American people had been so utterly oblivious to their condition that they neglected to send any any help to them, to tell them that He who takes the little ones to Himself desires us to join them in Heaven.

Christian hearer, one request: if God has touched your heart to-night, if He has awakened a new interest in behalf of this people perishing in heathen darkness in our own land, let me ask you to make that feeling a matter of principle, of action for future life, that as you kneel down morning and evening and plead with God for your own people and friends you will ask God to so work upon the Church of Christ in this country that the Gospel shall speedily be sent into all the twenty-five villages of these Montezuma worshipers of our country, that Christ may have a seed to serve Him from among them as from among the other tribes and nations of this and other lands.

#### SOLVED AT LAST.

**Mysteries of Ancient Aztec History Unveiled by an Explorer from the Smithsonian Institution—Wonderful Achievements of Mr. Frank H. Cushing.**

From the Boston Herald.

FORT WINGATE, New Mexico, June 10.—It is a striking and refreshing contrast to find in the midst of a range of wilderness such an oasis of cultivation and refinement as this. Fort Wingate seems to me a grandly situated post, facing from its mountain side the marvelous natural creations of sandstone architecture to the north, an architecture constantly changing its aspect with the changing light of the day, and glowing with vividly varying colors. It seems some enchanted city of the gods. Were I a painter and wished to depict the Asgard of our Northern ancestors, with its Valhalla, its frowning castle of the war-god Thor and its fairy-like palace of the beautiful Freya, here would I come for my inspiration. There is one grand rock seen across the spaciousness of the intervening valley known as "the Navajo church,"



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a seemingly perfect piece of early gothic, with its massive tower, crowned by fantastic turrets, rising from the meeting of the nave and transept, as in the churches of Normandy.

While just outside of the gates of the fort blaze the camp-fires of the Navajos, the plaza-like parade ground is bordered by neat cottages of gray adobe—the quarters of the officers and their families—and within may be found pleasant rooms, as tastefully furnished and decorated as the æsthetic homes of the East; the adornments of Navajo blankets, Pueblo pottery and the skins of animals shot in the mountains, giving a peculiar charm of local color. Naturally, even the grand impressiveness of the scene palls at last upon many, for the post must be almost a little world to itself, and there is not much to relieve the sameness of garrison life except to listen to the excellent music of the band of the Thirteenth infantry—one of the best bands in the army—an occasional hop or an excursion into the surrounding country. One of the officers has won a considerable reputation as a successful ruin-hunter, the cañons roundabout being full of the unexplored ruins of the Aztec cliff-dwellers—ruins of unknown antiquity. There is little ennui for those who use their opportunities to study the fascinating history of the region—perhaps one of the oldest inhabited parts of the earth, and still peopled by the aboriginal folks. The commanding officer, General Bradley, takes an active interest in Indian affairs, and has been a careful observer of the life of the northern Indians, among whom he has, for the most part, been stationed. Dr. Washington Matthews, the surgeon of the post, is one of the best scholars who have devoted themselves to the study of the Indians. While stationed at Fort Berthold, on the upper Missouri, he made most thorough studies of the Hidatsa Indians, and his grammar on their language is spoken of as a splendid philological achievement. He is now making excellent use of his advantages for similar researches among the Navajos. Lieutenant Burke, of General Cooke's staff, was also here during the first three days of my visit. Lieutenant Burke is detailed to make ethnological investigations among the Indians, and has rendered invaluable service, pursuing his purpose with rare scientific method and thorough system.

#### A REMARKABLE YOUNG ETHNOLOGIST.

It was here at Fort Wingate, while getting ready for a trip to the famous Indian pueblo of Nuñi, the largest pueblo in America, that I had the rare good fortune to meet Frank H. Cushing, a young gentleman whose name will soon rank with those of famous scientists. Lieutenant Burke said to me: "I regard Mr. Cushing as the greatest ethnologist America has yet produced." Mr. Cushing is a young man to deserve such a high title, but I think his labors will justify it. Mr. Cushing was sent out by the Smithsonian institution about two years ago to investigate, in the pueblos of New Mexico, the customs and history of the natives. Mr. Cushing finally selected Zuñi as the seat of his researches. The Zuñi Indians—a name probably derived by the Spaniards from Shi ul-na, their name in their native tongue—were the principal Pueblo or town Indians whom Coronado met on his famous march, and may be regarded as the lineal descendants of the ancient Aztecs. There is a popular impression that all the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are one people, speaking the same language, but the fact is that their tongues are widely varied. Often Pueblos widely apart, like Taos and Isletta, will speak the same tongue, with Pueblos of other languages intervening. The Zuñis, being isolated from the outer world—Zuñi is in the extreme western part of New Mexico, about forty miles southwest of Fort Wingate—have been little influenced by their conquerors, and live to-day in all essential particulars just as their ancestors have lived for centuries and centuries. Only a very few of them know a word or two of broken Spanish, and they have preserved their native tongue in all its purity. Like about all the Pueblos, they have been

callous to all attempts to Christianize them, whether by Catholics or Protestants, and they practice to-day their strange old religious rites.

As a result of Mr. Cushing's labors, Aztec history will have to be rewritten. Much of what has hitherto been received as such falls to the ground, a mass of rubbish. There are no other people so distrustful of strangers as are the Indians, so reticent about everything concerning themselves. Therefore, when questioned by strangers about their religion, their past and their traditions, they have answered, to be sure, but these answers, accepted as sober truth, have been uniformly a pack of very ready and ingenious lies. Mr. Cushing, therefore, adopted the only sensible method of getting at the bottom facts—that of becoming one with the Zuñis, learning their language and living with them. Hence we see him, a slender, light complexioned young man—he is not yet 24 years old—with long, flowing blonde hair, confined by the Indian head band, and dressed in the picturesque costume of the tribe—every article of native manufacture from the cloth of the dark blue woolen serape shirt, the buckskin knee-breeches, long, dark blue stockings, leather moccasins, and artistically embroidered sash, to the rows of silver buttons and other richly-worked silver ornaments that adorn his dress, and the precious ancient necklace from a mysterious cave of relics up in the mountains. This dress he wears on all occasions, even when visiting Fort Wingate, for, should he be seen in citizen's garb by his adopted brethren, their confidence in his sincerity as a Zuñi would be shaken. He has gained his cause by the use of pluck, tact and adaptability to circumstances worthy both a general and a diplomatist. In the first place he put himself at their mercy and entirely in their power. Savages, finding a stranger under such circumstances, seldom fail to be merciful. Thus gaining their confidence by his helplessness, Mr. Cushing was made one of them, and formally adopted into the tribe of the Zuñi. Gradually gaining influence among them, he has obtained admission into their most secret councils, and has now been made one of their chiefs, the second man of influence in their city, standing next to their Governor in authority.

#### A RICH REWARD.

Mastering their language thoroughly and scientifically, the knowledge of this has produced the key that has unlocked a treasure-house, the opening of whose doors has placed in his possession a store of such wonderful facts as to justify the application of that much abused term, "astounding revelations." The veil has been drawn from many a mystery—historical, mythological, philological, social. The work has been no holiday sport, no masquerade. Mr. Cushing has had to undergo many perils and privations. Before he could allay the suspicions of his strange fellows, he has been several times within a hair's breadth of losing his life, for the Zuñis are a warlike race. All the Pueblo Indians, though peaceable, are not by any means the timid lambs that many have held them to be. Their successful revolution against the Spaniards two centuries ago proves this. Mr. Cushing has had to endure such fare as few would submit to for the sake of science. Endless ridicule, of course, was to be expected from the "practical" Americans who are characteristic of the West—those who cannot see the good of any work that "has no money in it"—men who have no more comprehension of the purpose and use of such an undertaking that the Hot-tentots have of Greek roots.

Mr. Cushing has, in the study of the Zuñi religion, found for certainty that the worship and traditions of Montezuma—so long accepted in all accounts of the Aztecs—have no foundation in fact, and that Montezuma was never heard of. But he has discovered a mine of mythological lore, beliefs and superstitions, gods and spirits, that throw the full light of day on the mysteries of the Aztec religion. Among other wonderful things is the existence of twelve sacred orders, with their priests, and their sacred rites as carefully guarded as the secrets of Freemasonry, an institution



to which these orders have a strange resemblance. Into several of these orders he has been initiated, and thus penetrated to their inmost secrets, obtaining a knowledge of ceremonials both beautiful, profound and grotesque in character. But the most marvellous thing which he has discovered in connection with their religion is the grand fact that their faith is the same thing as modern Spiritualism. The Zuñis have their circles, their mediums, their communications from the spirit world, their materializations—precisely like those of the spiritists of civilized life. Their seances are often so absorbing that they are kept up all night. Their belief in the phenomena explains many strange things about their religion which Mr. Cushing was unable to account for until he hit upon it—they had kept it carefully guarded months after he was on most intimate terms with them—by telling them about certain spiristic phenomena he had witnessed, thus gaining their sympathy as apparently a fellow believer.

Their language has proved a most interesting study. It is thoroughly grammatical, and has a finely arranged system of declensions and tenses. The Zuñis are most careful to teach their children to speak correctly, and drill them thoroughly. They have words for "grammatical" and "ungrammatical," "good talking" and "bad talking" literally translated. Strange to say, they have an ancient or classic language, just as English has its Anglo Saxon. This dead language has been handed down in their religious rites, and is, for the most part, known only by the priests. Many of their sacred songs are worded in it, and these songs are of unknown antiquity. This is a striking illustration of the conservative influence of religion in preserving the institutions of the past. There is a good opportunity for an analogy between the preservation of this ancient aboriginal tongue by the Zuñi priests and the handing down of the Latin by the Catholic church. What a field for philologists here!

The Zuñi language has an extensive unwritten literature, if the term may be used. The religious ceremonials, the sacred orders and the great public festivals require the use of songs and prayers, which have been handed down for generations without the changing of a single word. Then there is a wealth of tradition, fables and proverbs—the latter, many of them, strikingly like the fables and proverbs of European peoples, and particularly the fables of Æsop. For instance, their fable of the race between the turtle, the grasshopper, the sparrow-hawk, the falcon and the eagle, is, in many salient points, strikingly like that of the "Hare and the Tortoise," and has a like moral. The history of the race is handed down in like way with wonderful accuracy, and the Zuñis thus have marvelous knowledge of their past, reaching back into remote ages.

#### ZUNI POETRY.

The poetry of the Zuñis is abundant, and much of it exceedingly beautiful. In rhyme and rhythm it is as perfect as the work of our most finished lyrist. Here is an example, an incantation used by the hunter as he goes out to shoot an antelope. It is known as "A tenthannan awen te-nan," or "The Hunting Song of the Great Dance."

Ma'a-we, ma-we.  
Ma'a-we, ma-we.  
Shot-si fal-lon tsi i kwa,  
Tsi-kwan tap-te, thli-lathl-ta,  
Thlu-tchon tap-te, thle-pon-ne,  
Me-we, ma'a-we.

This is addressed to the antelope, in the Zuñi belief that it is possessed by the spirits of their ancestors friendly to mankind, and that, if addressed in the proper manner, it will be agreeable to the antelope to let himself be shot when it is courteously related to him how he will be prepared for eating. So they tell him: "Antelope, antelope, antelope, antelope; breast cut and skinned, then with the loin is done the same, then the fire is built, and then comes the chin." The chin is considered the daintiest tidbit by the Zuñis, and is naturally the first thing eaten. One great beauty of this little son is the plaintive, low melody to which it is sung. Some of the songs to which the dancers keep time are highly poetic. This literal rendering does not seem very poetical, but there is in the whole idea a really poetic senti-

ment. It is, however, as an example of form that I cite it.

Here is part of a prayer offered by Mr. Cushing's adopted father, the second priest of the tribe, the "medicine cacique," on the return of the latter from a dangerous exploring expedition, during which it was reported that he had been killed. The old priest is a man of a beautifully gentle, loving nature:

"All spirits! we ask for your light. Far and in parts unknown, where the world is filled with danger, where things forbidden and the unknown are, thence ye have brought back our child. We thank ye! In spite of all danger, we now speak to each other again. We now see one another again. Therefore your light we ask, and we will meet ye with your own blessings."

Here is the Yuni harvest prayer:

"Spirits of our fathers!

Give place to the prayer-clouds which rise from my heart.

From ye seeds I ask:

From ye I ask prosperity;

From ye I ask long years;

From ye I ask means of light.

And I will return unto ye your own blessings."

Mr. Cushing has also deciphered the secret of the inscriptions or pictographs that cover the cliffs in this part of the country. One of the most important results of this acquisition is the proof they give of the correctness with which the Zuñis had related to him the history of the ruins they mark, and the extent of the country once covered by the race.

#### THE CIBOLA CONTROVERSY SETTLED.

An achievement of which Mr. Cushing has reason to be specially proud is the success of his effort to locate exactly the cities of Cibola, a question which has been the cause of many an archaeological dispute. This he has settled beyond a shadow of a doubt, the result of his explorations corresponding exactly to the descriptions by Coronado. I myself have seen the ruins of Totentea, which was said by Coronado to be the greatest of the seven cities of Cibola. The Zuñi name of the ruins to-day is Topentea, meaning the first, or head city. Coronado speaks also of the city of Ajacus as one of the seven, and Mr. Cushing finds one of the ruins named by the Zuñis as Hauiku'h. Friar Marco de Nisa, in his account, in the spring of 1839, speaks of Ajacus as the principal city, and he seems to have been right, for Hauiku'h—Ajacus was the nearest the Spanish could get to the pronunciation—was found by Mr. Cushing to have the largest ruins. At the southeast, according to Nisa, was the kingdom of Mara'a. Both Nisa and Coronado applied the term kingdom very vaguely, often using it for region or district. Marata is the Ma-k'ia-ta of the Zuñis, and the ruins there are both extensive and of remarkably massive construction. Mr. Cushing has determined the exact sites of all the pueblos of Cibola and of those near it, mentioned by Nisa and Coronado. His proofs, which are indisputable, require too much elaboration for a newspaper article, and to attempt to give them in an abridged form would be an injustice. Therefore the simple statement must answer here, placing the credit for the discovery where it belongs. His report will consider the subject in all its bearings, and will throw quite a new light on the narratives of Nisa and Coronado. I have seen the original Cibola and the mountain from which Nisa looked off upon it—he mountain where, with the aid of the Indians, he raised a heap of stones, and erected thereon a small wooden cross, taking possession of the country in the name of the Viceroy, the cross standing as a symbol of taking possession. Mr. Cushing found this stone heap still standing, and the father of Pedro Pino, formerly the Governor of Zuñi—Pedro Pino is now an aged man of something like eighty years, and his son is now Governor—saw the remains of the cross on spot. One of the finest proofs of the location of the Cibola pueblos is the tradition which the Zuñis have of the millings of "the black Mexican with thick lips." They told this to Mr. Cushing of their own accord, and with no leading questions on his part, under circumstances most convincing that this was the negro Estevan, who accompanied Coronado.



Mr. Cushing knows the exact pueblo where the deed was done.

From these things, which scarcely hint at the extent of his discoveries, it is easy to predict that the publication of Mr. Cushing's report will be awaited with the most intense interest in scientific circles, both in Europe and in this country. The work will be a big feather in the cap of the Smithsonian institute, and the selection of Mr. Cushing for such an important enterprise testifies to the sagacious foresight of Professor Baird, whose confidence in the capabilities of his protege for such a great task was not diminished by the thought of his extreme youth.

#### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Mr. Cushing is a member of the old Cushing family, so well known and highly honored in Massachusetts. His own home is in western New York. He entered Cornell university in his eighteenth year, but left it while still a freshman to enter the Smithsonian institution, as assistant in the archæological department. Here he was soon promoted to take charge of the ethnological collections. He is full of energy and enthusiasm, and doubtless gains from his father's stock the valorous temper which distinguished his kinsman, Commander Cushing of the navy, who, as a young ensign, blew up the rebel ram, Albemarle, with his torpedo boat. The same fearless nature is as valuable to the scientific explorer as to the warrior. Without it Mr. Cushing would have failed at the beginning.

The result of Mr. Cushing's explorations are of such great scientific importance that they ought to be given to the world as soon as possible, thus guarding against any possibility of their being lost through accident or otherwise. To record all that he has discovered, to arrange and classify his notes and get his material into shape for publication, would, without assistance, be a work of years. Therefore, in order to satisfy the demands of the scientific world for speedy information, and to enable Mr. Cushing to turn his attention to other important work, he ought to have the assistance of a competent stenographer. Such aid would be invaluable to him in giving him the means to record with exact minuteness the notes of his daily experiences and to work up into form for publication the immense accumulation of material now on hand.

Mr. Cushing will probably stay with the Zunis about a year longer, as there are a number of important themes which he has just hit upon, and which he naturally desires to work up thoroughly. There is a vast field waiting to be worked up by a man of such powers. This summer Mr. Cushing will make a trip to Arizona to investigate an unknown tribe of Pueblo Indians, living in one of the deep "box cañons," so-called, tributary to the great cañon of the Colorado. In these almost inaccessible depths they are said to have beautiful peach orchards and cultivated gardens and extensive flocks of sheep. Only three or four white men have entered here, and but meagre accounts have been given of the place. Mr. Cushing, however, is famed among the southern Indians from Texas to California—tidings spread wonderfully fast among the Indians—and, as there are constant interchanges of visits among all the Pueblos, this distant, unknown folk has extended an invitation for "the Washington Zuni"—as he is universally called among the Indians—to make them a visit. The place where these people live is called the cañon of Cataract creek. They are known as the Java Supais, but the name by which they call themselves is Ku'h-ni. They are not the same people as the Koaninos, as has been supposed by some.

Mr. Cushing is confident that the mystery of the magnificent ruins of Yucatan—a mystery that has generally been supposed to be impenetrable—will some day be solved. It will be done, he says, by some one who will follow a course like that he has pursued. They must go among the Mayas, the fierce people who inhabit the mountain wilds of Yucatan, and who are the lineal descendants of the builders of those grand ruins, and let themselves be found among them some day helpless and alone.

Then learning their language and becoming one with them, the explorer will find himself rewarded by a clear, full knowledge of their history—a knowledge that will also enable him to read the mazes of inscriptions on the stones of the ancient palaces as readily as he would read a book. Perhaps it may be the mission of Mr. Cushing to do this work.

Mr. Cushing hopes to be able to bring four or five of the principal men of Zuni East with him when he returns to Washington, and show them the homes of what they regard as the loftiest and most perfect type of man—the eastern American, the men of the rising sun. It is to be hoped that he will, for they are a remarkable race, and have a wonderful, fascinating history that still holds the key of many grand secrets. The only Pueblo Indians who ever came East were two of the leading men of Isle to, on the Rio Grande, who once determined to see their "Great Father at Washington," and made the journey at their own expense.

#### AZTEC MYSTERIES.

##### Important Discoveries of a Young American.

A letter to the *Boston Herald* gives an account of some important discoveries in Aztec mysteries made by Mr. Frank B. Cushing, who was sent by the Smithsonian Institution about two years ago to investigate among the Pueblos of New Mexico the customs and history of the natives. The letter says:

"As a result of Mr. Cushing's labors Aztec history will have to be rewritten. Much of what has hitherto been received as such falls to the ground, a mass of rubbish. There are no other people so distrustful of strangers as are the Indians, so reticent about everything concerning themselves. Therefore, when questioned by strangers about their religion, their past and their traditions, they have answered, to be sure, but these answers, accepted as sober truth, have been uniformly a pack of very ready and ingenious lies. Mr. Cushing, therefore, adopted the only sensible method of getting at the bottom facts; that of becoming one with the Indians, learning their language and living with them. Hence, we see him, a slender, light complexioned young man—he is not yet twenty-four years old—with long flowing blonde hair, confined by the Indian head band, and dressed in the picturesque full costume of the tribe, every article of native manufacture, from the cloth of the dark-blue woollen serape-shirt, the buckskin knee-breeches, long, dark blue stockings, leather moccasins, and artistically embroidered sash, to the rows of silver buttons and other richly-worked silver ornaments that adorn his dress, and the precious ancient necklace from a mysterious cave of relics up in the mountains. This dress he wears on all occasions, even when visiting Fort Wingate, for, should he be seen in citizen's garb by his adopted brethren, their confidence in his sincerity as a Zuni would be shaken. He has gained his cause by the use of pluck, tact and adaptability to circumstances worthy both a general and a diplomatist. In the first place he put himself at their mercy and entirely in their power. Savages finding a stranger under such circumstances, seldom fail to be merciful. Thus gaining their confidence by his helplessness Mr. Cushing was made one of them and formally adopted into the tribe of the Zuni. Gradually gaining influence among them, he has obtained admission to their most secret councils, and has now been made one of their chiefs, the second man of influence in their city, standing next to their governor in authority.

"Mastering their language thoroughly and scientifically, the knowledge of this has produced the key that has unlocked a treasure house, the opening of whose doors has placed in his possession a store of such wonderful facts as to justify the application of that much abused term, "astounding revelations." Mr. Cushing has, in the study of the Zuni religion, found for certainty that the worship and traditions of Montezuma—so long accepted in all accounts of the Aztecs—have no foundation in fact, and that Montezuma



## THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

AMONG THE ARCHIVES.—THINGS NEW  
AND OLD.BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,  
(MRS. GOV. LEW WALLACE).

FROM Zuni dispatches were sent back to Count Galvas, by a line of swift runners, reaching to Mexico. Perhaps a letter to Sevilla from the faithful knight, who now had time for sweet thoughts of love, without which this were the wilderness without the manna. I hope the reader does not forget my young hero; for I love him dearly, and mean to stand up for him to the last, through evil as well as through good report. Skillful furbishers did what they could to restore the original luster to dulled and dented armor, and in the idlesse of camp the secretary must often have looked up at two enormous pillars of sandstone towering high on the sides of the *mesa*, appearing chiseled into human figures of colossal size, fixed, immortal as the statues of Aboo Simbel. At evening, while my Rosita walked through the drowsy Spanish city,

"Guarded by the old duenna,  
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,  
With her goggles and her fan  
Waving off each wicked man,"

and Antonio Eusebio was smoothing his draggled plumes, he probably heard from friendly Indians the wild legend still told there by the red light of the camp-fires. The tradition runs that Zuni is the only city on the earth which bore the weight of the Flood. Ages ago, an eternity before white men came, rain fell in streams from the sky; adobe houses melted away and the whole world and everything in it was fast sinking from sight. The neighboring tribes escaped from the rushing waters to the top of this *mesa*; but the waves rose so fast nearly all perished before reaching the summit of the cliff. In the midst of their distress a black night (*noche triste*) fell on the land. Their God had forgotten them, the sun turned his face away from his children, and "darkness was the universe." Still the waters rose higher and higher, incessant, undiminished; still the people in blind panic pressed to the topmost foothold, threatened with the fast-rising overflow. Above the black abyss no light of sun or star, sign of promise, dove, or olive. In desperate extremity, they sought to avert the curse by sacrifice. No time was there for song or prayer, altar-fire or incantation. They snatched the children of the *cacique* (a daughter lovely as light, a smile of the Great Spirit, and a son beautiful as morning), adorned them with a few gay feathers, and hurled them from the steep into the boiling abyss—an offering to an offended Deity. The waters were surging within a few feet of the top of the *mesa*. There the proud waves were stayed. The victims were

was never heard of. But he has discovered a mine of mythological lore, beliefs and superstitions, gods and spirits, that throw the full light of day on the mysteries of the Aztec religion.

"Among other wonderful things is the existence of twelve sacred orders, with their priests, and their secret rites as carefully guarded as the secrets of Freemasonry, an institution to which these orders have a strange resemblance. Into several of these orders he has been initiated, and has penetrated to their inmost secrets, obtaining a knowledge of ceremonials both beautiful, profound and grotesque in character. But the most marvellous thing which he has discovered in connection with their religion is the grand fact that their faith is the same thing as modern spiritualism. The Zúñis have their circles, their mediums, their communications from the spirit world, their materializations—precisely like those of the spiritists of civilized life. Their seances are often so absorbing that they are kept up all night. Their belief in the phenomena explains many strange things about their religion which Mr. Cushing was unable to account for until he hit upon it—they had kept it carefully guarded months after he was on most intimate terms with them—by telling them about certain spiritistic phenomena he had witnessed, thus gaining their sympathy as apparently a fellow believer.

"Their language has proved a most interesting study. It is thoroughly grammatical, and has a finely-arranged system of declensions and tenses. The Zúñis are most careful to teach their children to speak correctly, and drill them thoroughly. They have words for 'grammatical' and 'ungrammatical,' 'good talking' and 'bad talking' literally translated. Strange to say, they have an ancient or classic language, just as English has its Anglo Saxon. This dead language has been handed down in their religious rites, and is, for the most part, known only by the priests. Many of their sacred songs are worded in it, and these songs are of unknown antiquity. This is a striking illustration of the conservative influence of religion in preserving the institutions of the past. There is a good opportunity for an analogy between the preservation of this ancient aboriginal tongue by the Zúñi priests and the handing down of the Latin by the Catholic church. What a field for philologists here!

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"Mr. Cushing will probably stay with the Zúñis about a year longer, as there are a number of important themes which he has just hit upon, and which he naturally desires to work up thoroughly. There is a vast field waiting to be worked up by a man of such powers. This summer Mr. Cushing will make a trip to Arizona to investigate an unknown tribe of Pueblo Indians, living in one of the deep 'box cañons,' so-called, tributary to the great canon of the Colorado. In these almost inaccessible depths they are said to have beautiful peach orchards and cultivated gardens and extensive flocks of sheep. Only three or four white men have entered here, and but meagre accounts have been given of the place.

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changed to the stone columns, a sign from Heaven marking the mountain of refuge where the propitiatory offering was accepted and everlastingly commemorating the Deluge.

The *mesa* is a mile across; an irregular figure, defined by abrupt bluffs, almost perpendicular. On it are the remains of two pueblos, whose outlines are clearly traceable—the dimensions of rooms and inner walls. Like all ancient towns, they were fortified with an outer wall in the shape of the letter V, to resist invasions of warlike tribes, and watch-towers were placed at regular intervals. Crumbling walls, made of little blocks of stone laid in mud-mortar, are scattered over the ground, in heaps from two to ten feet high. Here the fox and coyote prowl by night, and the antiquarian haunts it by day. After careful investigation, with Indian guides, they report the standing walls rest on ruins of still greater age. The primitive masonry must have been about six feet thick. In the more recent buildings the walls are not over eighteen inches thick. The small sandstone blocks are laid with neatness and regularity. Broken pottery is strewn about, and arrow-heads of obsidian, flint, and jasper.

After the Deluge, when the waters abated off the face of the earth, the tribes abandoned the hill city, and lived in the pleasant valley till the Spanish invasion, when they again fled to the top of the *mesa*. They turned at every place possible and fortified strongly the two approaches by which the outworks could be assaulted, and held out against the foe a long time. At last the heights were scaled. The mail-clad warriors, with their swords of matchless temper, triumphed over the rude arms of the feeble natives. From the highest watch-tower the banner of the Cross was unfurled against the brilliant sky, unflecked by cloud or shadow; and sun-lighted spears glittered in the narrow streets of the devoted, the Holy City.

Imprinted in the solid rock, as in clay, is shown and may be seen this day the footprint of the first white man who reached the summit. When you visit Zuni, the old guide, if you happen to get the right one, will repeat this story, for a slight consideration.

The Zunis are the Yankees of the Pueblos—self-supporting, keen at a bargain, thrifty, orderly, clean; that is, clean *for Indians*. I presume every head in the Holy City could furnish numberless offerings such as Diogenes (oldest of tramps) cracked on the pure altar of the chaste Diana.

What Cholula was to the Aztec, Zuni is to the Pueblos; sacred as the City of David to the sons of Israel. Touching the religion of this people opens a subject so broad and so charming I am tempted to give it more than a passing glance, but space forbids.

They are pantheists in the fullest sense of the word, and, though missions have been established among them three hundred years, they, like all aborigines, set their faces as a flint against change and still keep to the ancient beliefs and customs. They worship the Supreme One, whose name it is death to utter; Montezuma, his brother and equal; and the Sun to whom they pray and smoke, because his eye is always open and his ear attends the prayers of the red men. The Moon is the Sun's wife, and eclipses are family quarrels, that will result in disaster to the world if they are not soon reconciled. The stars are their children; the largest are the oldest.

Besides these superior deities, there is the great snake, to which they look for life, by command of Montezuma.

Like our sea-serpent on the Atlantic Coast, he glideth at his own sweet will, is seen at unexpected places, as suits his pleasure, is longer than the tallest pine, and "thick as many men put together."

It has been well said the barbarian is the most religious of mortals. His dependence on the elements for food and comfort make the primitive man regard Nature with eager interest. Powerless against her forces, if there be something mysterious, threatening, the untutored soul supplicates it in prayer, with the inborn faith down deep in every breast that behind the visible lies close the Invisible, the Creator, who rules the world he made.

They adore the rainbow, bright head-band of the sky, rivers, mountains, stones, trees, bears, and other animals. Their fables appear meaningless to us; but we must not despise them, for many of our beliefs are equally so to them. The aboriginal brain can never comprehend why white men worship a sheet of bunting—white, red, spangled blue, with the eagle totem—suffer for it, fight for it in armies numberless as the sands of the desert, and die for it without murmur.

The myths of the furthest West are wonderfully like the myths of the furthest East. Studying them, one cannot fail in the conviction that humanity, in all the ages and races, is the same, formed on one model, unfolding under the influence of the same inspiration; that, left to their own will, men do like things under like conditions, and that certain religious ideas are born in every heart, sage or savage, making worship a human necessity. Here, as in ancient Thessaly, the powers of Heaven have haunts in the echoing mountain-sides, by pebbly springs, in the gloomy shades of the whispering pines, and under the rushing river and cataract.

In New Mexico, where the food supply depends so largely on the winds and the uncertain rainfall, the savage is most anxious to conciliate the gods who preside



over these forces. There are altars for their worship, mystic stones among the gnarled cedars of the Zuni *mesa*, and a spring of sweet water, sacred to the rain god, rimmed with pebbles precious as the oracular jewels on the breast of the Jewish high priest. No animal is allowed to drink of the holy waters, and they are purified every year, with vessels dedicated to the service—most ancient jars, handed down through the generations since the evening and the morning were the first day. No Zuni drinks from the consecrated *ollas*, for the spirit of the spring is always watching, and will avenge the indignity with instant death. Once a year, in August, the *cacique*, with his chief counselors, visits the spring, and washes its walls, with the elaborately-tinted vases, which were hallowed by the first high priest. They are ranged in order on the rim of the well. The frog, the rattlesnake, the tortoise are painted on them, animals sacred to the presiding deity. Woe to the offender who shall profane them by a touch! A fate awaits him like that of Uzza, when he put forth his hand to hold the ark in the threshing-floor of Chidon. The lightning of the dread god of storms will strike the sinner dead.

Somewhere near is a mysterious divine bird, kept in a secret shrine. As Herodotus says of the Phoenix: "I have never seen it myself, except in a picture."

Like the old Greek, the Pueblo looks up and sees the dead among the stars. When the Aurora flashes a strange, flickering light along the northern sky, it is the mustering of the spirits of the mighty warriors, whirling their spears and marching with proud steps, as the shade of Agamemnon strode across the fields of Asphodel. The earthquake's rumble is the groaning and turning in sleep of a big old giant, with voice of thunder, eyes of fire, and breath of flame. He was so immense that he sprawled across the whole plain, and so powerful the immortal gods, finding they could not kill him, tore up a high mountain and laid on him, to keep him quiet. What is this but Enceladus?

"Under Mount Etna he lies.  
It is slumber, it is not death;  
For he struggles at times to arise,  
And above him the lurid skies  
Are hot with his fiery breath.

"The crags are piled on his breast,  
The earth is heaped on his head;  
But the groans of his wild unrest,  
Though smothered and half-suppressed,  
Are heard, and he is not dead."

The best hope and strongest faith of the Pueblos are in the second coming of the great King, who is to raise the dead, judge the world, and reign in peace and righteousness. Struggling with shadows and weird imaginings, working out their destiny with many a bitter failure, in anguish of heart, they instinctively reach through the darkness for the almighty hand of the unseen

helper. The sons of Montezuma, as they love to call themselves, believe the fullness of time is come and the return of their Messiah at hand. He will leave his bright sun-house, to right the wrongs and heal the woes of the race so mercilessly stricken down by the Spaniards. Then there will be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. Their ideas are vague and dim. Legends treacherous as memory, and growing fainter from generation to generation, for their wise men are without open vision and their sagamores have neither written prophecy nor guiding stars.

The view from the top of the *mesa* is unspeakably beautiful. Twined among multitudes of peaks, like tangled ribbons, are streakings of azure and purple, beneath which, as we know by experience, are outspread valleys, broad, treeless, scorched with a tropic heat, which at noonday seems like quivering flame. The pre-historic ruins cover about thirty acres, and are scattered in confusion on the level plateau under the wind-whipped cedars. Here, until within a few years, was kept the consecrated fire burning for centuries—the Montezuma fire; but time fails to tell it all. Another day we will come again, and hear the fanciful traditions, the misty old superstitions which hover about the neglected shrines. They are given with an opulence of fancy which throws mists before your eyes. In the hush of solitude, the effect of the place is mysterious, and reflection drops easily into belief. Few worshipers now sacrifice in the primeval temples, where of old they must have flocked by hundreds, cherishing the promise of the second coming of Montezuma from the pleasant land where the sun rises. The chiefs crouch with faces toward the east as the morning star goes softly out, and the gray dawn melts into purple and gold, yearning as human hearts have yearned in all ages, seeking a sign from Heaven. The legend runs that he who shall first behold the King in his beauty shall receive some great favor at his hand. Sometimes they wait in silence; again they chant a hymn to their god, watching till he shakes his "plumes of fire" above the mountain-tops and shoots his radiant spears across the roseate sky. But the oracles are dumb. Well are they keeping the mighty secret.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

## THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS. AMONG THE ARCHIVES.—THINGS NEW AND OLD.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,  
(MRS. GOVERNOR LEW WALLACE).

ONE day, while mousing or, as President Lincoln used to say, browsing among the manuscripts, and musing about the dead-



**Verit**

and-gone heroes, and how times have altered since they rode out like Paladins of romance to tempt Fortune in her high places, I came on a letter which differed from the commonplace documents littered about and was not emblazoned with the splash of any great seal. It was very yellow and musty, stained in one corner by a blue book thrown on it in the time of President John-

son. It required the daintiest handling. Carefully I unfolded the sheet, almost thick as vellum and in danger of dropping to tatters, and marked a spot once sealed with wax, flaked off long ago. The address was Antonio Eusebio de Cubero, Secretary of Gen. Don Diego de Vargas, Governor of Nueva Mejico. I opened the quaint missive, and lo! a love-letter, dated Sevilla, November, 1692. It began with stately, sweet salute: "To my own true love and faithful knight, from his Rosita de Castile." Like the Dantean lovers,

In that age of few books, when writing  
was a clerkly accomplishment, there had  
come down from the fathers many tradi-  
tions of the hero who had wrested the  
scepter from the hand of Atamapa on the  
highs of the Andes. The discoverer of  
the Mississippi is a century asleep under it  
rushing waters. They had heard the name  
and fame of the peerless Englishman—sea-  
man, soldier, courtier, poet, historian—who  
bought a city of gold on the banks of the

unknown shores. What wonder the young men were fired with the idea of enriching impoverished estates by the purchase of land in distant cities, and some portion of this wealth, to march with companies of banner-bearers through the length and breadth of the land, all the while striking

Rosita's bower to that New World which is the old. Across the sea had floated, faint and far, like dying echoes coming near, stories of a land of wild men and beasts, strange birds, and hissing serpents; of mountains of rock inscribed with mystic hieroglyphs, and terraced pyramids, upholding undying fires—temples the increase of whose altars ascended forever into a sky of speckless suppbire. These were the regions of flues furs, of gold-dust and ivory, of silver, pearls, and precious stones, all to be had for the gathering. Such tales were as shining stars, as airy bands beckoning in the shadowy distances of dim and

THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

AMONG THE ARCHIVES.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,  
(MRS. GOV. LEW WALLACE).

A few miles from Zuni, as we move eastward, there gradually comes to view a hold, high, sandstone rock, a quadrangular wall, white, veined with yellow, named Inscription Rock. It is nearly a mile in length and more than two hundred feet in height. Approaching it, tower and turret, architrave and pillar rise slowly into view. We see a mighty structure Nature has wrought in noble architecture, and that no extravagant coloring gave it the old Spanish name *El Moro*—The Castle. The surface of the mountain-wall on the north and south faces is written over with names otherwise lost to history, records that light the dark way like shining torches. Some are deeply and beautifully cut into the plane surface and reach back more than three hundred years. The older inscriptions are Spanish, carefully graven upon the vertical faces, about the height of a man's head from the ground. Usually a date, a brief memorandum of the purpose and line of march of the Castilian soldiery, the names of travelers exploring the country, or Franciscan friars going into the wilderness in search of the lost tribes of Israel.

At the foot of the towering steep is a gushing spring of sparkling water, and fresh grass, such as is not often seen except in narrow valleys among the arid plains of the territories. After rest, food, siesta, the traveler, looking up to the immense table of stone before him, naturally adds his own name to the constantly-increasing list on the written mountain, which has now grown into a confused mass of hieroglyphs—Indian signs, the favorite being the track of a moccasin, indicative of marching; decayed and decaying inscriptions and names of old adventurers. Let us loiter awhile and read, for it is not often such a register is laid open to any tourist.

Close to the left corner, almost hidden by brushwood, is the oldest date, engraved in the rock nearly a century before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers—Don Joseph de Basconzales, 1526. This is the sole record of his expedition, at once his history and his cenotaph. He went with an exploring party from the City of Mexico, and never returned; nor were they heard of after leaving Zuñi. Whether they perished in secret defiles, cut off by the skulking Apaches, who dogged every step of the invader, or gave out through fatigue and thirst in the deep cañons and sterile *vegas*, belongs to the voiceless past. In some unnamed



home from the far New World. They were men in the bloom of youth, the very flower of the Peninsula, and Antonio Eusebio de Cuhero was proudest and noblest where all were proud and many noble. Like Sir Launcelot of the Lake, "the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; the truest friend to his lover that ever bestrode horse; the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and the goodliest person that ever came among the press of knights; and the meekest man, the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."

From the arched window, set in quaint fretwork and arabesques, Rosita looked out, and the banner over her was love. Perhaps the Millais face—that eager, anxious, haunting face—flushed a little at sight of the grand parade in the pomp and circumstance the old Spaniard loved so well. The soft, dark eyes were not bewildered by the rich confusion of color, the far-floating flags, the dazzle of steel and of silver. Swift glances singled out one beneath the wavy folds of the royal standard, brave as he was beautiful, whose prancing steed, flashing arms, crest, and plume were familiar, whose sash her own soft hands embroidered.

Let us picture reunion after years of separation, joy after anguish, the rapture of rescue from peril, and so leave them, walking with happy feet by the hed of sweet basil, as the first lovers walked in the cool of the day under the palms of Paradise.

While I write the letter of the dear, dead woman lies on the table before me; the fading sign from a rose-leaf hand that has been part of the dust of old Spain so many and many a year. Frail thing, most perishable, outlasting kings, thrones, the wrecks of states, the decay of ages. Closing day finds me dreaming over it in the waning light. I look to the purpling hills. As the sun sinks, they change to fairy tents, under a line of exquisite color, pink, orange, pale sea green, the changeful fringe on the banner of night, ending far up the zenith in a field of spotless azure. In the farness of the distance the cold, white peaks of the stony mountains warm for one supreme moment in the solemn beauty of the after-glow, their summits clear-cut against the rainless blue.

Rapidly the shadows deepen. Violet changes to leaden hues, rose dims to pearl gray, the flushed white foreheads pale, the fires of sunset burn out, and the short twilight, ending in gloom, is the day's burial.

Humane phantoms flit across the dusky spaces. King and priest, savage and Christian, knight and lady, shadows all, passing within the mighty shadow. Under the low window I hear the tramp of feet pacing to and fro like the ebb and flow of the tide. The hurrying feet are ghostlike, too, chasing the flying speeters' gold and fame. History is but repeating itself. The restless, dissatisfied souls of the New World are the same brotherhood as those of the Castiles; the same as when Solomon sent ships from Tarsish to bring back gold of Ophir; the same jealous souls as when the king was wroth because the people shouted, Saul has slain his thousands and David his ten thousands. Now, as then, morning and evening bring their old beauty, the cooling balm of the breeze follows the burning day. The west wind cools no fever of heart or brain; still are men searching for signs of gold and fighting the old battle against oblivion, and still do loving women sit by solitary fires and wait for them to come. These things have not changed; they will never change. Humanity remains the same.

The foreign charm which was the dower of the historic city is dying fast, but not quite dead. The spell long lingering is slow to pass away, though student and antiquary are blowing the dust from the books of Chronicles and letting the white light of day into obscured and darkened chambers.

In this dimness once glowed the poetic coloring of romance and chivalry, in which the valorous Espegos and his knights founded the City of Holy Faith. If the ghosts of the venturesome heroes revisit the field of their victories, they may yet be reminded of soft Andalusia. There is a hint of

Castilian grace in the vanishing *sombrero*, in the folds of the ever-falling but never-fallen *rebosa*, a touch of passing sweetness in the prolonged *adios*. Blent with the familiar benediction, now in my ear, "*Vago usted con Dios que usted lo pase bien*" ("May you depart with God and continue well"), the hovering shades might hear the dreamy plash of bright fountains and the light love song under the barred windows of fair Cordova.



T GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS "

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His winning command is: "Learn of me." His promise is that we too shall be anointed with the oil of gladness, if we *love righteousness* and *abhor iniquity*. And to those who fulfill these two tests an abundant entrance shall be ministered into Heaven.

### THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

AMONG THE ARCHIVES.—THINGS NEW  
AND OLD.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE.

NORTH of the El Palacio, the sounding title of the mud-built executive mansion of New Mexico, is a waste spot of earth, covering perhaps half an acre. It contains neither grass, weeds, nor moss, not even a straggling sage-bush or forlorn cactus; nothing but bare desert sand and a solitary cotton-wood tree, whose luxuriant leafage gives no sign of its struggle for life in a region waterless ten months of the year. High adobe walls bound the sterile enclosure on two sides; the third is occupied by government buildings; and the fourth is partly wall and partly abandoned offices, always locked and unused since the brave days when the Spaniards lorded it like princes in "The Palace."

Ever a lover of lonesome places, I had often wistfully eyed these mysterious apartments; and one day, being sadly in want of entertainment, hunted up the keys and sallied across the back yard, determined to explore the secret places. The first door I tried to open was made of heavy double plank, studded with broad headed nails. I fitted a key into the rough, old-fashioned lock, and, pushing with all my strength, it slowly swung on rusty hinges, into a room, perhaps seventeen by twenty feet in size, barely high enough for a man to stand upright in. As I stepped on the loose pine boards of the floor, a swarm of mice scampered to their burrows in the walls, and the deathlike smell of mildew and decay smote the afflicted sense. Well for the chronicles is it there are no rats in the territory. Involuntarily I paused at the entrance, to let the ghosts fly out; and several minutes passed before my eyes, accustomed to the darkness of this treasure-house, could see the shame of its neglect.

I had entered the historic room of New Mexico! Tumbled into barrels and boxes, tossed on the floor in moist piles, lay the written records of events stretching over a period of more than three hundred years, the archives of a Province known as Nueva España, large as France. In an atmosphere less dry than this they would have rotted ages ago. Nothing but the extreme purity of the air saved them from destruction.

It was mid-winter, and melted snow slowly trickled through the primitive roofing of mud and gravel. The sun shone brightly, and, though days had passed since the last white spot disappeared from the surface of the earth, still a hideous ooze filtered through the ashes and clay overhead and dripped in inky streams down the pine rafters and walls. I am told the house was anciently used as a stable. If the first Spanish commandants and governor-generals kept their horses in this windowless cave, sorry am I for the gallant steeds they professed to love next to their knightly honor and the ladies.

The names of some of the *Conquistadores* have faded from history, and others live only in tradition. Nearly all the earlier important records have been destroyed. They



accumulated rapidly in immense masses, and the heavy lumber was shifted from place to place, to make room for things more valued by officials. Careless hands and the slow wear of time were not so effectual in blotting them out as a certain chief executive—a lineal descendant of Genseric, appointed by the President of the United States—who made his administration memorable by building a bonfire of parchments and papers, filled with priceless material, never to be replaced. He also sold a quantity as waste paper. By happy accident, a portion of this merchandise was afterward recovered, though one might think it as well employed in wrapping tea and sugar as going to decay in this neglected den. We grow indignant over the spirit which could not spare one reader of the picture-writing of the Aztecs or the *quipus* of Peru. What shall we say of the man in authority who, in the best age of culture and research, abuses a trust like this, who deliberately fired whole wagon-loads of manuscripts of the deepest interest to the archaeologist, the historian, and student?

He had not even the excuse of the first Archbishop of Mexico, who burnt a mountain of manuscripts in the market-place, stigmatizing them as magic scrolls; and was more guilty than Cardinal Ximenes, who in the trial by fire alone could exorcise the sorcery concealed in the Arabic manuscripts of Granada.

The delusions of fifteen hundred years are not easily put to flight and there might be a drop of charity for the bigotry and intolerance of the Spaniard; but the destroyer of history in New Mexico has no defense. I suppress his name. An archaeologist from New England is now busy among a heap of the sold documents, piled away in the back room of an old shop by a citizen of Santa Fé, who foresaw that they might one day be of interest, possibly of value.

It was my pleasant work to help in overhauling the state papers, and the quiet hours of rummaging were well rewarded. I let the blessed sunlight into the cavernous hole, and, seated on a camp-stool, made luxurious by sheepskin drapery, dug out from under masses of printed matter of recent date official documents, letters, copies of reports and dispatches, marking political changes from 1580, when Santa Fé was founded by Don Antonio de Espejo, to the year 1879. The province at first was ruled by military governors, appointed by the viceroys of Mexico, and communication with them and with Spain was so rare they reigned as despots, in haughty pride of place, and bitterly abused their power to kill, enslave, plunder, and subdue the heathen claimed for an inheritance.

The first MS. opened bore the date 1620. It was illuminated with heavy seals and signed with strange, puzzling *rubrics*; but the signature was completely effaced. It was part of a frozen chunk, tied with hempen cord, and peeled off a block wet through and through. The excellence of the parchment-like paper kept it from dissolving into a lump of sticky pulp.

Some papers were soaked so it was necessary to spread them on boards, to be dried in the sun, before being deposited in a place of safety. Rich treasure for the mining of the future historian. The eternal west wind fluttered mockingly among crumpled leaves torn from the book of human fate, and a sudden gust whirled a yellow scrap high up in the branches of the cottonwood tree. With the help of a Mexican boy, I rescued from ruin what proved a portion of the journal of Otervin, military commandant of Nueva España, who undertook to reduce the Pueblos to subjection in 1681, and found them too many for him.

Mixed with high heaps of worthless trash were worn and water-stained fragments, precious as the last leaves of the Sybil. These, pieced together, were smoothed with care and laid by for after reference. Poor, perishing records of ambitions baffled and hopes unfulfilled; and, dreaming over the names of men who sought immortality on earth and now sleep forgotten, I deeply felt their teaching—the law that any lasting condition is impossible in the hurrying march we call life, where nothing is constant but change, nothing certain but death.

Through the lazy Mexican afternoons I groped along the musty annals with steady

purpose, and in the shadowy history wandered back two centuries. Among the MSS. I lived in the days when William of Orange fought the grand battle which decided the fate of the Stuarts and established English dominion over the seas; when the sun of Poland was sinking in endless night with the dying Sobieski, our patriot hero of early romance, whose name, consecrated by poetry and heroism, dwells in memory with Emmet and Kossuth; when Madame de Maintenon, at the court of the king, who was worshiped as a demi-god, was writing long letters of the fatigues of court, and how she worried from morning till midnight, trying to reconcile the irreconcilable, and amuse the old tyrant, who was past being amused. Spain had been shaken by desperate wars, and out of armies nursed in victories came a host of adventurers to the New World, where glory and fortune were reported as waiting for every newcomer. They were not colonists, emigrants, as with us, who had everything to gain and nothing to lose; but men of the sword, used to command, who loved no music so well as trumpet and drum, the rattle and clang of arms. Reckless gamblers as Spaniards have been in all ages, everywhere, they were ready to stake vast possessions on a venture in mines reported richer than ancient Ophir, and to risk assured fame for possible conquest among nations whose walled cities were described as equal to the best strongholds of Islam. The rich, mediæval glow enveloping some of the reports charms the literary forager, not overfond of statistics, who loves no figures so well as figures of speech. Men in their summer prime organized roving expeditions in quest of fortune, gallant freebooters, made ferocious by greed of gold, who started gayly, as to a regatta, for the unexplored province of Nueva España.

They found the Promised Land one of which the greater part must forever remain an uninhabitable magnificence. Yet everything reminded them of old Spain, especially of the Castiles. The chain of snowy peaks, accessible only to the untamable Apache, projected against the speckless blue the blade of white teeth which suggested the name of Sierra Nevada. The dry, scorched table-lands, league after league, stretching away under the blazing sun a shadeless desert, were like the *mesas* in the dreariest portions of the kingdom of Philip and the mud hovels of adobe, with open apertures for windows, were a perpetual reminder of the homeless habitations of the Castilian peasantry.

The few rich valleys (*pasturas*) capable of cultivation by irrigation were not unlike the *regas* of the East, and little streams of melted snow-water, filtered down from the "iced mountain-top," cold as snow, clear as glass, still bear the lovely names of the rills sparkling along the Alpujarras.

The old hidalgos looked for better things than the naked savages, mud huts, and stunted cornfields. Sterile and forbidding as the country appeared, they believed an inheritance was reserved for them behind the gloomy mountain walls, beyond the awful canyon, where the black, rushing river is shut in by sheer precipices fifteen hundred feet high. Sustained by a faculty of self-persuasion equaled by no other people on the face of the earth, they pushed on and on through the very heart of the wilderness, nearly to the present site of Omaha. This was more than three hundred years ago; yet are the novel-writers complaining that we have no antiquity, no mystery, no dim lights and deep shadows, where the imagination of the story-teller may flower out in fancies rich and strange.

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feathers, soft as eider-down, and necklaces and anklets of opals and garnets, in ignorance of their actual value. He had many dishes of pure gold and silver, and (I copy the words of the faded MS.) "smoked the herb which cures fatigue, in a pipe carved out of a single cornelian." He took his siesta under the shade of a great tree, lulled to sleep by the music of golden bells suspended there, sounding softly when the wind blew.

The romantic adventurers had heard wondrous tales of canoes capable of carrying twenty rowers on a side, propelled by sails and fitted up with great splendor. A large golden beak was the prow, and the master reclined at ease under a splendid canopy. The favorites of his court were in attendance on the king's barge—lovely girls with the blackest eyes and "sumptuous braids of hair." They shone with headbands of garnets and opals, and, wrapped in long shawls of gaudy colors, rested on feathery mats, under the brilliant awning. They penciled their brows with antimony and darkened their eyelids with kohl, after the manner of Egyptian women.

Thus in sandal and cedar, balmy airs and folding arms, the West Indian king reveled as he sailed, and, like another Antony, kissed away kingdoms and provinces.

Wonderful are the works of an inspired imagination!

Perhaps my reader has not seen the model which served in this airy picture of the beauties of the seraglio. One among them, the favorite of the harem, whose voice was like running water in the ear of the thirsty, her step like the bounding fawn, her grace like the swaying reed, her smile a glance of the Great Spirit, is known in our times as the Pimo Squaw.

The land of the Pueblos and its various tribes of the aboriginal race have undergone slight changes since the first white explorers came. We may safely assume that among a people so rigidly unchangeable the black-eyed girls of 1880 appear exactly as they did before the eyes of Castenada, secretary, reporter, and romancer of Coronado's expedition. All he saw is yet to be seen, much as it was when he crossed the Gila in the light that never was on sea or land, and bewitched the waiting adventurers with his charming "Narrative."

The languishing beauty, with her shaded eyelids and "sumptuous braids of hair," is still there. To be poetic, let us call the sweet girl Nourmahal, the Star-Eyed, the Light of the Harem. When not at work in the field, she may be seen, in her unveiled loveliness, not a great way from the Casas Grandes. These ruins along the Rio Gila are crumbling walls of adobe buildings, belonging to remote antiquity—monuments of a prehistoric nationality, a supposed station of the Aztecs in their march southward, known, so far as we have continuous

history, as "Houses of Montezuma." They are very dear to the antiquarian heart and are invested with the indescribable tenderness of romance by reporters. The wild west is in no danger of becoming tame while poet, sightseer, and archæologist can take turns at the Casas Grandes, jump at chronological conclusions, and "go on" as though they were built by giants, or a sort of imaginary people, who did unreal things on a grand scale.

The Southern Pacific Railroad runs within ten miles of the ruins, and the last Aztec ghost will soon be laid, or, at least, will be in deadly peril, for the whistle of the locomotive is worse for the shades of heroes than the warning cock-crow.

Tourists dearly love to visit the Casas Grandes half an hour. In the shade of the old mud walls they lunch on alkali dust, husky sandwiches, and a can of fruit; then fire the customary puns on cañon, cancan, sand-which-is-there, pick up scraps of pottery, make a weak pretense of taking notes, and drive off. In snug quarters, hundreds of miles away, they copy Bartlett's measurements and descriptions, and, with lofty flourishes about Aztec splendors, dead empires, and lost races, they prose and muse and moralize in type.

[With your gracious permission, beloved reader, I purpose to try the same thing some day. The "big houses" are nothing but stupid old mud pueblos, such as are scattered all over the land from Utah to Chihuahua. But I must not give away my seed-corn. This is in the deepest confidence, and must go no further till I have my say about the prehistorics.]

The Maricopa is a dreary country, arid and inhospitable. Even the Mark Tapley of travelers observed, while there: "This is not a jolly place." The days are hot as the desert where the White Nile rises; so hot the very lions' manes are burnt off. The nights are heavenly.

The rivers are tricky streams—sometimes wet, sometimes dry—but give enough water to irrigate meager cornfields. Occasionally they rise in the very center of barrenness, flow a mile or so, and are lost in the sand; then rise unexpectedly and run again. In their worn channels, ten or fifteen feet below the level of the plain, grows the shadeless mezquite. There are, besides, a few sick, sulphur-colored plants and the old reliable cactus.

Beyond the river-banks and their strips of tender verdure is the wide, wide plain; a pale gray desert, circled by mountain-walls, where many a jagged peak pierces the rich blue sky, far above the snow-line. Sharp sunlight illumines the gashed and seamed cliffs, and the stars rain their soft luster on rocks of adamant, rent by fierce convulsions, lying distorted like the dead, after fearful throes, outstretched in the last sleep.



One picture-like Sierra, a detached upheaval of volcanic rock, called Pichaco, overlooks the valley like some tireless guarding sentinel.

The season, I remember, was unusually dry. Every one described by travelers and official papers for whole generations contain that report. From this concurrent testimony it is safe to conclude that every season is unusually dry. I testify that one party was made dry as mummies; but, being under bonds to see all that was to be seen, we were bound for the Casas Grandes.

To reach them, we must enter the fabled realm of the visionaries; where the Indian emperor, garlanded by beauty, reclining on crimson and gold, floated among opal mountains (the name still attaches to a snowy range) and far-reaching valleys, sown thick with jewels—a region fearful to land in, because of the one-horned rhinoceros and the monstrous Cibola (buffalo).

I have said no verdure veiled the naked plain; but Nature, ever ready to assert life in death, has planted in the waste the giant *petahaya*, the outer picket of vegetation. In groups here and there stand greenish fluted columns of single leafless stems, crowded with thorns and cream-white blossoms of surpassing beauty. Luxuriating in barrenness, the fleshy trunks (often two feet in diameter) shoot up twenty, thirty, even fifty feet; a striking and fantastic growth—weird, spectral, as remains left of some magnificent temple, long vanished and without name or story, except what these pillars tell.

The Indian men tagged after us, eyeing the visitors with their intolerable fixed stare; but the women sat still in their places. There was no breeze to stir the air, no changing clouds enlivening the bare and brilliant sky, no sound of wheels, no tramp of men audible in the sandy soil. The isolation is perfect as that of a reef in mid-ocean. The thing men call the world, with all its tumults and its toilings, was a planet remote as though that goodly company had swung off on one of the nebulous rings of Saturn. The earth lay in stillness unbroken, and the mute and moveless Indian woman was the type of a deadness which rests on the land forever. Toward the close of a day, a week, or so long, and oh! so hot! we caught sight of Nourmahal, the Star-eyed, the Light of the Harem. She leaned against a crazy mud wall, which she appeared to prop, and was so nearly the same shade of clay that at first the statuesque shape seemed carved in it. A stumpy figure, nude to the waist, draped in one buckskin skirt. The leathery skin, tanned by long exposure to fierce sun's beat and roughening wind, was darkly veined and coarse. To eyes accustomed to see in woman's form the fairest of all fairness—

"A thing to dream of, not to tell"—

the sight is not alluring. She was scarcely twenty-five years of age; but the pitiless climate (which we are constantly called upon to admire) had worn wrinkles in her face deep enough to bury her youth in. Her small, shapely feet were cased in moccasins; the slim hands, idly resting in her lap, were burnt to a mahogany color (the cinnamon tint entirely lost) and knotted with the hard work of corn-grinding. Her one ornament was a sea-shell, tied round her throat by a deerskin string.

Nourmahal had a Mongol cast of features—narrow button-hole eyes, almost no eyebrows, high cheek-bones, thick lips, tattooed chin. As the angelic portion of our party (delicately referring to your correspondent) approached for nearer view, she made no sign, except to turn the dull Chinese eyes, which a short study of inscriptions on tea-boxes would give the right oblique, and fix them on us with a tireless, unwinking gaze. Her unkempt hair (those "sumptuous braids!") was a wiry mane, fairly alive with the fourth plague of Pharaoh. When the curse becomes greater than she can bear, I am told she puts on a turban of cool, soft mud, brought well down on the half-witted forehead, and is then in full dress. For the same cause, her imperial lover, the lord of the harem, sometimes struts in a mud helmet.

Oh, reader! what shall we do with the cobweb and rose-bloom of these old Spanish poets?

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

## THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

### THE JORNADO DEL MUERTO.

BY MRS. SUSAN E. WALLACE,  
(MRS. GOVERNOR LEW WALLACE).

NEAR the southern boundary of New Mexico the Spanish explorers were opposed by a barrier of all on earth most to be dreaded—a shadeless, waterless plateau, nearly one hundred miles long, from five to thirty miles wide, resembling the steppes of Northern Asia. Geologists tell us this is the oldest country on the earth, except, perhaps, the backbone of Central Africa: at least the one which has longest exhibited its present conditions, the one longest exposed to the influence of agents now in action, and, hence, bearing the most deeply-marked records of their power.

The portion I speak of appears to have served its time, worn out, been dispeopled and forgotten. The grass is low and mossy, with a perishing look—the shrubs, soap-weed, and bony cactus writhing like some grisly skeleton; the very stones are like the scoria of a furnace. You vainly look for the flight of a bird, such as cheered the eyes of Thalaba in the desert; no bee nor fly hums the empty air; and, save the lizard



(the genius of desolation) and horned frog, there is no breath of living thing.

Certain tribes of Arabia have no name for the sea, and, when they first came to its shore, they asked, with a sad wonder: "What is this strange desert of water, more beautiful than any land?" Standing on the edge of the measureless waste, which is trackless as water, the first explorers might ask: "What is this strange ocean of sand, with its stillness more awful than any sea?"

In places the dead level of the plain sweeps with the exactness of a sheet of water, encircling as with a shore-line mountain-walls which on the west shut off the Rio Grande and frequently insulating whole peaks and ridges. Friendly showers fall there two months in the year, and, instead of storms of rain, in spring it is scorched by those of dust and sand. They are caused by winds coming mainly from the northwest, carrying before them like mist clouds of pulverized sand and dust and piling them in drifts when checked in their course. You can watch their progress as they approach, beginning in a thin haze along the horizon, for hours beforehand; and when they reach you the dust penetrates everything. You eat it, you drink it, you breathe it, you wear it like a coating, and the last handkerchief at the bottom of the box in your trunk is gritty and smells of alkali. The sand-storms, as they are called, usually last one, sometimes three days. Occasionally they appear a procession of whirlwind columns, such as are seen in autumn leaves, slowly moving across the desert in spectral dimness. Rejoice and be thankful if the tempest passes without striking. It will beat the mules without mercy and lash your face like a whip, if it reaches you.

Stories are told how, after a day of intense heat and lifeless silence, a dark cloud rapidly lowers from the sky of molten brass, and a sudden wind whirls the sand in mounds, and so shifts it from place to place. Horses and mules fall flat, with their noses to the ground; men lie down under blankets, from which the sand must be shaken occasionally, to escape being literally buried alive. Storms of such violence are rare, but every old frontiersman can tell you of more than one. The early Spaniards called the desert hot wind *solano*, in memory of Mancha and Andalusia. It heats the blood terribly, produces the utmost discomfort and nervous irritation. Hence the the Castilian proverb: "Ask no favor while the *solano* blows."

A variation of the simoom of the Orient, it cracks the skin, creates consuming thirst, and has been known to produce death.

The cultured reader (I have none other) need hardly be reminded that the destruction of Sennacherib's host is supposed to have been caused by the simoom. Undoubtedly, Byron had it in mind when he

wrote the Hebrew melody, which has the majestic thunder-roll of organ music,

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold."

Once feel the parching, torrid heat; once face that suffocating desert-wind, and you readily comprehend death was instantaneous. There was no waste of miraculous force in the power which destroyed all the mighty men of valor and the leaders and captains in the camp of the king of Assyria.

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,

And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,

And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still."

The spot I am trying to describe is the battle-ground of the elements. In winter it is made fearful by raging storms of wind and snow. There men and animals have been frozen to death, their bodies left the lawful prey of the mountain wolf. From the primeval years the Apache has harried the hungry waste, hunting for scalps; and, besides the savagest of savages, it is now the favorite skulking-place of outlaws, an asylum for fugitives escaping justice in old Mexico and Texas.

In our times many a party cut off and many a traveler murdered makes good the name it bears, given by the first white men who dared its perils: *Jornado del Muerto*—"Journey of Death."

Reports of sun-scorch and lava beds, sand, sirocco, maddening thirst, and cheating mirage did not daunt the bold land-robbers from Spain. They were pledged to wrest their secrets from the mountains, and bring them to lay at the feet of their imperial master. Disciplined in the hardships of foreign wars, they lived for glory and worshiped Fortune. They had seen service in almost every clime. Some had tilted the Moor, some had fought the infidel on the blue Danube and hunted the Carib in Hispaniola; and later came captains whose waving plumes had been the colors to rally on when the royal standards were fallen. The mysterious country, mountain-locked and guarded by savage sentinels, who seemed to require neither rest, food, nor sleep, and were so fleet of foot they could outmarch the best cavalry horses, was a high stake, involving heavy risks and not to be lightly won. From accounts of Jesuit missionaries, who went with the cross, ready to die for their faith, the heroes of the seventeenth century learned that Nature in Nueva España was not always in stormy mood. The fiery *solano* spent its strength in three days, and the lull following it was like clear shining after rain. If the snow of winter was deep, it was not lasting (only a Christmas storm); and friendly natives taught them that the stony Sierras could be brought to yield gold, silver, copper—all the precious metals.



crossing of forehead and breast, murmur of aves and amens; not whispered, but outspoken, as became the "Swords of the Church."

They set up their swords in the sand, knelt before the blessed sign in its hilt, and fervently prayed the Holy Mother's protection. So comforted, they slept, perchance to dream of cool fountains in far *plazas*; of glassy ponds, with white-breasted swans asleep among the reeds and rushes on the margin; of rushing brooks, shaded by dripping willows; and the low undertone of the haleyon sea, whose soft-heating surf breaks on the shores of old Spain.

It is amusing to read of their superstitious dread of horned frogs, which hopped out of the way, then "turned and faced them with basilisk eyes." The sameness of the scenes was sickening; the glare of the fierce sunshine blinded them; and, with cracked lips and burning eyes they hailed the mirage with shouts, and, horse and rider seeing eye to eye, they dashed away for the mocking lake, to curse the cheat and thirst the more.

Traversing the desert is not now what it was in the age of fable. The delusions of the past vanished with the darkness to which they belonged. We are living in better times. Summer, Winter, moonbeam or starbeam will never shine on goblins more. The "leathery wings" have floated away from cactus thicket and mezquit jungle; ghost, fairy, demon, genii all have fled into the listening silence. They were phantoms following the century of credulity, whose foremost man, clear-eyed and conscientious, aimed his inkstand at the Devil, and whose veteran campaigner from the siege of Granada went wandering up and down the everglades of Florida, seeking an enchanted fountain—an everflowing spring, of which one draught would restore to his war-worn body the freshness of youth and add to his term of life years enough to discover and conquer a third world.

The *Jornado* still has its alarms; but men of the nineteenth century see no angry eyes in the red glow of sunset; overhead hovers no evil spirit of earth or air, under cover of night's blue and starry banner.

The center of the ninety-mile desert is now broken by a watering-place, the cheering oasis which relieves the long strain on body and soul. In 1871 Major John Martin dug one hundred and sixty feet, and struck a sweet, abundant fountain, deliciously cool, soft, with a slight taste of sulphur. Its depth is forty feet and the heaviest draughts have never lessened the supply. It is pumped by a windmill, which the wind sometimes makes his own; and the gurgle and splash, as the stream falls into the huge tanks, is a sound in the ear of the traveler sweet as his first hearing of the nightingale. Before the well was made water was hauled in barrels to the station from the Rio Grande, fifteen miles away. The nearest fuel at that point is eighteen miles distant.

At Fort Craig, the southern terminus of the solitary place, the modern tourist fills his water-kegs and canteens, tightens his cartridge-belt, and looks carefully to the condition of his animals. The loss of a breast-strap or horse-shoe would be a hindrance not easily overcome, and supplies of every kind must be carried. The road is excellent, and, if there is no accident, the well may be reached in one day's journey. Even in its best aspect it is entered the first time with forebodings, a vague dread, like pushing out into an unknown sea. The sun-glare is so hard to bear that night is often the accepted time for the mournful crossing. As the sun declines, the lonesome dark falls like a drop-curtain. The stars flash out; the sky above, intensely clear, is a steel-blue shield, set thick with diamonds. A tropic brilliance fills it with a glow like the mild twilight of other latitudes, and the moon's splendor makes beautiful even the seared and jagged cliffs of the Sierra de los Organos. Three thousand feet above the level of the river are their shafts, pale gray in the silvery light; masses of granite upheaved in some mighty convulsion, long stilled, standing against the rainless blue like tombstones over a buried world.

If there is talk in the ambulance, it is in subdued tones. The assumption of cheerfulness by humming snatches of old songs is a dreary impertinence. Hour after hour

dances, especially the *cachina*, the delight of the aboriginal heart, and, as the old MS. words it, "were to be obedient to the divine and human majesty."

Very devout was this Vargas. After the reduction of Jemez, he reported to the Viceroy of Mexico, Count Galvas: "This action having been fought the day before Santiago Day, I believe that glorious apostle and patron saint interceded in our behalf, and which was the cause of our signal success."

Here are some of the mild requirements laid on the baptized heathen by his order:

"They must keep crosses over their doors; treat ministers with love and reverence; and, whenever they meet them, kiss the hem of their habit, with submission and veneration. They must have their haws in order and ten arrows, to offend and defend; and none shall dare use the arms of the Spaniards, for the reason they are prohibited by the royal ordinances."

Fighting his way northward, near Zuni, he leveled a large pueblo, "the size of a long horse-race"; but how long the horse-race was in that time your correspondent has no means of knowing. By his own autograph on the everlasting hills we know when and in what spirit the haughty *hidalgo* passed that point for the recapture of La Villa Real de Santa Fé, then in the hands of its rightful owners.

On hundred and ninety miles southwest of Santa Fé, ten miles from the Arizona line, fifty miles west of the dividing ridge of the continent—called, in consequence,

Sierra Madre—is antique Zuni, a city of memory. It is one of the seven vanishing cities sought by Coronado in 1540, and by wandering knights from Spain and Portugal in the time of Philip Second. Capital of the fabled kingdom of Cibola, it is the most ancient and most interesting, because the least changed, of all the pueblos of New Mexico.

When Governor-General Vargas and his gallant little army reached this pueblo, they halted for rest and recruiting, before pressing on to the City of Holy Faith. The General was accompanied by his secretary, the beloved Antonio Eusebio, and they must have looked with the deepest concern at the stout walls of the strange fortress. I have not been able to learn whether he attacked it or not. Even a successful and intrepid leader, with the help of the red allies, used to savage warfare, would deliberate well before besieging that city set on a hill, which must be carried by assault, in the face of arrows, slings, lances, huge stones rolled from above, and burning balls of cotton dipped in oil. The modern Zuni, a compact town of fifteen hundred souls, stands in the center of the valley of the Colorado Chichito (Little Red River); but ancient Zuni, now in ruins, was several miles away, on the top of a *mesa*, or precipice, one thousand feet high, almost inaccessible from the valley. It was built in five stories, with thick walls of stone laid in mud mortar, terraced from without and fortified by towers. A formidable citadel.

The camp of the victorious army was probably in the present camping-ground, a choice spot, where grass grows with tint of richest green, lovely to the eye as fresh lilies—a garden beauty, skirting the spring of cool, sweet water, about fifteen miles from old Zuni. To reach it from Santa Fé, the traveler of to-day crosses a country very beautiful and fertile, where rapid change of geological structure makes varying change of scenery. Maize grows in the valley without irrigation—not an *acquia* in sight; and peaches, planted by the Jesuit Fathers, are deliciously sweet. After straining over sand and rock, in the hot, white sun-glare, with the fever-thirst which comes from drinking alkali water, it must have been a deep pleasure for the soldiery to leave the trackless plain, and lie in the cool, rich grass, restful alike to jaded steed and war-worn rider; to feast their eyes on the delicate enamel of green—the setting of this Diamond of the Desert; and watch, as we have, the birds of strange note and plumage coming and going, with merry twitter, flirt and flutter to bathe and drink in the sparkling fountain.

Enchanting effects of light and color vary the passing hours. A rose-blush of exquisite haze greets the rising sun; and the mirage—most marvelous of Nature's mys-

teries—often swims in mid-air in early morning, when the first warm flush has faded. The perfect blue curtaining the valley is jeweled with opal and turquoise. That ethereal brilliance allows no "middle tones." The sun sets as on the Nile, and when the flaring disc sinks low suddenly the hidden splendor is unveiled—a vision sent from afar, that mortals may feebly learn how beautiful is the floor of Heaven.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.



## THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

AMONG THE ARCHIVES.—THINGS NEW  
AND OLD.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,  
(MRS. GOV. LEW WALLACE).

THE man on the frontier who has no speculation in his eyes is dead as Banquo. The contagion of soul, says the ancient philosopher, is quicker than that of the body, and I have yet to see the one with soul so dead as to refuse a venture in mines, and wholly resist the fever which spares neither age nor sex and is not fatal or even unpleasant. While the craze lasts, it affects the brain, quickening the imagination and distorting the vision. Under its powerful alchemy discolored stones by the wayside become bowlders of ore, it seams bare cliffs with veins of gleaming metal, plants mines in impossible places, converts vertical strata into immense deposits. All the way it silvers the dreams of night and lengthens them unbroken into the day. Knowledge comes to the fever-smitten without study. One glance at a lofty mountain-range is sufficient to determine if it be metalliferous, and, balancing a lump of ore on his gritty forefinger, he can tell its exact per cent. of silver.

The victim of the epidemic carries scraps of grimy stuff in his pockets, wrapped in dirty cloths, and a small magnifying glass, into which he puckers his fevered eyes many times in the twenty-four hours, and surveys his uncoined treasure with doating glances. He unselfishly allows confidential friends to look through the lens, and expects enthusiastic admiration in return for the privilege. Unless the confidential friend is an enemy in disguise, he will gloat over the earthy specimens too. He talks little, if at all, apparently in a generous burst of feeling about bonanzas. *En bonanza* means literally smooth sailing, a fair breeze, etc., and is used by Mexican miners, applied to exceedingly rich ores or

"shoots." Free translation, "hooming." His voice is pitched in a low key—a loud, impressive, I may say distracting whisper. The delirium is pleasurable, for the man's hopes are indomitable, and a secret trust covers a dark stratum, so to speak, of fear; but he is reticent, grave as though his shafts had pierced to the very center of gravity.

The arithmetic man, who loves figures, has estimated that in these the flush times of Colorado the successful are one to every five hundred honest miners. He has not brought in returns from the territories, and there is, in consequence, broader sweep for imagination in the undeveloped regions, where mining is yet partly experiment.

The fortunes of two or three millionaires balance the losses of thousands, like the many deaths which go to make up a victory. Are you the five hundredth or eight hundredth happy child of Destiny, the victorious captain for whom the unnamed heroes fell? You? Of the bonanza king we daily hear by telegraph, photograph, autograph. Of the vast army of the defeated—nothing. Singly they tramp back home, steal in darkly at dead of night, ravage the pantry, and, having slept off fatigue, are ready to deny having thought of Leadville and Golden.

One of the cheapest and easiest ways of reaching a mine is by a "grubstake." This euphonious word means a certain sum (say one hundred and eighty dollars) advanced to a man by another, with more money and less time, and the prospector has an interest in whatever he may find. You meet him on every road, every highway, every by-way, and where there is no way in the territories. The prospective millionaire generally wears an umbrageous hickory shirt, sleeves usually rolled to the elbow, exposing arms not the fairest, huckskin or brown duck pants, or a ready-made suit, ready to be unmade at the seams, and a hat of superlative slouch. His head is shaggy as a buffalo's, with sun-scorched hair, and his face, lined with fierce sunheat and wrinkling wind, is a glossy red, as though it had been veneered, sand-papered, and varnished. He carries a striking hammer, weighing from five to eight pounds. Does it look like an enchanter's rod? In his hand it may prove a fairy wand, potent as the double-headed hammer of Thor. His *burro*, or donkey, is not much larger than a sheep, yet able to bear three hundred pounds' weight. On the patient, long-suffering brute is strapped a blanket. Above it are piled rations of hacon, sugar, crackers, a pick and shovel, and a tin pot for boiling a coarse brown powder, called in hither (very bitter) sarcasm coffee. In seeking claims, he is oftenest attended by a partner, familiarly and affectionately called "my pard." In this land of sudden death, where every man carries pistols and loves to use them, one lone prospector may be picked off almost anywhere, and his bones left in deep cañon or lonesome gulch, and no questions asked. It is best to hunt in couples. Like the intelligent and reliable contrahand of other days, the honest miner is forever bringing in good news. "Lee is just where we want him! The latest find is prodigious, the best thing yet, and lacks nothing but capital for development to equal anything in the Comstock Lode or Santa Eulalia!" This last is a mine worth having, where the early diggers set no value on common ore, but sought "pockets," rich with silver; a soft yellow clay, scooped out rapidly and easily with horn spoons. Sometimes they were of immense extent, requiring years to exhaust.

I have not been able to learn why the miner is always named the honest miner; but such is the fact. To this well-worn adjective are sometimes added reticent and successful, when the speaker wishes to be unusually impressive. It has been written that mining speculations, like transactions in horse-flesh, have a tendency to blunt moral perceptions, and soured politicians insinuate it was first phrased by ambitious patriots who were anxious to secure his suffrage. Be that as it may, the honest miner is our man now. Though he does not pretend to be a poet, his is the vision and faculty divine. He is attended by presences to other eyes unseen, like the in



# THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

## THE MINERS.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,

(MRS. GOV. LEW WALLACE).

OBLIVION scattereth her poppies even in guarded chambers where the Muse of History holds sleepless watch, and the broken, disconnected annals of New Mexico in the seventeenth century are like dreamy legends or misty fables of the heroic ages.

The avaricious and despotic governors of the province made no secret of their odious laws, and appalling atrocities are put on record in business manner, without concealment or attempt at palliation. Many details are trivial and there are long catalogues readable by no man but Dr. Dryasdust. Running through dispatches is an appeal for money, petitions for appropriation—the keynote of official song, from the Empress of India down to the lowest official of the youngest republic. How could the commandants open mines, develop the resources of Nueva Mejico, even with slave labor, without money or its equivalent? Beside this familiar wail are found meager and detached accounts of long marches among the peace-loving Pueblos, who hailed the fair strangers as gods, and their horses as beautiful, immortal animals, tamed for the service of their celestial visitants. These

—“most Gothic gentlemen of Spain”

were no believers in the rolling-stone theory. We think of them as filled with restless energy; but in a half sheet of ancient MS. I find this item, made probably by a peevish Churchman, soured because he missed promotion: “Our captains were great enemies to all kinds of labor. They taught that gold was good for sore eyes and disease of the heart. Their desire for it was such they would enter into the infernal regions and cross the three rivers of Hell to obtain it.” One Captain Salazar, in the Valley of the Del Norte, caught a *cacique* (chief) and chained him, to make him tell where certain treasure was hidden. After holding the savage in confinement several months, the Christian put him to torture; but without avail. “We then let him go,” says the historian, dryly; “for the miserable heathen could not tell what he did not know.”

The blood of the Christian of that age ran riot with the lust of gold and of power; the two passions swaying men of mature years, tempered in youth by the soft influence of love. It is easy to understand that the Pueblo Indians, who were making some approaches to civilization in the midst of savagery, then wore a yoke to which the iron collar of thrall worn by Gurth, the swineherd, was light as a lady's necklace.

History holds no deeper tragedy than the record of foreign invasion in North America. The man on horseback assumed that



slavery was necessary, therefore right, therefore just; and by the grace of God (which meant the iron hand in the glove of steel) he rewarded captains and corporals with lands wide as whole counties, as yet unmapped and unsubdued. His first object was to pile high and yet higher the riches which maintained the splendor of his house. The old Castilian had the psychical identities of the modern one—pride, vanity, intolerance, egotism, hatred of labor, and fondness for bloody sports. In the irresponsible positions held by the local tyrants in Nueva España there was boundless sweep for gratification of these traits. Whatever was not Romish or Spanish they regarded with haughty scorn. Adventurers those colonists were, but adventurers of no common order. The spirit of the Crusades was yet alive, and each man felt himself a champion of the Cross, and with his sword of matchless temper vowed to strike a blow for Holy Church. Conversion was ever a prime object with the *Conquistador*. The saintly Isabella had it always at heart, and one of the latest acts of her reign was to commend to the fathers the souls of her unbelieving subjects across the sea. The fanatic zeal of the *padres* reached through every grade and the *hidalgos* gloried in the title "Swords of the Church." The temples of sin, as the little mud *estufas*, or chapels, of the Indians were called, must be leveled, false gods and altar-fires overthrown, and the heathen brought to the true faith, under their converting steel. The earliest revolt of the Pueblos, after the first conquest, grew out of the whipping of forty natives, because they refused to accept the new religion and bow to the hated cross of the unseen god of the stranger.

The early colonists were all miners; but, owing to the care taken in concealments of them by the natives, little is left to indicate operations, except miles of earth cut into running galleries and driven tunnels. Slavery everywhere, when applied to field labor, is destructive to human life. What must it have been when directed to mining, under taskmasters who did not value one life at a pin's fee?

Even with the aid of science, machinery, and the many humanities of the Nineteenth Century, mining is the most melancholy of trades. The task of him who "hangs in midway air" to gather samphire is not half so dreadful as work done in danger from every element.

The ruins of a large prison among the placers of the Miembres Mountains, abandoned mines reopened, and traditions of Indians clearly show that the conquered races were treated as though they did not belong to the human family. There is infinite pathos in the banishment of the untamed Indian from the free Sierras and the glad sunshine to gloomy caverns, where

thousands were actually buried alive. They were driven to toil under the lash and at the bayonet's point, in the midst of dangers from falling walls, deadly gas, sudden floods, and the work was done by manual labor alone. They broke the rocks with miserable tools and insufficient light, and mixed the ores slowly and painfully with naked feet. Quartz was ground in rude *arastras*, or mills, to which men and women were yoked like cattle. Every ounce of precious metal was literally the price of blood.

So changeless are the Spaniard and Indian that the description of a miner near Chihuahua, written last year, will do tolerably well for the Pueblo of the seventeenth century. Then, as now, the Spaniard was the overseer. The peon is the slave of to-day. As a rule, Mexicans, however intelligent and educated, have no genius for machinery. They blow, crush, and drill as their fathers did before them, and for transportation of ore they prefer a train of mules to a train of cars. The miner in the sepulchral shades of San Domingo has never heard of crushing-mills or carts. A yard-square piece of untanned hide, stretched on two sticks, is his wheelbarrow. The drill, the pick, the crowbar are his only tools. Out of the back-door of the mine he steps quickly, lightly, though weighted by a sack containing a hundred and fifty pounds of ore. A broad band of rawhide attaches the burden to his forehead. He is naked as when he came into the world. His neck and limbs are like a prize-fighter's. The perspiration streams from his sooty face and body and his breast heaves spasmodically. There are no air-shafts and for two hours he has been down in the hydrogen of the mine. The path he has traveled, in ascending, winds hither and thither; now up, then down; now in a chamber of whose extent he has no conception; now through a gallery narrow as the cavity of a sugar hogshead—so narrow that, to bear his cargo through, he must double and crawl like a panther; now along a slippery ledge, where the slightest error in the placement of a hand or foot is instant death, because on one side is an abyss which for the matter of vision might as well be fathomless. Now it turns a sharp corner; now it traverses rough masses of rocks, which are not all *débris* from blasting, for some of them have tumbled from the roof, and may be followed by "companion pieces" at any moment. Woe to him whom they catch! Thus for more than half an hour the poor wretch has come. To such a feat, performed regularly six times a day, what is crossing the rapids of Niagara on a wire? What wonder that the breast heaves and the sweat pours? Have you not heard a man escaped from drowning tell of the agony thrilling him the instant the life-saving air rushed into the cells of his



collapsed lungs? Something like that this poor miner and his comrades say they suffer every time they pass the door of the mine, suddenly into the rarefied atmosphere of the upper world. Horrible life! And how wretchedly rewarded! Between mining and morals there is no connection, still the question comes: Was it for this God gave him a soul?

The man's first act, on stepping into daylight, is to snatch the little tallow-dip from its perch on his head and blow it out. It cost him a *claco* only; but it was such a friend down in Tartarus! Without it, could he have ever risen to the light? As its glimmer came dancing up the rugged way, how the darkness parted before him and the awaiting gulfs revealed themselves! He proceeds next to the door of the roofless house. A man meets him, helps him unload, takes the sack to a rough contrivance and weighs it, giving a ticket of credit. Not a word is spoken. They are like gliding ghosts. Resuming the emptied sack, the naked wretch turns, walks quickly to the entrance of the mine, lights the friendly taper, looks once

—— "to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what he ne'er might see again,"

re-enters the rocky jaws, and wades back to the inner darkness. Yet he is not alone. He is a type. He has comrades whom he will meet on the way; comrades in the extremest pit, wherein the sounds of rueful labor are blended with mournful talk.

The friction of the coming and going of miners has polished the slippery floor to glassy smoothness. With the help of guides, we descended the black pit, and deep in the heart of the mountain sought the men at work. The wretched candle each one carried served not so much to illuminate our way as it appeared to burn a little hole in the darkness. Perspiration fairly rained from us; but we came to see, and pushed on in the black solitude, till strength and courage almost failed. At last we observed, far off to our right, a light dimly reddening the rocky wall. Miners at work! Good! Just what we came for. Slowly, carefully, painfully we drew near the beacon. There was no sound of voices, no ring of hammers, nor echo of blows. A solitary workman was plying the mystic art. He had not heard our approach, and we stopped to observe him before speaking. A little basket at his left contained a few tallow dips and some *tortillas*. Close by, in position to illuminate brightly about two feet of the wall directly in front of him, was his lighted candle. A pile of fine crushed ore, the result of his labor, covered the floor to his right, and on it lay an iron bar and a pick. Above him extended a vault in the darkness without limit. He had come there about the break of day in

the upper world. He came alone and alone he had remained. Not a word had he heard, not one spoken. The candles not merely lightened his labor; but, since each one would burn about so long—a certain number exhausting by noon, another bringing the night—they also kept his time. The solitude was awful! In the uncertain light the naked, crouching body seemed that of an animal. We spoke to him. The voice was kindly, yet it sounded in his ears, so long attuned to silence, like a pistol-shot. He started up in attitude of defense. He may be squatted at the base of the same wall to-day. Pity for him, wherever he is! Pity for all of his craft!

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

## THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,  
(MRS. GOV. LEW WALLACE).

THE modern Mexican is true to the traditions of old Spain—jealous of foreigners, opposed to change, ever copying the past.

There is a legend across the waters that one morning, not a great while ago, the glorious angel who keeps the keys of the viewless gate gave Adam permission to come back and look after his farm. Watched by Gabriel, chief of the guard angelic, the spirit (oldest of all created, yet forever young) dropped through the silent starry spaces, among rushing planets and blazing suns, numbered only in Heaven, poised above the Alps, and looked over Germany. The men were smoking meerschaums, drinking beer, and talking metaphysics. Disgusted, he fled in swift flight toward France. There he saw nothing but polite frivolities. The soul of our common ancestor was saddened. France was even worse than Germany. He did not linger. Taking wing while morn still purpled the east, he crossed the mountains into Spain, and, resting incumbent on air, surveyed the kingdom. One glance across it sufficed. The spirit folded his radiant wings. "Ah!" he cried, enraptured. "Home again! Here all is just as I left it." This old story well illustrates the influence of Iberian aversion to change, which has been felt wherever Spain has had a lasting foothold in the New World. The antiquated mining implements of the by-gone generations of New Mexico are the queerest things in the world to the Leadviller, used to the ponderous quartz mills, driven by invisible power, moving like a free intelligence.

When the mines in the Placer Mountains, thirty miles southwest of the City of Holy Faith, were in operation, they were worked by the old-fashioned Spanish *toroner*, the rudest, most wasteful of mining machines. It consists in nothing more than two large flat stones, attached to a horizontal beam



saints. The most prejudiced observer not help admiring the boldness and energy of their movements. And the fields are just as rich to-day. If they paid under such feeble, unskilled management, they must be much more profitable now, with the help of science and delicate machinery. For three hundred years and more the sands have been washed out at the base of Los Cerillos; but not until very recently have those washing for precious grains of metal thought of looking to the *source*, the core of the mountains, for the best deposits. This was the process of experiment and experience in the great California Gulch at Leadville.

In these volcanic hills, still bearing marks of the fiery lava flow, are the Montezuma Turquoise Mines, which are marvels of deep excavation. In one instance half a mountain is cut away by Indians of the pre-historic period, in their search for the coveted, the priceless *chalchuite*, the Aztec diamond.

The tradition runs that anciently the gold and silver-bearing ores were borne on the backs of *burros* to Chihuahua, Mexico (six hundred miles away), for reduction; that long trains of the patient creatures, lean, thirsty, and beaten with many stripes, were perpetually coming and going along the Valley del Norte, curtaining it with clouds of yellow dust.

It seems a hascleless tradition. If the gold-hunters could reduce their ores in Chihuahua, why not in Santa Fé as well? In 1867 the larger portion of El Palacio, then standing, was cleared away, and, among many curious relics brought to light, after long burial, was a clumsy smelting furnace, thoroughly bricked up on every side and worn with long and hard usage. From its ashes were taken out bits of charcoal, showing clearly that ages ago, time out of mind, the Spaniards discovered and used it in smelting their ores.

The ancient method of washing for silver was a very simple process. The operator required nothing but a crowbar, a shovel, and a tanned skin. This last he fashioned into a water-tight basin by stretching it upon a square frame. Filling it with water, he stood over it, rocking in it a little tub holding sand and grit, from which, washed free of clay and earth, he separated the worthless pebbles and selected the valuable particles.

In old ranches through the country we occasionally see an antique candlestick of beaten silver, or a salt-cellar of hammered *plata*—heirlooms proving that in long-gone generations silver was found and in quantities.

Ask how old they are, and the ever ready "*Quien sabe*" is the answer.

From the beginning of the seventeenth till the eighteenth century there was a rapid succession of rebellions and civil wars, where Santa Fé was the field and the important strategic point. In 1680 the Pueblos allied with the Teguas—described as a nation of warriors—and routed the Spaniards, driving them from the land as far south as El Paso del Norte.

Another army was mustered and sent up from the City of Mexico, but feared to take the offensive, and for twelve years the land had rest, was quiet, as before the foreign invasion. It was in this interval of twelve years that the ancient mines were hidden. All the old mineral workings were covered and carefully concealed, and death was the penalty for any who should reveal to white men where precious metals or stones were to be found. After 1692 mining in the province was abandoned, and to this day it is the rarest thing for a Spaniard or an Indian to engage in mining. They seem to have forsaken it forever.

It is said that in the whole compass of East Indian literature there is not a single passage showing a love of liberty. They are created millions for the gratification of one man. If the West Indian be, indeed, his brother, then were brothers never so unlike. To the North American freedom is the very breath of his nostrils, and the degradation of slavery worse than slow torture or sudden death.

In irrepressible yearning for liberty the Pueblos escaped from mines such as I have attempted to describe to inaccessible mountain fastnesses, the steeps of distant cañons, and hiding-places in dens of animals.

over



How many perished in these realms of silence and despair none but the recording angel can testify. The polished armor of the invaders covered hearts hard as triple brass, and silken banners floated over knights whose avarice was equaled only by their cruelty. The fugitives were tracked and hunted down with bloodhounds, as though they were beasts of prey.

As has been written of the same tragedy then being enacted in Peru: "It was one unspeakable outrage, one unutterable ruin, without discrimination of age or sex. From hiding-places in the clefts of rocks and the solitude of invisible caves, where there was no witness but the all-seeing sun, there went up to God a cry of human despair." The Bishop of Chiapa, himself a Spaniard, affirms that more than fifteen millions were cut off in his time, slaves of the mines. On the Northern Continent history is but an imperfect guide. That the rich valleys of the Rio Grande and the Pecos once held a dense population is plainly proved by the ruins of cities slowly crumbling away. We have only dim glances into long, dark spaces; but there is light enough to see the conqueror's daily walk was on the necks of the conquered natives, who swiftly declined to an abject and heart-broken race.

So great was the horror of the first conquest that the memory of it has been kept alive through ten generations. The Pueblo mother still shudders as she tells the story of ancient wrong and woe to her children; and the unwritten law yet hinds the red race to secrecy and is a hindrance in the opening of mines in the territories.

princely fortunes were made, and, if tribes, whole nations, were swept off the face of the earth, they were but so many heathen less to cumber the ground and drag the march of conquest. To understand how valueless human life was then, look down the steep sides of the old mines reopened. Rows of cedar pegs serve, you see, as ladders along the black walls, from the bottom to the entrance. Imagine a man climbing up, weighted with a sack containing a hundred pounds of ore, fastened to his back by a broad band of raw hide across his forehead. The slightest error in the placement of hand or foot must miss the hold, and the burden-bearer be dashed to pieces; but it could have been no loss, else better means would have been provided. There must have been hundreds at hand to take his place.

When did Spain stretch forth her hand, except to scatter curses? It is part of my faith, derived from the study of history—in fact, it is the great lesson of history—that nations are punishable, like individuals, and that for every national sin there is, soon or late, a national expiation. Does not Spain place the doctrine beyond question? No European power has had such opportunities for noble achievement; yet what good has come through her? What grand idea or benign principle, what wholesome impression upon mankind? She was the Tarshish of Solomon; her mines were the subject of quarrel between the Roman and Carthaginian; in the day of Christ she still supplied the world with the royal metals. Such were her resources in the beginning. Afterward, when commerce reached out through the Pillars of Hercules and drew the West in under its influences, a people of masterful genius, sitting where Europe bends down so close to Africa, would have stretched a gate from shore to shore and by it ruled the earth.

Yet later she received the gift of the New World. Where is the trophy marking her beneficent use of the gift? She had already ruined the civilization which had its seat in the pillared shades of the Alhambra. In her keeping were placed the remains of the Aztec and the relics of the Incas, only to be destroyed. Drunk with the blood of nations, she who ruthlessly subjected everything to the battle-axe, the rack, and the torch is now dying of slow decay.

Could the breath blow from the four winds and breathe upon the Indians, reckoned by millions, who perished under Spanish rule; if their dust could but come together, and all those slain live again and testify, alas! for Castelar, wisest of visionaries, awaiting the Republic of Europe to bring about the resurrection of his country.



## THE LAND OF THE PUEBLOS.

## THE RUBY SILVER MINE.

## II. 1881

BY SUSAN E. WALLACE,

(MRS. GOV. LEW WALLACE).

SIX months later, in the shade of a light umbrella, I sauntered along the beach at Cape May. Down by the summer sea, where lovers walk with lingering step, rapt, heedless as the dead of aught but tender glances and soft words whispered under the sound of the surf. After the desert silence and parching dryness of the territories, it was a deep pleasure to breathe once more the salt, moist air, to hear the mighty monotone, and watch the restless play of light and color on breakers rolling in from the far Bermudas, beating against the shore like the tireless heart of earth.

Thinking upon nothing but simple enjoyment of earth, sea, and sky, I strolled in quiet sympathy with the unknown crowd, when suddenly an open carriage, drawn by two horses, stopped near us. It was light as a wicker toy, the airiest, fairest thing manufactured since the night Cinderella rode to the ball. So slight in construction one might think it would scarcely bear the weight of one person, had we not seen that every portion was perfectly wrought. The tempered steel and light wheels would endure a severe strain. Ornate as burnish could make it, gilding and varnish sparkled in the sunlight, gay rosette and flying ribbon were not lacking. Instead of cloth, the lining was plaited violet satin, of exquisite tint. I have never seen so elegant a turnout elsewhere. The cushions were fit for an empress' laces and velvets to trail on, a seat where a king might rest and keep the soil from the ermine and velvet of his coronation robe.

The small horses seemed made for the fairy carriage. They were coal-black, perfectly matched, without a white hair on them. Your correspondent knows precious little about horses, except one ancient pony, which lost an eye in a pre-historic raid on a corn-crib; but ignorance itself could see these were of no common blood. The broad faces and delicate ears, the luminous eyes, soft as an antelope's, the arching necks, veiled with silken manes like the fluffy hair of young girls, come of no menial race, such as haul drays and drop on pavements in the streets. The mettlesome, high-bred beauties, pawing impatiently with hoofs like polished ebony, were such steeds as dash through the Ouida novels or come home at the masters' call under the black tents, the Arab houses of hair. We had started for the light-house, three miles away, and in the dazzle of all that luxury and ease the brightness went out of the day. My walk suddenly became hard and long. It

required the entire skill and strength of the liveried driver to manage the reins, while the occupant within leaped nimbly out to adjust some portion of the harness. He was dressed in garments of finest fabric and freshest cut, in which the tailor had missed the easy fit so coveted by gentlemen. A Pactolian watch-chain streamed across his breast and lightish gloves on massive hands gave the wearer the aspect of being pretty much all gloves. A host of idlers gathered in a moment, and, with them, I stopped to admire the equipage, perfect in make and ornament, costly as money can buy, and then and there broke the tenth commandment.

Evidently the envied man felt fussy and grew fidgetty under all those staring eyes. I rubbed mine (not so young as they once were), to clear a confused, bewildering recollection. Could it be? No! impossible! To reassure myself, I looked toward the sea, then back again to the sky, the town. It was no spirit of earth or air, no cheat of vision or brain. The territorial sunburn had faded from his face, but lingered in the scorched carrot hair, and Rocky Mountain wrinkles are not easily ironed out. Well I knew those early crow's feet at the corners of the milky blue orbs. The owner of the princely establishment, with its rare belongings, was none other than our frontier friend, once sole proprietor of the Dives Mine, in the Cañon de los Angeles, which sold for eighteen hundred thousand dollars.

The golden key opens many doors; but it takes time and some skill to fit it into the lock. The lavender kids split as the Dives miner hastily jerked them off, to fasten a harness-buckle, the flash of a superb diamond ring following the movement. He threw the delicately tinted gloves on the ground, with words more emphatic than correct, muttered under a scant fringe of pink moustache, then turned a deprecating, apologetic glance toward the crowd.

An instant the ancient prospector held me with his glittering eye. It said, plainly as whisper in my ear: I beg you do not tell on me.

I did not. He hurried back to his place. The Esau hand, with its blazing diamond, closed the door with a heavy slam. It did not hold. He banged it again, and yet once more, growing very red in the face, before he could lean away from our gaze back on the violet cushions. From that soft recess he called loudly to the driver to "git." There were a few significant nods as the night-black steeds sped with swift grace over the wet beach, but nothing was said except by a very charming young lady, fresh from Ollendorf. She released a loving arm to bend forward a moment and wave her fine little handkerchief at the vanishing show, exclaiming: "*Adieu, monsieur nouveau riche.*"



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The sweet girl graduate had taken the sense of the meeting. When the purple and gold passed from sight, the throng fell into line as before the interruption, and in placid enjoyment yielded to the dreamy spell of vesper sunlight and lulling sound. All was refined, serene, restful.

The mild ripples, changeful as the hues of the dolphin, came and went, leaving their slight tracery in the sand, secret messages from hidden depths far away. Blue waters murmured mystic music to fair and gracious maidens and youths of gentle, graceful mien; tender cushats, cooing and wooing and sighing, but not for the touch of vanished hands. The rhythmic ebb and flow charmed the sense with hints of warbling peris and dying cadences of mermaids' songs. Earth and ocean in perfect tune, the very air thrilled with a tremulous har-

mony, while youth and beauty wove their low, sweet idyl. Lapwings glided along the sands, where the sick lady rested in her invalid chair, under a gayly-striped awning. White gulls screamed and circled round a ship lying at anchor in the shining bay, her flag a wavy line of brilliant color against the pale horizon. Beyond it, in dim perspective, a long procession of vessels slowly sailing. An endless picture, suggestive of famous places and unknown nations, gathered treasure of pearl and amber, spicery and silks, and happy home, coming from voyages through halcyon seas, by distant fragrant shores. The wind was warm, its breath was balm, the world was lulled to rest.

A flush of pink fell from out the tranquil sky. It dropped fresh roses on faded cheeks, and in its blush I saw the young face beside me as it had been the face of an angel. Then I thought the beautiful is wealth, the world over. My darling holds in her slender hand the keys of the proud palaces.

The walk to the light-house was not so bad, after all.

My holiday ended, I returned to the City of Holy Faith, and exactly a year from the date of this story took my constitutional walk in the splendor of sunlight such as never falls on land or sea east of the Rocky Mountains. No fear of rain to drive me indoors, no speculations about clear or cloudy to-morrows, we know a radiant shining will lighten the coming morning, just as it filled the sky of yesterday. With the Pueblos, I am a devout sun-worshiper and love at his rising to salute the lord of light and life, and again "under the sad passion of the dying day" to watch his departure. Returning from my invisible altar on old Fort Marcy, I threaded my way through cramped and crooked streets, and, making the round of the Plaza, saw beside the gate a *burro* being loaded with a miner's outfit. He was not much larger

than a dog; beyond compare the most wretched of his miserable race, a pitiable wreck. He was mangy and sore-eyed, his tail tapered to a stumpy point, the tuft at the end fallen beyond the reach of any restorer. Patches of hair worn off in various portions of his body exposed wrinkled, leathery hide, and the dark cross over the shoulders was pitted with scars, like marks of small-pox. There was not enough flesh on those protrusive bones to make one meal for the ravening mountain wolf or a respectable lunch for half a dozen carrion crows. Arid and dusty, the creature looked like the mummy of some antediluvian animal. Easy to see his portion had been kicks, scourge, goads, abuse; no champagne savannah, no green meadow or lush blue grass in his line of travel; but life-withering marches in snowy and sandy desert, where scant herbage and meager shrub where enough for the starving slave.

Yet the sorry beast was not senseless nor altogether broken in spirit. A train of mules went by. Among them he recognized an old acquaintance, a fellow-sufferer. He lifted his head and plucked up heart for a passing salute, essaying a feeble bray. The unwonted sound was too great an effort for the gaunt throat. It died in a hoarse rattle and was buried in a succession of notes, the strangest mortal ear has heard since that old day Jubal first struck the gamut.

Pick, shovel, bags of crackers, blanket, and coffee-pot were piled high on the tough burden-bearer, and, watching the loading done by a Mexican boy, a tall man lazily leaned against the diminutive brute, apparently reckless of the danger of upsetting donkey and cargo and sending them sprawling across the sidewalk. There was nothing to draw attention in his familiar uniform—high-top boots, cactus-proof buckskin pants, hickory shirt, red neck-hankerchief; but under the broad slouch hat were straggling locks that caught my eye—a peculiar tinge of reddish bronze, the *cavello del oro* of the Argonaut of '79.

The never-resting wheel of fortune had made the downward curve. The Dives miner had summered in Saratoga, betting on cards and horses, had staked tens of thousands on the hazard of a dicer's throw, lost everything, and now was back to the starting-place, ready to try again. I remembered the purple and gold, the dash and glitter of the rich man at Cape May. The apparition of prancing steeds of matchless beauty, with dainty limbs, too dainty for the sand they touched but to spurn, flitted before me.

Gambler though he was and deserved it, the forlornness of the change would touch a harder heart than yours or mine, dear reader. I stepped toward the gate. At that moment Dives—perhaps I had best say Lazarus—poked the poor *burro* with a sharp stick and, in a high, gay voice, struck up:



"Of all the wives you e'er can know,  
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow."

Then, as Bunyan hath it, he went on his way and I saw him no more.

This story sounds like a pure invention. Does it not? I confess to trifling attempts in decorative art, a tiny dash of color, the least bit of embroidery, just to round a corner and give a little life to dullness, you know, but not now. My hero is to-day a day-laborer, working in the great King Henry lead in the Shakespeare district of New Mexico—the man who for one brief summer reckoned his money by hundreds of thousands. You can see him when you go.

You who have patiently heard me pipe my little songs from week to week, and have answered across the blue Sierras, I hear your voices in the distance, sweet as the music floating in witching airs above Miranda's enchanted isle. Just here I kiss the fair hands unseen which have sent me gracious messages. Dropping flowers in my way, pansies for thoughts, rosemary for remembrance, has made them the whiter and sweeter forevermore.

Since this series of letters began I have been deeply touched, thinking myself a welcome visitor in happy homes my feet may never enter; and that through the bitter winter my place has been kept by the warm fireside under the evening lamp—there where the treasured books lie from day to day, looking like Elia's old familiar faces. Dear to the heart, beautiful, and forever young are the unseen friends whose presence becomes an abiding consciousness to the writer. They have been like the spirits twain of Uhland's exquisite ballad. On the chill mountain-top, in the warm, deep valleys, I have held the invisible hand I love. Lest your correspondent grow too proud and gay in such bright company, last week brought a missive from the Judicious Friend. You are acquainted with J. F., beloved, the person who kindly tells you of your dearest faults and is so careful to have the adverse criticism meet your eager eyes.

J. F., whom I take for a damsel of fifty brief summers, teaching school in one of the out townships, requests "something didactic." She has had enough of old legends and love-letters, which the mature maiden evidently regards as twaddle, and thinks the mountain-veils and misty scarfs might be thrown aside for a season, all that sort of thing being rather thin. She hungers for information, accurate knowledge. She wants facts. J. F., so far as in me lies, you shall have your wish. I can be accurate and interesting as the census-taker; but are you sure you will follow my finger-prints then?

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

## THE AZTEC VILLAGE OF ZUNI.

A Village of Sun-Worshippers — Sacred Spring—Altars and Groves in High Places in the United States—Home Mission Station.

We are greatly indebted to Messrs. Lee and Shepard, the well-known publishers of Boston, for the use of some electrotypes plates from their recent publication, "The Marvelous Country; or, Explorations and Adventures in Arizona and New Mexico." As there is no more romantic section of our country, adventures in it must necessarily be full of interest. While full of adventure, the book also conveys much valuable information concerning that wonder-land.

We clip from the work the following description of Zuni: The present buildings, as seen in the illustration, were standing and inhabited in 1526, when first visited by Joseph de Bazemalles. The houses are of stone, well constructed, and covered with a stucco, made of mud and gravel. They are terraced in the usual manner, some of them being five stories high. The egress is had by ladders, as very few of them have doors or windows in the lower stories until recently. Some of the best of them have stone-flagging floors, well laid, and the walls well plastered.

The village is situated in Western New Mexico, about ten miles from the Arizona line.

As a people, the Zunis are a finely formed and intelligent race. They wear their hair knotted behind, and bound with gay ribbons or braid. In front it is cut square across (banged) so as to completely cover the forehead, a custom common to all the Pueblos. In the summer a portion of the Zunis go out from the town from five to thirty miles to raise their summer crop of wheat, barley and corn, returning in the fall to pass the winter in the town. The government is patriarchal in form, their laws being made by thirteen wise men called Caciques, who are selected from among their wisest and best people. Their religion is nominally Catholic, though, in reality, they are sun-worshippers. They were first discovered by the Spaniards soon after the con-



quest of Mexico, and priests have lived among them for nearly 300 years, until some time during the present century. The Zunis are a well-behaved people, keen in trade, but hospitable and generous to whites who are led by fortune for a time among them. They are self-supporting; in many respects far more cleanly in their habits than other tribes, which is not saying much, and are proud to say that they have never killed a white man. From their form, build and personal characteristics they have, no doubt, an origin quite different from most other Indians on the continent. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, many horses and mules, some cattle, raise considerable corn and wheat, pumpkins, etc.; have large peach orchards, which were, no doubt, started by the old Jesuit priests from pits brought from Europe during the latter part of the sixteenth century. A full history of this interesting people, of their manners and customs, of their long and interesting traditions, of their mode of life, etc., would be full of interest, and might give the world some better knowledge than we now have of the early history of this continent.

#### The Flood.

Two or three miles from Zuni is a large mesa or mountain precipice, 1,000 feet high. Upon the top of this elevation was Old Zuni, a portion of the walls of which are seen standing in the illustration of Zuni altars. Old Zuni is said to have been built at the time of the flood.

(Visiting Zuni last spring to establish the mission, I took Zuni guides and ascended this mesa. It was a perilous climb, and we wished ourselves safely down many times before we reached the top.) Upon top is a level plateau of many acres, upon which was standing a grove of cedars, surrounded by crumbling walls of great antiquity.

These prehistoric ruins cover an area of thirty acres. Towering high upon the side of this mesa were two immense columns of sand-stone (one of which is seen at the end of the mesa in the illustration), each covered with what seemed to be human figures of colossal size.

#### Tradition of the Flood.

They say that ages before the appearance of the first Europeans a dreadful flood visited the earth. Water fell from the heavens, gushed forth from the earth, and rolled in from the east and from the west until the whole earth was submerged, destroying man and beast—the wild apache and the sly cayote. Many of the people of Zuni rushed to the top of this mesa, but the greater part perished before reaching it. In the midst of the flood, darkness came upon the earth. The sun forgot to rise, and gloom and desolation reigned supreme. Still the waters rose higher and higher, threatening to overflow the mesa. To stay the flood, they took the lovely daughter and son of the Cacique and hurled them from the precipice into the surging flood as a propitiatory sacrifice. And the flood was stayed, having reached within thirty feet of the top. The boy and girl were turned into these great stone pillars, as a memorial that the sacrifice was accepted.

#### Altars in High Places.

These cedar-groves contain many of the altars for their strange rites and ceremonies. [See illustration of Zuni altars.] As we approached them, mingled veneration and fear came over the countenance of the old Cacique who was our guide. Taking some white powder from a small bag suspended to his neck, and placing it upon a silver plate, which he took from his girdle, he turned his face to the south, holding a small portion of the powder between his thumb and finger, gently blew it into the air, while muttering some mysterious incantations. This was an invocation to the spirit of Montezuma. These altars are generally oval in form, between two and three yards long, designated by a feather-arrow, and kind of net-work screen. They always face the south, toward which point of the compass Montezuma was supposed to have gone, when he left his children of the Pueblos.

The foot of the altars was indicated by a cedar board, while in the center was a piece of wood-carving. The outside was marked by a row of shells, or vase stones, or painted arrows. Many of the altars are very ancient, showing evidence of having existed hundreds of years.



In a small grotto, at the foot of the mesa, is the Sacred Spring shown in the illustration. It is about ten feet in diameter, and neatly walled up with stone. The water is remarkably good, but no Zuni will drink of it for fear that the spirit of the spring will avenge such indignities with instant death. Once each year, during the month of August, the Cacique, accompanied by his chief council, visits the spring, performs certain religious rites, cleans out the spring, places upon the wall an elaborately painted water-jar, which has been specially prepared for the purpose by the high priest. All vows made at the spring are sacred.

While the sacred rites are being performed at the spring, those who have lost friends during the year form a procession, just as the sun shows on top of the mesa, and march to the summit there to spend the entire day, communing with their departed friends. Thus the ancient inhabitants continue to have their altars and groves of Baal in high places of the land—bringing curses upon them and their children. (Jer. xvii. 1-4.)

The Board of Home Missions has established a mission station among them, and stationed there Dr. and Mrs. Palmer. Will the Church sustain them as through the instruction of the people, they are able, like Josiah (2 Chron. xxxiv. 3, 4), to purge the United States from the high places and the groves; and break down the altars of Baalim? The prayers of God's people are earnestly asked, that the Holy Spirit may so accompany our mission schools among that people, that they will cut down their sacred groves, and find the blessing of the Gentiles, even by their springs of water. (Isa. xlix. 10.)

#### FROM JEMES, NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. J. M. SHIELDS

We buried Mrs. Shields on the 10th of November, it being Sabbath. And now I was left with two motherless little boys. Winter coming on, school to keep up, the walls of the mission building up, but not a stick of timber or a board on the ground for roof and floors, and not a board to be had nearer than sixty miles. It really seemed as if some of the Mexicans and Indians thought

a pity of us, but there was no one to bake us a loaf of bread or help us. Friends in the East took it for granted that I would come home with the little boys. But I could not, I dared not leave my post. We tried to look up with hopeful eyes, and the little boys seemed to catch the spirit of the true soldier, and were willing to stick to it and do what they could to help matters along. And so, trying to trust in Almighty God, we went to work with all our might and main. The Indians began now to show a better disposition, and they wanted to work and wanted to haul boards and timber. Some took jobs of plastering and others helped to put on the roof. We turned night into day, and put forth every possible effort, and on the 7th of December, 1878, we moved into the new building. Mrs. Shields and I had planned the building ourselves, and now we find that it is a model of convenience. A chapel 19½x30 inside, a large fine kitchen, pantry, parlor, bed-room, hall, and a covered porch leading from kitchen door to back part of chapel. Long after dark on Saturday evening we finished moving and on Sabbath morning we met in the new chapel for public worship. The house was nicely filled, mostly with Indians. And nearly every Sabbath since we have had divine services. Sometimes many have attended and sometimes a few. We have tried to tell the story of the cross, and this under many difficulties and in a feeble way. We know that all this has often seemed to these poor, benighted souls as "an idle tale." And yet we hope and believe that some of these precious souls will yet turn to God.

The Winter of 1878-79 was a busy and trying one at the Jemes Mission. In spite of opposition the school filled up, and there was much work to do and few hands to do it. Then the weather got very cold, and the house being so new and damp, we all got sick, and for a short time we had a very serious time of it. But we all got well again and got along; I hardly know how. Most of our baking and washing had to be done at night.

Very many nights we got to bed at a late hour, only to rest a little while and get up long before day. During this Winter the little Indians did what they could to encourage us. They came to school, many of them against the will of their parents. I have seen them sneaking to school as if they were afraid. Then at nights they would come to our house, and we always kept a cheerful fire in the large kitchen, and here they would stay till bedtime. They would spell and sing, and have a real nice time, and at bedtime they would start home much like American children. We have loved these dear children ever since coming here, and they seem to know it and appreciate it, and we hope that they love us too. And



what would we not endure if we could only teach them to love Jesus who died for us all, the poor Indian as well as the pale face?

All this time the religious excitement was high in this neighborhood. The priest did everything possible to prejudice the people against us. Once he told the Indians that he would get the names of all who sent to school and have them put out of the Catholic church. And he came to our house to ask me about the school and the names of the children. I talked very nicely to him and finally told him that this was a free country and that it was good for him to attend to his business and me to mine, and that we should be friends. Then I said that was enough, and that I did not want to talk any more. He commenced then to talk very rapidly, when I reminded him again that we had talked enough. He quit now, and after sitting a little while he got up and said "Adios," and went out. Since that he has not been in our house but once, and that time he was very pleasant, and came for some medicine.

During the Fall and Winter all the Mexicans who could read became very anxious for Bibles and anything that would enlighten them on religious matters. By Spring everything became quiet, and the people said that this was a free country, and that there was no need to quarrel about religion. Some said, also, that the priest was always meddling with things that did not concern him. Spring came and passed, and by the good hand of our God we still "held the fort." On the 13th of June reinforcements came. And how very much we needed help! It was a glad day at the Jemes Mission, when we welcomed my cousin, Miss Lora B. Shields, daughter of Rev. James M. Shields, of Bennett, Pa., and Miss Bell R. Leech, daughter of James A. Leech, Esq., of New Lebanon, Pa.

### FROM JEMES, NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. J. M. SHIELDS.

On the morning of March 1st we awoke to see strange sights and hear strange sounds. Adobe houses with ground roofs, store signs that we could not read, a mixed throng of people, some Americans, many Mexicans, a few Indians and an occasional soldier, little burros carrying very large loads, are a curiosity to every newcomer. In the midst of all this I was a complete "tenderfoot," but having seen a burro when I was a boy I did not mistake them for jack rabbits. This country is a part of the United States, but one would think he was in some Eastern country. The burro is the ass of the East. There are thousands of them here. They do a great deal of very hard work, for which they receive but few thanks and often but little to eat.

We remained four days in Santa Fe resting and getting ready to move on farther. Mrs. Shields was much better. Harvey had stood the trip well, but Otha had been very sick on the way. By the morning of the 5th we were all rested and ready, and now the Indian Agent, Dr. B. M. Thomas, took us in his ambulance, and we started for Jemes, sixty miles away. From Santa Fe to Peña Blanca (White Rock), on the Rio Grande, the scenery is grand and the road is beautiful. We passed the night at Peña Blanca, and the next morning we passed over the Rio Grande on our way to our new home among the Indians. And we began now to realize that the work ahead was to be difficult and peculiar. The country we traveled over to-day is a complete desolation.

As evening approached we were nearing the Pueblo of Jemes. Mrs. Shields had borne the trip so far cheerfully. But who could wonder that she should now have a struggle? For one moment her heart fails her, and her eyes filled with unbidden tears. This momentary sadness is soon over; and now that we find ourselves at our post of duty, no one is more willing to do his or her part than Mrs. Shields. On coming into the Indian village directly we found ourselves surrounded by a strange looking people. Some take our hands, but we can't tell what they are saying. Whether they are Aztecs, Toltecs or Egyptians, is not so much difference to us. We believe they are human beings. We believe that Jesus died for them as much as he did for us.

And so we are here to do foundation work. To begin a mission among these poor souls, hoping that God will in his own good time call them out of this intense darkness into the light and the liberty of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. The next day a council was called. There was much talking and more smoking. I could not smoke and my speech was very short. "Your children and mine will play together and go to school together, and I will try to treat the one as well as the other." The Agent secured an old Indian house for us to live in, and on the morning of the 8th he left us. But we cannot speak a word. How shall we begin our work?

### MONTEZUMA AND NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. J. M. SHIELDS, JEMES, N. M.

It is very hard to tell just what place Montezuma occupies in the Pueblo religion. It is well known that when the Spaniards first came to this country, Montezuma was reigning over a prosperous and contented people. According to Spanish accounts the



Pueblos were then far advanced in some of the arts, and the ruins in this country go to show that the Pueblos were numerous and well to do in other days. But Montezuma was taken and put to death by the Spaniards. After this it would seem that the Pueblos made a Deity of him. They had terrible wars and bitter times with the Spaniards, and under their yoke. They would naturally look back to the peaceful and prosperous times under Montezuma. Hopes also must have arisen in their hearts that Montezuma would come back some time. And they are looking for him yet as much as the Jews are for the Saviour.

It is but little an Indian will tell in regard to what they expect in the hereafter. In their present condition they cannot have any hopes and aspirations for such a heaven as the Christian looks for. They look for Montezuma to come back and bring a good time generally and plenty of deer. A sensual heaven, and not a spiritual, is the heaven of the Indian. The Pueblos have a tradition that before the Spanish conquered them, they could hold converse with the animals. An old Indian told me how he had talked to a bear and told it to go away or he would get mad and shoot. The Indians often encounter bears in these mountains, and it seems that when this bear had listened to the lecture by the old Indian it got down off its dignity, and turned and went away well pleased. And so tradition says that an eagle gave notice, at the Pueblo of Pecos, of the approach of the Spaniards. Could it be that this tradition in regard to animals speaking, comes from some knowledge they had in other years of the devil in the form of a serpent talking to and deceiving our mother Eve in the Garden of Eden? Certain it is, that the Pueblos have some very strange belief about snakes. An American with whom I am well acquainted was out in the mountains one day, with a Jemes Indian, hunting. They came across a big rattlesnake, and the American was going to shoot it at once. But the Indian plead so

hard for the snake that the American pulled down his gun and let it go.

What idea the Pueblos have about Satan, I cannot tell. If they think that the devil and his imps are going about yet in the form of snakes, they certainly show great respect for them. I saw a drawing of a large snake in one of their places of worship, which they told me was a sea serpent. If it is not done now, it is possible that snakes have at some time been worshipped by the Pueblos. Whether this is devil worship or not I cannot say. It is a belief in this country that the Pueblos keep large snakes and make sacrifices to them. I think this is not done now, and I am quite sure that there are no snakes of any kind kept at Jemes.

The eagle is a great bird with the Pueblos; not because it is a national bird, but on account of the important position it has in their religion and among their traditions. A great eagle is said to have carried Montezuma away on its back, and he is thought to be sleeping somewhere in the air, and it is expected that he will waken up and come back. The east has ever been an important point of the compass. When the Saviour was born his star was seen in the East. And it is to the East that the Pueblos are looking for the coming of Montezuma. At sun rise seems to be the time they are expecting him. But to go back to the eagle. The Pueblos like to have plenty of pet eagles. Jemes is never out of eagles. They keep them in pens on top of the houses. The feathers are a great thing in the dances and for arrows. Arrows which have eagle feathers on are more valuable than any other. This is a great country for eagles. I am afraid, however, that the proud birds of the mountains have a sorry time of it when they are in captivity among the Indians. And now let me tell you how the Indians catch eagles. Two Indians go out to a good place and build a little shanty and cover it over, leaving a little hole in the roof. They hang a piece of meat just under the hole and then sit down inside. The eagle is very sharp-sighted. When one discovers the meat it



comes down and alights on the shanty. It then puts a foot down to grab the meat, when one Indian catches it by the leg and holds it fast. The other Indian goes out, and between them they make a prisoner of the poor eagle.

Rabbit hunting is a great sport, and is connected in some way with the customs and religion of the Pueblos. One day I took my horse and went out with them to hunt rabbits. When all had arrived at the hunting ground, the old Indians gave a series of lectures and went through with some performances, the meaning of which they knew, but I didn't. Then the hunt commenced, and was conducted much like a circular fox hunt in the States. The Indians carry short sticks to throw at the rabbits. Some of the men rode and some were on foot; and although we had a long hard trip, some young girls followed along all the way. When a rabbit is killed a girl runs and takes it. After the hunt is over, the girls roast the rabbits and invite the ones who killed them to help eat them. This is not done at all of the rabbit hunts.

The Pueblos have some customs that are very nice and social. They have a cacique, and he is, as it were, the great high priest in their religious matters. He can neither plant nor hunt. Men are detailed at times to hunt game for him; and all the village, or all who can, turn out to plant or hoe for him, as the case may be. I went out once when the cacique's corn was to be hoed. Lots of women and girls went out too, and while the men were hoeing they were cooking. The old Indians did not fail to lecture, but I could not understand enough to get the real meaning. When everything was finished up at the corn field we went to supper. The head men sat down by themselves, and off a little from where the supper was. I had the honor to be in this crowd, and it looked for awhile as if we were not to have any supper. The others all sat down, and the ladies supplied them bountifully. The serving, however, was not all done by the women. Some of the men passed things around. After these were all served, then the governor and other officers

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had their supper. This is not the way among Americans. I don't say that the Indian way is the best, but it is just possible that Americans go to the other extreme sometimes.

The tradition of the birth of Montezuma is interesting. A very poor woman was out gathering pinon nuts. A strange man came along and asked her what she was doing. She replied: "Gathering pinons." He then asked her for a nut. She gave him one, and he gave it back to her and told her to eat it, which she did. He then announced to her that she would have a son. He now asked her for three more nuts, and she gave them to him. He gave them back and told her to take them home and lay a nut in each of three rooms. The man then gave her clothing for a boy, and told her to keep it for him. After she went home she placed the nuts as directed, and the three rooms were filled with corn and wheat, and everything for the maintenance of the child. There is a custom or tradition in regard to the sweat of the brow, which looks as if something had been known about the declaration that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. When the Indians go out in the Spring to dig their irrigating ditches, the old men go out along with the others the first day with their spades. These old men get into the ditch and work hard until the sweat gathers on their brows. Then they wipe the sweat off and let it drop into the ditch, and their share of the work is done.

When one of the Jemes Indians dies the corpse is kept one day. A blanket is wrapped around the corpse over whatever clothing there may be, and it is laid on a ladder or something which answers the purpose, and carried away and put into the ground. Even the nearest friends do not go to the funeral. Just enough go to do the work. Three days are spent by the family in mourning for the dead. Then they burn the clothes of the departed, and one and all of the family, even to the little children, bathe themselves with water. Then they eat a big meal which has been prepared for the occasion, and that is the winding



up of the whole matter. All sorrow is put away and things go on again as if nothing had happened.

Parties go out bear hunting at times, and the killing of a bear is a great thing. When a party is coming homeward with a bear, signal fires are kindled along the way and the word soon reaches the village. A party goes out to meet the conquering heroes, and the whole procession comes in singing the bear song, and shouting, and a first class excitement is got up at once. The right foot of the bear is always cut off. There is some medicine in it that makes it very valuable to the Indians.

### FROM JEMES, NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. J. M. SHIELDS.

Our first session of school was from March until August 1st. We got along very quietly and nicely with the children, and felt encouraged. We also had opened a Sabbath School, and I was already trying to talk a little Spanish. And now it was decided to build and put the Jemes Mission on a permanent footing. Many dear children and others in the East gave money to help build. Sept. 12th, 1878, the Presbyterian church of Jemes was organized by a committee of the Presbytery of Santa Fe, and on the 12th work was commenced on the mission building.

And now has come the "tug of war," and hard times and hard work. I must now explain that the people in this country are Catholics. Even the Indians are nominally Catholics. They were made such by Spanish bayonets many years ago. The Pueblo of Jemes is the headquarters of the Catholic Church in these parts, and here lives a Mexican priest. It is the experience of missionaries in this country that when they first come there is but little opposition manifested. Many Catholics will seem very friendly, and one would think they were very liberal. One reason of this is that they think the missionaries will accomplish nothing. But just as soon as they see any sign of something being done, then you may look out. Those who were so friendly will be the last ones you can have any influence over. We had only got fairly commenced at building when such a storm of opposition burst forth as threatened to destroy everything. Under priestly and other Mexican influence the Indians got excited. Fabulous stories were put in circulation that the horrid Protestants were going to burn up all the saints and do everything that was bad. The Indians wanted the work stopped until they would talk and see further about it. I said:

"No! The talk has been done and now I am going to work, and if you want it stopped you must come and stop it by force of arms." The priest tried to keep the Mexicans from working for us. I offered good wages, and three Mexicans told me they would stick to me. And they did. No violence was offered except once. When I was away an Indian picked up a stone to throw at a Mexican who was working at the house. But one day an old Indian who has always been friendly came to our house very much excited, and told me that we had better go to Santa Fe. I told him that I was not afraid, and that we would not go. I have never yet asked the old Indian, but I always thought he had heard talk that made him think that we would be killed.

By Oct. 12th the walls were started up nicely, and now a new calamity came upon us. Mrs. Shields took sick with mountain fever. We could get no help, and could not stop the building, and the hands were to board. So I had to care for Mrs. S. at night and work and look after everything during the day. The little boys and I cooked and baked, and did the best we could, and kept the work going. But early in November Mrs. S. got so bad that work had to be stopped, and it became apparent that she was to leave us. All our other troubles were nothing compared to this. We needed her so much, and she had taken such an interest in everything, and was so well liked by all. She said if it was God's will she would like to live, but that she was satisfied. She charged me to bury her here and stay. And as she neared the borders of time she seemed to have glimpses of heaven. Once I heard her say: "What nice music! It must be in heaven!" And another time she sang with all her might a part of the tune,

"Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?"

On the evening of November 7th she bade us all good-by and thought she was going. But she got better, and was really disappointed. She had not long to wait. Early the next morning she passed away gently and peacefully, and our loss was undoubtedly her gain. Let me draw the curtain on this scene. Pen cannot describe, and it would not be best to try to describe the trial it is to have sickness and death come under such circumstances. Our finite reason must often fail to penetrate the mystery that wraps the providence of God. But we must trust where we cannot see, and even though he should slay us, we must trust him still.



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## THE ECLIPSE AMONG THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

A correspondent of the *Denver Tribune*, who was in the neighborhood of Taos on the 29th of July, sends the following account:

I went to the village in the afternoon a short while before the eclipse began. I found the people engaged in their usual avocations, and concerned about nothing so much as getting into the shade where they might be protected from the sun's rays, which in that country come straight down. They were evidently expecting nothing to happen. Their science had not told them that the sun was to be hidden; neither had they been informed by any of their more intelligent neighbors. They were not, therefore, looking for the first contact with smoked glass or through lensed instruments, and did not observe it in the least. For half an hour they took no heed. Then as the light began to grow dimmer and dimmer they became confused and frightened, and began to run hither and thither and to gather in groups, speaking to each other entirely in their own language. The darker it grew the more excited they became. Dozens ran to tell the Governor of the village what was occurring, and soon he was seen to emerge from a hole in the top of the roof—their place of entrance and egress from their buildings—and look anxiously toward the sun, and then to observe the light it cast upon objects around him. What had evidently been doubtful to him before was now a certainty, and his face became proportionately as dark as the half-hidden sun. He advanced to the edge of the roof, his somewhat venerable and slightly dirty face showing the most evident signs of deep anxiety, and called out with a strong voice, commanding the attention of all his subjects. Chaos was reduced to order, and silence, except on his part, reigned over the village. Not a common Indian uttered a whisper. None of them seemed to feel at liberty to breathe. He spoke with tremulous voice, telling his people that the dread hour had come upon them. They had great cause, he said, for apprehending the worst, and the chances were that the village would soon be annihilated and the "people of the sun" destroyed "teeth and toenails." Some one had committed a grievous sin. Who that person was could not be known, and not even inquired at that time; but their great God had been offended and was so ashamed that he was hiding his face from them. Their conduct had been such that he

refused to show his face until the crime had been atoned for, whatever it might be. Extraordinary steps were necessary. By acting as they should they might avert calamity. Otherwise it was more than likely that they would never again bask in the sunshine of the affections of their God and preserver. Then their crops would wither, their stock would not survive, the earth would be covered with eternal frosts, and slow but certain death would be the result—a terrible fate awaited the people of the descendants of the canonized Montezuma.

After this brief harangue he selected three of his most trusted men and told them to proceed at once to the estufa and tell the Monjeys in charge of the eternal flame, kept burning in honor of Montezuma, to see to it that the fire was at its best. They started off and then in a voice more powerful than ever told the women of the village, old and young, to proceed to the track used for the foot-races on *fete* days and strip themselves and run in pairs until they fell or the darkness was discontinued.

The women started almost instantly to obey the order. The old man descended from the housetop, and he with others proceeded to the grounds to see that the order was obeyed. The women stripped themselves until not a shred of clothing was left upon them. Both they and the men were as solemn as the grave and seemed to regard the proceeding as one upon which their lives depended. There were about two hundred of the women, and they soon began to do the penance of the tribe for the crime which it was supposed they were being punished. They ran in pairs and with considerable lack of order but continued to go, with a few exceptions, for half an hour.

By this time the light had begun to grow stronger, and it was evident to the Indian mind that all danger was past. The announcement to this effect by the Governor of the village was received with loud cheers that resounded throughout the neighborhood and which were full of thanks to the King of kings for delivery from his wrath. The women were again dressed, and were each and every one the heroine of the hour. Taos was not in the belt of totality and the darkness was never so great there as it was in places more favored, and the Indians were sincere in the belief that they had averted the calamity of total and eternal darkness by causing Montezuma to desist in his punishment by means of their penance and peculiar sacrifice.

I afterward learned that this custom of having the women make these races



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in a nude state was universal with the Pueblos on occasions of this kind. Why the women and not the men are required to do so he could not ascertain. They merely said in reply to questions that Montezuma, whom they honored and feared, required it, and that was sufficient for him. They have a tradition that their great king was betrayed into the hands of the Spaniards by his daughter, and it is probable that the requiring of the females to humiliate themselves as penance for the great and original crime committed by one of their sex against this dignitary, grows out of the tradition. At any rate it is a curious custom, and the observance of it deserves to be noted in the records of the eclipse of '78.

#### The Ruins of Ancient Cities in the Southwest.

In a summing up of the results of the explorations of the Hayden expedition in the Southwest country, a correspondent of the *New York Times* says that the discovery of the ruins of ancient cities is of great importance and probably will be of more general popular interest than any other thing accomplished by the expedition.

The party were conducted to these by Captain Moss, who knows this country better than any other white man living, and whose exploits equal in interest those of the famous scouts, Kit Carson or old Jim Bridger. It seems that Captain Moss, who understands several Indian languages, and knows their customs, habits, and favorite retreats, had been placed in possession of facts which led him to believe that down beyond Baker's Park, in the head-waters of the Rio Mancos, about forty miles from the Utah borders, and a little more than that from the New Mexico line, were some rare and important ruins of an ancient people and ancient cities. The trip was a very tedious one over an almost impassable country. After a week's journeying, a distance of about 100 miles beyond the most westerly San Juan mines, they came to a cañon along which, high up in the cliffs, they suddenly got the first sight of the interesting ruins which they sought; and further down was still others. There seemed to be three or four classes of these ruined cities, those on the plains, which would indicate a vast population in former times; others in the bottoms of cañons; and the cliff cities, or those on the summits of the bluffs. All bore evidence of well-advanced civilization that must have died out ages ago. All the relics found seemed to point back centuries, like those found in Arizona and the Goblin cities described by a recent trader in the head-waters of the Gunnison. There were large mounds in which the piles of bones would indicate that whole families had been buried. With the few remnants of those that were still undecayed were found agricultural, mining, and domestic implements. The size and length of some of the bones showed that they must have belonged to a race of giants. Fragments

of old pottery were strewn around, much of it finely glazed and ornamented. But lower down on the plain were the most remarkable remains—parts of towers of well-hewn stone. The base of these was thirty feet in diameter. Their height is a matter of conjecture, for only the crumbling ruins remain. Around all this were indications of thick walls as if to protect the people during a siege. There were also large reservoirs. Many scraps and fragments were gathered up by the party, who remained only a few hours; some forty photographs were taken. Prof. Endlich received portions of the earthenware, and will analyze the paints that mark them. Medicine sacks are also placed in his possession. Jackson's negatives will be heliographed for illustration in a bulletin descriptive of the character and peculiarities of this extinct race, which will be published soon. It is the opinion of members of the survey that the position of these ruins and the heaps in which bones, implements, and household utensils are found, show that this race, gradually driven to the mountain fastnesses by a superior people, and their ranks decimated, finally were starved out by siege or carried off by an epidemic. In a single mass were found bones, implements of war, of agriculture, relics of art, education and domestic economy near the foundations of their swallow-like dwellings, made of stone and mud. So important is this whole matter that Prof. Hayden has secured an expert, well traveled, who will proceed at once to the site of these ruins, and spend weeks and months if necessary exhuming and gathering up particles of everything that will throw any light upon the character and customs of this "lost race."

#### Indian Education.

A reporter of the *NEW MEXICAN* in conversation with Mr. E. Conklin, who is associated with the Rev. Sheldon Jackson in the work of forming an Indian school at Albuquerque, gleaned several items concerning the work in progress that will doubtless prove of interest to all those who wish to see the Indian question solved.

On the arrival of these gentlemen in the Territory, some six weeks ago, there were only three children at the school established at Albuquerque; at the present time the school contains some fifty children, gathered in from the various tribes in Arizona and New Mexico.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson since his arrival has been working among the Apaches; Mr. E. Conklin among the Pueblos, and by the success which has attended their efforts the special mission on which they came to the Territory may be said to be accomplished.

These two gentlemen leave for Wash-



ington next Monday, taking with them seventeen picked scholars from the number at Albuquerque. Those from the Apache tribe will be sent on to the educational school at Hampton, Va., those from the Pueblo tribe to the school at Carlyle, Conn.

Professor Sheare, formerly principal of the State school at Topeka, Kansas, will take charge of the school at Albuquerque, when the Rev. Sheldon Jackson leaves for the east next week; and judging from the success attending it so far and also from promises made, the seventeen scholars will speedily be replaced again bringing the number in the school up to fifty—the full number for which there is accommodation.

The above remarks on Indian education the NEW MEXICAN has felt it its duty to make, as within the past week several extracts from the Las Vegas Optic and also the Albuquerque Journal have been inserted in the columns of the NEW MEXICAN, which on investigation are found to be totally without foundation. Though one of the articles spoken of was given on the authority of Mr. E. Conklin, the facts must have been woven simply from a fertile brain, for Mr. E. Conklin gives it a most unqualified denial.

This gentleman is the author of "Picturesque Arizona," and in his wanderings through New Mexico and Arizona carries his camera with him in order to procure illustrations for a new work on these two Territories which he will publish this year. He expects to be back in Santa Fe about the first of March to renew his investigations and procure further material for his book.

The educational piece of work on which he has been engaged is quite outside his usual vocation, he being on the staff of Frank Leslie's Publishing Company.

Mr. E. Conklin having called at this office it is his wish that some inaccuracies which have been inserted in various journals in the Territory should be corrected. On several occasions he has been spoken of as a "special agent" sent out to this Territory by the Indian Bureau. He has a strong objection to sailing under false colors and begs to state that this is not the case; he has been

simply acting in the capacity of assistant to the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, and has held no special authority from the Indian department.

Again, his name has been used as having given authority for certain statements regarding the educational work on which he has been engaged. In no instance has he given any such authority, and never until he entered the NEW MEXICAN office has he had any communication either direct or indirect with the representatives of the press in this Territory.

#### THE HEATHEN RAGE.

"The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone."

Senator Palmer has just shown us a stone idol sent him by a missionary among the Aztecs. It is not of much account here where idols are so common that most everybody keeps one of his own, but it will be very interesting to the children of the Sunday school of his native village in which the senator has so long been a most devoted superintendent. We could hardly think it possible that human beings could be so depraved and ignorant as to see anything about this idol calculated to give them exalted ideas of their creator, yet it has some features not common in the stone gods of antiquity. We understand Mr. Palmer is preparing a package to send to his missionary friend who is laboring so hard to christianize these barbarians, and who hopes to elevate even their ideas of idol worship to a point where they will at least be a little more choice in their manufacture of divinities.

Mr. Craigie has very kindly donated a few pounds of the temperance coffee and no doubt others will assist to the very worthy purpose of our generously disposed "christian at work."

While on our way out to this land of wonders we met Dr. Sheldon Jackson (who has done more than any man in our Church to let daylight into these darkened regions of our land) with a company of ten Pueblo Indian boys and one Apache on his way to Carlisle, Pa., where they are to be educated. He expected as many more from some other tribe, but the warriors would not consent to send them without the consent of the squaws, who were not present in the council. This, no doubt, will be obtained. These, no doubt, will return to do a grand work among their countrymen.



# THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

## Something About the Real "Bar-nacles of Colorado."

### Visit to the Vast Ruins in the South-western Corner of the State.

### Evidences of Life and Prosperity on All Hands.

### Homes Inhabited by a Prehistoric Race of People.

### Residences a Thousand Feet Up in the Cliff Sides,

### Many Being Now Out of Reach of Man.

### Scaling the Rock Ladders for Eight Hundred Feet.

### Manners and Customs of the Ancients.

The spectacle of Mark Twain's weeping over the grave of the common ancestor of the race in the far-off and strange lands of the Orient, is one to touch the hearts of all the sons of Adam. With one accord we all join with this Innocent Abroad, and say amen to his lamentations and regrets. We lost a common parent in this ancient being—a man who did much for his fellow creatures, and Mr. Twain made a happy selection as a subject for lachrymose display; for in weeping over the burial ground of this one man, he shed tears for the entire race preceding us. Had he not, as a representative American, watered this one grave of the *genus homo* and thus shown America's respect for that which is venerable and creative, subsequent events have proven that much trouble and danger would have been necessary to atone for this short coming and to do our duty towards those who have gone before. America has generally been considered as a land free from many of the cares which burden and weigh down the trans-Atlantic nations. Among other annoyances from which she has been freed, is the care of the ancient dead. The graves of those who figured as early benefactors of the race, have never been to us a source of care. There were no ancient and honored tombstones to keep erect—no Mount Machpelah, no pyramids or catacombs, no Pere la Chaise or Westminster. We were left absolutely without the cares of the dead—almost devoid of ancestry, entirely free from the annoyances of antiquity. It was therefore just and proper for Mr. Twain to sob over the grave of the one progenitor of the human race. Whether he meant it or not, it was all well enough there; but since that time things have changed. We are no longer the same free and unburdened people that we were.

We have an antiquity of our own to sustain, and for the present it becomes the duty of every true American to deposit his surplus tears at the shrine of our own far past history and to devote his surplus energy to doing honor to the heroes and benefactors who lived and died on our own soil.

The restless spirit of the age, the spirit of investigation, aided by the science of the time—and backed by government funds, has within the past few years opened up to mankind an entire new field for study and research quite, as interesting and far more puzzling than the land of the Nile or of the Euphrates. And what is more, this region is in America; and what is of still greater importance to us is that a large portion of it is in Colorado.

Far off in the southwestern corner of the State, some five hundred miles from Denver, and still far away from a railroad station, beyond the continental divide, in the romantic region watered by the Rio Dolores, the Rio San Juan, the Rio Maneros, the Rio La Plata, the Rio de los Pinos, the Rio de los Animas, the Rio de Chelley, and the Montezuma, McElmo and Hovenweep creeks—is this land of the past, which has been introduced to the public principally through the tireless and intelligent efforts of the United States Geological survey, under the direction of Professor Hayden. Mr. W. H. Jackson, now of this city, was the first to explore these ruins in a scientific manner. He was, in 1874, connected with the survey, and during that year and subsequently in 1876, made the tour of the ruins which have since been the object of so much curious interest.

#### STORY OF ONE OF DENVER'S CITIZENS.

According to the account of Mr. Jackson and of others who have explored the same country, the greater number of the ruins found are in the section of country drained by the San Juan river, reaching from Sierra Abajo on the north to Chaco cañon on the south, and lining during their entire length the streams mentioned above, covering an area of some twenty thousand square miles. According to these reports, the entire country designated seems at some day in the far distant past to have been thickly inhabited. During the time they spent in the region they were constantly upturning and stumbling over the landmarks of an ancient and remarkable civilization. Whether they traveled over the *mesas*, meandered along the beds of streams or clambered over great high cliffs, the same evidences of a former life met their gaze. They found pottery, stone-axes, corn, beans and other evidences of life far up in the cliff sides and buried far beneath the *debris* of decaying nature. On the terraces of the more open cañons are multitudes of picturesque ruins; in the bottom lands are the remains of towns; in the wilder cañons the houses are perched upon the face of the dizzy chasm. In an encampment one thousand feet above the valley of the Rio Mancos are single houses in groups of two and three, and villages, according to the width of the shelf which they occupy. They are so high that the naked eye can distinguish them merely as specks. There is no access to them from above on account of the rocks that project overhead, and no present way of reach-



ing them from below, although doubling paths and foot-holes in the rocks show where the way was trodden of old by human feet. If the reader will imagine the Palisades three times higher than they are, with midway shelves between the top and bottom eaten out by the weather, on which are erected stone huts, to and from which the owners found their way by paths scarcely a foot wide, he will have some idea of these ancient abodes.

#### EIGHT HUNDRED FEET ABOVE WATER MARK.

Mr. Holmes of the surveying party gives an account of one of the clusters of ruins found on the Mancos river, which will serve as a specimen of all. It was first observed from the trail far below and fully one-fourth of a mile away, by means of a field glass. So thoroughly are the walls hidden away in the dark recesses and so very like the cliffs in color that Mr. Holmes had almost completed his sketch of the upper wall before the lower one was detected, there being two, one directly above the other in the cliffs. They are at least 800 feet above the river. The lower five hundred feet is a rough cliff, broken slope: the remainder of massive bedded sandstone, full of wind-worn niches, crevices and caves. Within a hundred feet of the cliff top set deep in a great niche with arched overhanging roof is the upper house, its front wall built along the very brink of a sheer precipice. Thirty feet below in a similar but less remarkable niche is the larger house with a long line of apertures which was afterward found to be openings intended rather for the insertion of beams than for windows.

#### UP THE WALLS.

He climbed the cañon walls to make closer examination of these ruins. The lower house was easily accessible and proved to be of a very interesting character. It occupies the entire floor of a niche which is about sixty feet long and fifteen feet in depth at the deepest part. The front walls are built flush with a precipice and the partition walls extend back to the irregular walls of rock behind. Portions of the wall are greatly reduced, but the main wall containing the apertures is thirteen or fourteen feet high. The arrangement of the apartments is quite complicated and curious.

#### SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ESTUFA.

The most striking feature of the structure is the round room which occurs about the middle of the ruin and inside of a large rectangular apartment. The occurrence of this circular chamber in this place is highly significant and tends greatly to confirm the opinion that this circular meant much with these people. Their superstitions seem to have been so exacting in this matter that even when driven to the extremity of building and dwelling in the midst of these desolate cliffs an enclosure of this form could not be dispensed with. A circular *estufa* had to be constructed at whatever labor or inconvenience. Its walls are not high and not entirely regular and the inside is curiously fashioned with offsets and box-like projections. It is plastered smoothly and bears considerable evidence of having been used, although no traces of fire were observed. The entrance to this chamber is rather extraordinary, and further attests the peculiar importance attached to it by the

families, and their evident desire to secure it from all possibility of intrusion. A wall and covered passage-way of solid masonry, ten feet of which is still intact, leads from an outer chamber through the small intervening apartments into the circular one. It is possible that this originally extended to the outer wall, and was entered from the outside. If so, the person desiring to visit the *estufa* would have to enter an aperture twenty-two inches high by thirty wide, and crawl in the most abject manner through a tube-like passage-way, nearly twenty feet in length—probably intended to render the sacred chamber as free as possible from profane intrusion.

#### WATER POTS.

The others do not require especial description, as they are quite plain and almost empty. The partition walls have never been built up to the ceiling of the niche, and the inmates, in passing from one apartment to another, have climbed over the wall.

In digging among the *debris* they came upon a large earthen vessel, and shortly afterwards discovered another near. They were so situated in a recess under the sheltering walls that the falling rubbish had not reached them. Roughly hewn stone lids were fitted carefully over the tops, but both were empty. One had been slightly broken about the rim, while the other had been pierced on the under side by some sharp instrument, and had been mended by laying a small fragment of pottery over the aperture on the inner side and cementing it down with clay. They are of the ordinary corrugated pottery, and have a capacity of about three gallons. Beneath the vessels, spread out on the floor, was a piece of rush matting, and beneath this was a quantity of fine vegetable tissue from the interior bark of some kind of a tree.

#### UP AGAIN.

The rock-face between this ruin and the one above is smooth and vertical, but by passing along the ledge a few yards, a sloping face was found, up which a stairway of small niches had been cut. By means of these an active person, unencumbered, can ascend with safety. On reaching the top one finds himself in the very doorway of the upper house, without standing room outside of the wall, and it can be imagined that an enemy would stand but little chance of reaching and entering such a fortress if defended even by women and children.

#### THE UPPER HOUSE.

The position of this ruin is one of unparalleled security both from enemies and the elements. The almost vertical cliff descends abruptly from the front wall, and the immense arched roof of solid stone projects forward fifteen or twenty feet beyond the house. At the right the ledge ceases; at the left stops short against a massive vertical wall. The niche stairway affords the only possible means of approach. The house occupies the entire floor of the niche, which is about 120 feet long, ten feet in depth at the deepest part. The front wall to the right and left of the doorway is quite low, portions having doubtless fallen off. The higher wall is about thirty feet long and from ten to twelve feet high, while a very low rude wall extends along the more inaccessible part of the ledge and terminates at the extreme right in a small inclosure.



In the first apartment entered there were evidences of fire, the ceilings being blackened with smoke. In the second a number of the party, by digging in the rubbish obtained a quantity of beans, and in the third a number of grains of corn. There are two small windows in the front wall and doorways communicate between rooms separated by high partitions.

#### HEWERS OF STONE AND CARRIERS OF WATER.

The walls average about a foot in thickness. The upper house seems to be in a rather unfinished state, looking as if stone and mortar had been short. When one considers that these materials must have been brought from far below by means of ropes or carried in small quantities up the dangerous stairway, the only wonder is that it was ever brought to its present degree of finish. It has heretofore been supposed that the occupants of these houses, says Mr. Holmes, obtained water either from the river below or from springs in the *mesa* above, but the immense labor of carrying water up these cliffs as well as the impossibility of securing a supply in case of a siege, caused the explorers to suspect the existence of springs in the cliffs themselves, and a little search discovered three or four of them, and it is, they concluded, evident that with a climate a very little more moist than the present a plentiful supply could be expected. Running water was found within a few yards of the houses.

#### A CAVE COT.

Mr. Jackson furnishes the following interesting description of a ruin, somewhat different, and not so inaccessible, discovered by him on the Rio San Juan:

"About twelve miles below the Montezuma we discovered, far away upon the opposite side of the river, a great circular cave, occupying very nearly the entire height of the bluff in which it occurred, and in which, by close inspection with the glass, we were enabled to make out a long line of masonry. Forging the river and approaching it, we found that the old bluff-line at this place was a little over 200 feet in height, the upper half a light-colored, firm, massive sandstone, and the lower a dark red and shaly variety. The opening of the cave is almost circular, 200 feet in diameter, divided equally between the two kinds of rocks, reaching, within a few feet, the top of the bluff above and the level of the valley below. It runs back in a semi-circular sweep to a depth of 100 feet; the top is a perfect half dome, and the lower half only less so from the accumulation of *debris* and the thick brushy foliage, the cool dampness of its shadowed interior, where the sun never touches, favoring a luxuriant growth. A stratum of harder rock across the central line of the cave has left a bench running around its entire half-circle, upon which is built the row of buildings which caught our attention half a mile away.

The houses occupy the left hand or eastern half of the cave, for the reason, probably, that the ledge was wider on that side, and the wall back of it receded in such a manner as to give considerable additional room for the second floor, or for the upper part of the one story rooms. It is about fifty feet from the outer edge of the cave to the first building, a small

structure sixteen feet long, three feet wide at the outer end, and four at the opposite end; the walls, standing only four feet on the highest remaining corner, were nearly all tumbled in. Then came an open space eleven feet wide and nine deep, that served probably as a sort of workshop. Four holes were drilled into the smooth rock floor, about six feet equidistantly apart, each from six to ten inches deep and five in diameter, as perfectly round as though drilled by machinery. We can reasonably assume that these people were familiar with the art of weaving, and that it was here they worked at the loom, the drilled holes supposing its posts. In this open space are a number of grooves worn into the rock in various places, caused by the artificers of the little town in shaping and polishing their stone implements.

#### THE MAIN BUILDING.

"The main building comes next, occupying the widest portion of the ledge, which gives an average width of ten feet inside; it is forty-eight feet long outside, and twelve high, divided inside into three rooms, the first two thirteen and a half feet each in length, and the third sixteen feet, divided into two stories, the lower and upper five feet in height. The joist holes did not penetrate through the walls, being inserted about six inches, half the thickness. The beams rested upon the sloping back wall, which receded far enough to make the upper rooms about square. Window-like apertures afforded communication between each room all through the second story, excepting that which opened out to the back of the cave. There was also one window in each lower room, about twelve inches square, looking out toward the open country, and in the upper rooms several small apertures, not more than three inches wide, were pierced through the wall, hardly more than peep-holes.

#### THE ROOM DIVISIONS.

"The walls of the large building continued back in an unbroken line 130 feet farther, with an average height of eight feet. The space was divided into eleven apartments, with communicating apertures between them. The first room was nine and a half feet wide, the others dwindling gradually to only four feet in width at the other extremity. The rooms were of unequal length, the following being their inside measurements, commencing from the outer end, viz; Twelve and a half, nine and a half, eight, seven and a half, nine, ten, eight, seven, seven, eight, thirty-one feet; the ledge then runs along fifty feet farther, gradually narrowing, where another wall occurs crossing it, after which it soon merges into the smooth wall of the cave. The first of these rooms had an aperture large enough to crawl through, leading outward; the wall around it had been broken away so that its exact size could not be determined; all the others, of which there were about two to each room, were mere peep-holes, about three inches in diameter, and generally pierced through the wall at a downward angle. No sign of either roofing or flooring material could be found in any of the rooms. Everything of that kind has been thoroughly burned out or removed, so that not a vestige of wood-work remains. We cannot be positively certain that they had ever been roofed, the mild temperature of this



region hardly necessitating any other covering than such as the ample dome of the cave itself offered.

"In the central room of the main building we found a circular basin-like depression, thirty inches across and ten deep, that had served as a fire place, being still filled with the ashes and cinders of aboriginal fires, the surrounding walls being blackened with smoke and soot. This room was undoubtedly the kitchen of the house. Some of the smaller rooms appear to have been used for the same purpose, the fires having been made in the corner against the back wall, the smoke escaping overhead.

#### ANCIENT MASONRY.

"The masonry displayed in the construction of the walls is very creditable; a symmetrical curve is preserved throughout the whole line, and every portion perfectly plumb; the subdivisions are at right angles to the front. The stones employed are of the size used in all similar structures, and are roughly broken to a uniform size. More attention seems to have been paid to securing a smooth appearance upon the exterior than the interior surfaces, the clay cement being spread to a perfectly plane surface, something like a modern stucco finish. In many places, of course, this had peeled away, leaving the rough, ragged edges of the stones exposed.

"On the inner walls of some of the subdivisions that appear to have been used less than others, the impressions of the hands, and even the delicate lines on the thumbs and fingers of the builders, were plainly retained; in one or two cases a perfect mould of the whole inner surface of the hand was imprinted in the plastic cement. They were considerably smaller than our own hands, and were probably those of women or children. In the mortar between the stones several corn cobs were found imbedded, and in other places the whole ear of corn had been pressed into the clay, leaving its impression; the ears were quite small, none more than five inches long. In the rubbish of the large house some small stone implements, rough indented pottery in fragments, and a few arrow points were found. It is a wonder that anything is found, for it is more than likely that every house has been ransacked time after time by wandering bands of Utes and Navajos, who would search with keen eyes for any articles of use or ornament left after the first spoliation.

"The whole appearance of the place and its surroundings indicates that the family or little community who inhabited it were in good circumstances and the lords of the surrounding country. Looking out from one of their houses, with a great dome of solid rock overhead, that echoed and re-echoed every word uttered with marvellous distinctness, and below them a steep descent of 100 feet to the broad fertile valley of the Rio San Juan, covered with waving fields of maize and scattered groves of majestic cottonwoods, these old people, whom even the imagination can hardly clothe with reality, must have felt a sense of security that even the incursions of their barbarian foes could hardly have disturbed."

#### OTHER RUINS.

Continuing down the river, under the great bluffs which border it closely, we find many

ruins of the "rock-shelter" kind occurring frequently in all sorts of positions, from the level of the valley to a height of over 100 feet, and from the smallest kind of a "cache," not larger than a bushel basket, to buildings that probably sheltered several families. One group consists of a row of three small houses built upon a ledge running horizontally along the perpendicular face of the bluff, about sixty feet above the trail immediately below it. The ledge was so narrow that the buildings occupied every available inch of its surface. As near as can be judged from below, each was about five feet wide and ten long, with apertures through their end walls, and windows in the outer wall of the first two. No possible means of access were discernable, and if ladders were ever used they were taller than any trees available for that purpose now growing in this vicinity.

#### SMALL CAVES.

In the face of the bluff immediately under one of the ruins, and upon a recessed bench situated about half way between top and bottom, is a row of little "rock shelters." A strata of a rotten shaly sandstone has been weathered or dug out, probably both, for a distance of 300 feet along the bluff, to a depth of about six feet, leaving a firm floor, and a projecting ledge overhead, with just enough room to walk along without stooping. A continuous row of buildings occupied this bench, although most of them have tumbled into the river, and none have their front walls remaining. Door-ways through each of the dividing walls afforded access along the whole line. A few rods up stream, and in the same line of the bluff as preceding, was another little niched cave-house, fourteen feet in length, five feet high at the centre and six deep, divided into two equal apartments; a small square window, just large enough for one to crawl through, was placed midway in the wall of each half. We well might ask whether these little "cubby-holes" had ever been used as residences, or whether, as seems at first most likely, they might not have been "caches," or merely temporary places of refuge. While, no doubt, many of them were such, yet in the majority the evidences of use and the presence of long-continued fires, indicated by their smoke-blackened interiors, prove them to have been quite constantly occupied. Among all dwellers in mud-plastered houses it is the practice to freshen up their habitations by repeated applications of clay, moistened to the proper consistency, and spread with the hands, the thickness of the coating depending upon its consistency. Every such application makes a building appear perfectly new, and many of the best sheltered cave houses have just this appearance, as though they were but just vacated.

The cliffs in some parts are limestone, but more frequently sandstone, with alternating strata of shales and clay. The softer layers are hollowed out, leaving caves, whose solid stone ledges serve as the floors and roofs of the cliff dwellings. A few houses have two stories, and one shows four stories, but generally they are not higher than a man's head. Division walls are built from the rear of the opening and running outward to the front of the cave,



which is so neatly walled by masonry of the prevailing stone that the artificial work is scarcely noticeable by a casual observer. Upon the summits of the loftier battlements are placed at irregular intervals round stone towers, supposed to have been signal towers. The curve of the aboriginal masonry is perfect.

#### HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.

As to the habits of these dwellers in mid-air we know almost nothing. Near the ruin called Hovenweep Castle (the castle of the deserted valley) no bones or signs of graves have been found, only heaps of ashes are left mingled with charred wood which tells the story of cremation, and probably of fire worship. It is assumed that the present Pueblo Indians are the descendants of these people, from the fact that their houses to-day resemble those of the ancients. The absence of implements of warfare, either completed or unfinished, gives rise to the opinion that they were a peaceful race. Near some of the cities thousands of flint arrow heads were found sticking in the cliff—all pointing toward the city—showing that some strong invader had attacked them.

#### VAST REMAINS.

According to Mr. Jackson the most remarkable remains are those found in New Mexico, and some of the buildings equal any in the United States, if we except the Capitol. One of these, the "Pueblo del Arroya," has wings one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and the western wall of the court is two hundred and sixty-eight feet. Facing the centre of the court are three circular estufas, one of thirty-seven feet in diameter and three stories in height. Another, the "Pueblo Chettro Kettle," is four hundred and forty feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, and presents the remains of four stories. The logs forming the second floor extend through the walls a distance of six feet, and probably at one time supported a balcony on the shady side of the house. Mr. Jackson estimates that in the wall running around three sides of the building nine hundred and thirty-five feet in length and forty feet in height there were more than two million pieces of stone for the outer surface of the outer wall alone. This surface multiplied by the stones of the opposite surface, and also by the stones of the interior or transverse lines of masonry, would give a total of thirty million pieces in three hundred and fifteen thousand cubic feet of wall. These millions of pieces had to be quarried and put in position; the timbers were brought from a great distance, and considering the vastness of the work and the amount of labor and time that must have been expended these buildings may well be compared with the most famous works of what is so wrongly called the old world.

Among the caves of the Rio de Chelley were found some of the most beautiful tinted arrow heads ever discovered; also numbers of large earthen jars of oval design. In a large three-story house were found many instruments of domestic use, representing the stone age. Among them were large grindstones and hammers. The walls, says Mr. Ingersoll, were plastered with cement of stucco-like finish. That it was spread on the walls by human hands is evident from the marks of the pores of the skin to be found on the surface. Occa-

sionally the whole imprint of the hand has been left; one woman's slender fingers are thus preserved for the people of the nineteenth century.

#### ANTIQUITY OF THE RUINS.

As to the date of these erections but little can be determined at present. The Moqui towns are now in precisely the same state of preservation as they were when described by the invading Spaniards, nearly four hundred years ago. Assuming the Moquis to be lineal descendants of the cliff-dwellers, how vast a time the old cañon castles must have been deserted when even the Moquis have no knowledge of the grand homes of their ancestors! Regarding the age of the Pueblos, they were said by Coronado at the time of the conquest to look very old. Castenado records that the inhabitants told him that the Pueblos were older than the memory of seven hundred years. That these ruins were known to the Spanish invaders we have proof in the journal of Don Antonio de Olermin, written in 1681, where mention is made that eighty leagues distant from their camp there were *Casas Grandas*. Gallatin speaks of them and ascribes them to the "Azteques." Perhaps time and more extended research may re-open the history of these people who have been swept away from their grand cities, leaving nothing but the stony walls of their houses and castles to tell the tale of their pre-Columbian greatness. But this we know, that these and other tokens tell us that in reality America is the old world, and that thousands of years ago races flourished here in a high state of barbaric cultivation.

#### PURPOSES OF THE HOUSES.

Mr. Holmes classifies these people under three heads: One, lowlands or agricultural settlements; two, cave dwellings; and three, cliff houses or fortresses.

Those of the first class are chiefly on the river bottoms, in close proximity to water, in the very midst of the most fertile lands, and located without reference to security or means of defence. Those of the second are in the vicinity of agricultural lands, but built in excavations in low-bluff faces of the middle cretaceous shales. The sites are chosen also, with reference to security; while the situation of the cliff-houses is chosen with reference to security only. They are built high up in the steep and inaccessible cliffs, and have the least possible of convenience to field or water.

As to use, the position for the most part determines that. The lowland ruins are the remains of agricultural settlements, built and occupied much as similar villages and dwellings are occupied by peaceable and unmolested peoples of to-day. The cave-dwellers, although they may have been of the same tribe and contemporaneous, probably built with reference to their peaceable occupations as well as defense, but it is impossible to say whether or not they made these houses their constant dwelling places. The cliff houses could only have been used as places of refuge or defense. During seasons of invasion and war, families were probably sent to them for security, while the warriors defended their property or went forth to battle; and one can readily imagine that when the hour of total



defeat came, they served as a last resort for a disheartened and desperate people.

It is almost certain that these people before being driven from the agricultural districts, the plateaus and river bottoms, obtained a living by tilling the soil and herding. It is believed that, covering the country very thickly, they cut off the heavy forests which must have covered the land, and the forests being gone, rains became less frequent. Previous to this time it is thought probable that agriculture was conducted on a limited scale, even without irrigation though the ancients understood this art. Corn and beans and evidences of animal life, other than human, have been discovered. What has been done in the past may be done in the future, and the prospects are that the time is not far distant when the soil which yielded support to thousands of the sons of Montezuma in the days of the olden time may prove the source from which the great southwest of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will derive its sustenance and support. Speaking of the advantages and possibilities of this section Mr. Jackson says:

"The Rio San Juan drains a great interior basin, covering over 20,000 square miles, as well as several great mountain masses bordering it. The river at the mouth of the McElmo has an average width of fifty yards, and a depth of from four to six feet; its current moving somewhat sluggishly in great sweeping curves that almost touch upon themselves again. The water is warm, and well freighted with the soil, which it is continually undermining; contrasting strongly with the clear, ice-cold tributaries which give it existence. The bottoms are from three to five miles in width, and, bordering the stream, covered with dense growths of cottonwoods and willows. The broad and fertile alluvial lands, well covered with grass, and the low sage-brush benches bordering them, will undoubtedly prove a rich agricultural possession at no distant day. Back of all upon either hand rise the precipitous sandstone bluffs, picturesque in outline and color, that gradually close down upon the river until it is engulfed in the great cañon which commences just below the mouth of the Rio De Chelly. It is then lost to all knowledge until it reappears mingling its waters with those of the still more turbid Colorado."

Rapidly indeed is the New West encroaching upon the Old West. The pioneer gold-hunter and frontier stock herder of the nineteenth century approach to within speaking distance of the prehistoric man of the New World. What the next few years may develop in the way of ethnological lore, when the sharpened pick of the scientist shall pierce the hard crust of the earth and the keen eye and skilful mind of the lover of ancient knowledge shall decipher the numerous hieroglyphics which line the earth and are to be found on all the stones, is not for us to say.

## THE LAST OF THE AZTECS.

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Away up in the northeastern corner of Arizona, itself almost a *terra incognita*, perched upon the crags and peaks of that volcanic region are the towns of the Moquis, that curious people so different from every other tribe of natives of the country. Their origin is a mystery. Their language, manners, customs and personal appearance are different from those of any other people in existence, and ethnologists incline to the opinion that they are relics of the old Aztec races which were in the height of power and grandeur when they were overcome by the Spaniards under Cortez.

Perched, like the castles of the German robber barons, upon opes of vertical rocky bluffs, the Moquis towns overlook for miles in every direction the surrounding country, rendering it an impossibility for any party, whether with hostile or friendly intent, to invade the environs of their settlements without immediate discovery. These bluffs or "mesas" are impragnable to direct assault, and the subjugation of these people by hostile invasions from the neighboring tribes, supposing such ever to be made, would be reduced to a precarious dependence upon a closely drawn siege provided against in the ample supplies laid by each harvest in their villages.

There are seven distinct communities of the Moquis, severed from each other and the outside world, but even among these there are two nations speaking different languages and requiring the services of an interpreter when communication is being held among the different villages. Of these seven, three are of such comparative importance as to dwarf the other four into insignificance. They are called Tegna, Huatari and Moqui, a description of which will apply equally well to all the others. These three towns nearly cover the flat summit of a "mesa" of sandstone, quite 500 feet in vertical height and varying in width from two hundred to ten feet. Approach is made by climbing a graded way, built up of large blocks



of stone, running from summit to base. At every turn assailants would meet with destruction either by rocks thrown from above or arrows thrown by foes men concealed in inaccessible position. Numerous trails beaten into the vertical face of the precipice having stone steps in the more difficult places are used in moving quickly from the villages to the springs and reservoirs below. These springs are excavated from twenty-five to thirty feet deep, walled in with masonry and skillfully constructed steps leading by a gentle slope to the edge of the water. In each village one spring is reserved for the great herds of black sheep and goats, while the others supply drinking water to the households.

The material used in erecting their dwellings and other edifices is the friable sandstone of their eyrie home; walls, in general, average not more than seven feet in each story, the upper stories receding from the lower until the fourth and last is reached and found to include not more than two or three rooms. Flooring is made of cottonwood rafters, covered with reeds laid on evenly and plastered two or three inches deep with cement, which likewise coats the walls. In some houses a wash, made from the yellow ochreous earth abundant in the vicinity, gives a pleasing tone to the interior.

Once on top of the mesa, the traveler follows along trails worn six and eight inches into the sandstone; boldly pushes his way through a crowd of yelping, vicious, worthless curs, sustains with composure the cynical criticism of patriarchal goat surveying him from sandstone crags or lofty roofs, sees scampering before him a horde of dirty, naked children, finds the streets filled with all the garbage and offal of a Hottentot village and finally stands at the foot of a ladder leading to the second floor of one of the buildings.

Far superior to any other nation in Arizona are the Moquis in matters of dress. The outer garment of the woman consists of a dark woollen blanket or gown, fastened by a herring bone stitch of yellow embroidery

at the right shoulder and extending down half way between the knees and ankles; both arms, neck and the upper half of the left breast are exposed; a girdle of red worsted confines the waist, while a line of yellow decoration adorns the dress about six inches below the neck and another the same distance above the lower edge. The hair of the young maidens is arranged in three puffs, one at each side and one at the top of the head, giving a pronounced Mongolian cast to the features. The men clothe themselves in trousers and shirts of cotton, moccasins of deer skin and blankets of home manufacture, in which they envelope the person from head to foot. Great care is taken by both sexes in keeping the head clean and their long black tresses glossy and straight.

The dietary of this people is more comprehensive than that of any other aboriginal nation now living within the borders of our country. In every building may be seen rooms used as pantries and provision closets where are kept quantities of red, yellow and blue corn, sometimes hanging on strings, some times piled up like cord wood. Watermelons, muskmelons, cantelopes and peaches of large size and delicious flavor—all these either dried or fresh or both; onions, tomatoes, chili, beets, beans, acorns, sunflower seeds and "mescal," this last obtained by trading with the Apaches. Of the above, corn and melons are planted in extensive fields; hundreds and thousands of acres of cultivated land can be seen at one time. The peach orchards of all the towns are extensive, but those of Olayide equal all the others united and produce a larger and more graceful fruit. The Spanish priests brought the first seeds with them. The forms of onion and beet are evidently of later introduction, and probably have been obtained from Americans. "Mescal" is obtained by roasting the heart and leaves of the American aloe, a plant that does not grow in the Moqui country, but which furnishes the principal food of the Apaches. Dried mutton, venison and goats flesh, with an occasional rabbit or hare, comprise the



list of treats, while wild honey is sometimes seen as a rare delicacy, preserved in earthen jars.

The Moquis are a thrifty, frugal and industrious people. They are one of the few native tribes which do not impose all the drudgery of domestic and out door labor upon the women. With them the men assume the care of the fields and flocks, the women employing their time in caring for their homes, weaving blankets, making pottery and, in proper season, drying peaches. Squads of five or six women, young and old, assemble in the orchards, gather the delicious fruit and spread it out to dry in the sun. Thousands of pounds may be collected within a radius of as many yards. Crockery is the great manufacture of the Moquis, whose dishes are not only neat and durable, but ornamented with identically the same tracings as are detected upon the broken fragments of earthenware lying in heaps in the Aztec ruins of Arizona.

Little is known of the mode of government or religion prevailing in their villages. The head captains or caciques, called in the language "mung-wee," transact all business, send out the herds to pasture at day dawn, and recall them to the corrals before sun set; designate the two sentinels who on each "mesa" keep watch by night and to all appearances have general supervision of the communities.

A faint flush of religion or superstition tinges their daily life, ushered in each morning by the chanting of choruses and clanging of bells to drive bad spirits away from their harvests and orchards.

Shrines, containing votive offerings of petrified wood, twigs and other rubbish have been noticed; but thus far no circumstantial account of their festivals, if any, or the ceremonial observed during their continuance, has been compiled. Like all other Indian nations, their traditions, his oracle and religious, are probably vague, inchoate and unsatisfactory.

The historic period of these nations is extremely short, and in studying them the first significant fact we encounter is the extreme gloom which covers their existence before the white man came to record their characteristics. The almost entire absence of tradition among most of them, and the mythical character of what traditions they do have, are proof of their low intellectual condition. Unlike the myths of ancient story, no long lapse of time hallows their tales of miracles and heroes, throwing them back to times when the human race was in its infancy. The wonderful occurrences to which some tribes refer their origin are placed only a little way back, in point of time, from the present. Whether this springs from inability to carry numeration beyond the elementary numbers, or whether it is due to a condition of such low intellectual development that the existence of heroes and occurrence of miracles is still thought possible, the fact is equally significant. Professor Owen contends that the red man hunted over this continent when the Pharaohs were building the Pyramids; and if he can establish that assertion, he will find in the Indian's extreme mental feebleness after so many ages of tribal existence sufficient proof of that painful slowness in development for which he argues.

So far as the western tribes are concerned, government in this country has always been democratic. Old voyagers tell of kings and queens, and there are occasional evidences of some noted chief who ruled with more than ordinary power because of especial personal fitness for government. But in no case does this eminence appear to have been continued in his descendants; and if some red Bonaparte or Hapsburg has ever attempted the subjugation of neighboring tribes and the aggrandizement of his house the relations of the tribes so far as they are known show no trace of the effort. With a uniformity that is remarkable, considering the extent of territory inhabited, its variety of climate and physical conditions, and the decided differences in occupation and strength of the tribes, the government consisted of a chief or chiefs, whose authority was very limited in peace, and usually dictatorial in war. No trace of kingly power, as the modern man understands that phrase, is discernible. Wars were fought, and the tribal subjugation sometimes followed, but ambition in the prehistoric Indian appears to have been confined to disconnected predations.

The religious ideas of the aborigines were in the main of two kinds, those which clothed natural phenomena with



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a mystical meaning, and those which indicate a theory of the soul. The Indian's expectation of a future life in the happy hunting grounds, under the government of the Great Father, is well known. But it is not so commonly known that he recognized in the phenomena of human development a mysterious significance, which was celebrated by peculiar customs. A girl's arrival at maturity was in many tribes observed by religious ceremonies, a fact that receives additional significance from the degraded condition of women among them. Though the man was absolute lord of the woman, who worked for him as a slave works for a master, and could be beaten at his pleasure or discarded at his will, yet his maturity passed unregarded, while hers was made the occasion of proceedings which not only appear to have sometimes embodied nearly all that the tribe had of religion, but in a few cases are supposed to have had a powerful effect in the development of particular tribes. Among the Thlinkeets, one of the most highly developed northern tribes (Hyperboreans), the young girl was confined, sometimes for an entire year, in solitude, and it is remarkable that this is one of the few tribes in which women held a position of honor, and in which polygamy was the exception. Thrust into some dark den, looked upon as unclean, and as contaminating every object, whether it was sky, earth or living creature, on which she cast her eye, visited only by her mother, who approached only to bring food, it has been suggested that in this year of seclusion and discipline she laid the foundation for those habits of reserve and modesty which made her exceptional among the Indian women. When the imprisonment was over she was clothed in new garments and a great feast celebrated her entrance into adult life. This idea of uncleanness did not govern the ceremonies which marked the development of girls in all the tribes. In some they were simply joyful, in others profoundly and purely religious. But the celebration of the generative force, in one or the other of these forms, was one of the most wide-spread characteristics of the tribes, being practised from the most northern to the most southern Indians.

The productive force also received recognition in some tribes in the shape of seed-time and harvest feasts, but it is probable that these solemnities must be coupled with similar festivities which marked the hunting season. They were perhaps not so much religious in their character as they were expressions of joy over the successful provision of food. Ignorant of any but the crudest agriculture, and possessing only rude weapons for the chase, the Indian's dependence upon the bounty of nature was almost absolute. He suffered the extremest fluctuations of abundance and poverty, and sometimes suffered them every year, and under such circumstances his harvest rejoicing can be explained on other hypotheses than that

of a religious motive.

While birth, marriage, and death gave rise to assemblages of friends, attended with ceremonies that had religious meaning, and such occasions of war and victory were celebrated in a more general way, it was only in a few tribes that special religious ceremonies for the expression of the devotional sentiment, or the supplication of the spirit whom the tribe worshipped, were held. Adoration of idols obtained in only a few tribes. Sacrifices were made by some, but in general the development of the emotional nature in the wild Indians never proceeded very far.

The social customs of the savages, as they were before the whites appeared, will probably never be known with any thoroughness. In some the difficulties of maintaining life were so great that the whole day in the working season was spent by the men in hunting, fishing, or other labor. Some tribes were organized on a rigid system of communism. The medicine man routed the sleeping village at daylight by beating on a drum, after which the women prepared the morning meal, and the men then left the village to pursue their labors. On their return they were gathered into a common sleeping house, from which women were excluded. These slept in their own huts with the children, the husband's visits being paid during the night and terminating before daylight, for the sound of the drum must find him at rest beneath the common roof. Customs like this obtained only here and there, and were not by any means general among the tribes of any one of the great divisions, nor among closely related or neighboring tribes. The opposite extreme was found in those tribes which gained a debased existence by gathering roots. They, and others dwelling in climates more favorable to vegetable growth, seem to have lived entirely from hand to mouth, and among them, tribal organization was at its lowest point. When not at work, the time was spent in gambling, paying visits at which the main amusement was coarse conversation, and, doubtless, idleness, unrelieved even by low sociability.

Old age was usually respected, though some tribes had the habit of violently shortening the life of those who lived long enough to become burdensome. The disposal of the dead was in some tribes a matter of reverent care, while in perhaps as many others the dead were treated with superstitious abhorrence and dread, and left to rot in the woods.

In taking life, the Indian exhibited a brutal indifference to feeling which is matched only among the fatalistic Moslems. The tortures which captives suffered are well known; for this characteristic marks the savage still, and is a prime factor in his oft-recurring contests with the whites. But even the orgies of the stake seem less brutal than such things as the mode of disposing of old persons in some tribes. The aged parent was taken into the forest, thrown down, a stick put across his



neck, and on this his children calmly sat until life was extinct!

There was a certain plane above which no tribe rose; none carried on traffic; with one exception none sailed the sea; none made agriculture systematic and progressive; none wrought the metals, with exception of some scant production of silver and gold in Central America. But below this level all is diverse and perplexing. The most significant traits and beliefs, which, if any scheme of orderly arrangement could be found, would certainly conduct to valuable conjectures of the origin and real status of the tribes, are found to be so confusedly distributed as to defy disentanglement. The northern tribes were far superior in every respect to those south of them, until the extreme south was reached, where we meet with some of the most developed tribes. The interior furnished tribes of a higher sort than the sea coast, and this is directly the opposite of modern progress, which began at the sea. Neither climate, nor topography, nor situation seems to have had any certain effect upon them. The Flatheads and Blackfeet are among the finest races, a fact which is probably traceable to the mountainous character of their country and their active life as hunters. But on the other hand, the noble California region, so fruitful in the hands of a superior race, supported in their day some of the most degraded of all the tribes.

The earliest historians, those who saw the true aboriginal inhabitants of America, have unfortunately left us accounts which are simply incredible. Landing at spots which it is certain were inhabited a century later by only the most degraded tribes, they have recorded descriptions of kings, councils, and ceremonies which without doubt were mere fabrications. After them there came a long interval during which the western tribes of the northern continent were almost unvisited, while in the south the Europeans effected their conquest, and established influences which rapidly spread northward, and powerfully affected many tribes before more conscientious observers came to study them. This is well illustrated in the effect which the introduction of the horse by the Spaniards had upon them. Many tribes made their first appearance to European eyes as bold and well-mounted hunters, obtaining an easy subsistence by a life of chase which was almost idyllic in its wild freedom. But it is certain that this particular character must have been taken on after the Spanish conquest of Mexico; and what these Indians were when they had no beast of burden but the dog, when they hunted on foot, and when subsistence was obtained far less easily, and they suffered all the rigors of a swiftly fluctuating supply of provisions, we shall never know. As before said, their traditions tell us nothing, and it is very possible that the miraculous personages to whom some of them ascribe their origin may have been the first men on horseback who appeared to the tribe. Of other alterations which contact with white

men have worked into their social economy—alterations affecting their mode of burying the dead, curing the sick, and similar deeply characteristic customs—and of the debasing effect which the advent of a rich, lustful, and unscrupulous horde of wanderers has had upon their morality, we will say nothing. Even these few hints are enough to show why it is that the aboriginal Indian, the Indian of the ages anterior to Cortez, is a creature about whom we shall probably never discover the truth. —*The Galaxy.*

## AMONG THE PUEBLOS.

### THE ROMANCE OF A FALLEN RACE,

#### II.

A SECOND LETTER FROM THE WIFE OF GENERAL LEW WALLACE—THE CONQUESTS OF THE PUEBLOS—THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE WORSHIP OF MONTEZUMA—A ROMANTIC STORY OF PAST AGES.

*To the Editor of The Tribune.*

SIR: The Casas Grandes on the Laguna de Guzman in Northwestern Chihuahua are similar in every respect to the ruined fortresses of New-Mexico and Arizona. The points of resemblance are so close and so numerous as to be decisive, proving them to be the work of the same people under similar, though somewhat superior, institutions. On my table is an unbroken vase unearthed from this most venerable ruin of North America; a veritable antique, rare and valuable. It is of a light clay color, glazed without and within. The shape, the peculiar markings in geometrical lines, white black and maroon red, prove the hand of its manufacturer. I should recognize it instantly in any collection as a Pueblo water jar of ancient workmanship, better made than any which we have from the Pueblos now. It contains the following memorandum: "This olla or tanaja was excavated from the ruins of the Montezuma Casas Grandes in the State of Chihuahua in the year 1864, and according to Indian tradition is 800 years old. These Casas Grandes (great houses) were reduced to ruin, by siege, in 1070." This is signed, "William Pierson, American Consul in 1873."

It is the only whole jar and much the finest specimen I have ever seen. Still it is greatly inferior to the coarsest Wedgwood china in our shops. There has never appeared a monument or relic proving the existence of a people of more advanced culture than the red race with which the European came in contact. How the peculiar civilization which this vase represents came from the North, as every tradition declares it did, is a question that has been argued many times in many ways. Among a vanquished, declining people, without even the lowest form of picture-writing, language rapidly alters; and philologists tell us that American languages are the most changeful forms of human speech. Legends soon become confused; the links of connection are easily lost; and even in its best estate tradition is treacherous as memory. Scholars have held that the adobe houses are traces of the Toltecs, the polished predecessors of the fierce and bloody Aztecs, under whose dominion the former broke and scattered. Plausible theories, more or less conclusive, have perplexed the student of indigenous races. One solution, as soon as it was suggested, touched me with the force of absolute conviction, because it was so direct and simple an answer to the puzzling ques-



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tions following an examination of the antiquities of North America.

#### THE AZTECS AND PUEBLOS.

The Pueblo or town-building Indians were the skirmish line of the Aztec nation when the Mexican Empire was in the height of its greatness. The Aztecs were restless, aggressive, greedy of power and insatiate in their lust for dominion. To rove and to conquer was the national pastime. The green banners of Anahuac floated defiantly in the tropic airs of the remotest provinces on the Gulf of Mexico, and dauntless warriors upheld their colors in pristine splendor along the extreme coasts of Honduras and Nicaragua. They formed the unshackled, sovereign nation, possessing the highest civilization in North America, speaking a language by far the most finished and elegant of the native tongues, said to be of exceeding richness.

The Pueblos, whom we believe to be a rough offshoot of that stock, degraded descendants of haughty princes, are yet a self-sustaining people, independent of the Government, the only aborigines among us not a curse to the soil. In some old time whereof

history is silent and about which there are no traditions, nor even the airy hand of a misty legend to beckon us back and point the way, the half-civilized tribes of Mexico must have sought fresh fields for conquest and occupation. They probably marched in detached clans, speaking different dialects, but more or less united under one central government, and with the arts and means of instruction brought from Anahuac they set forth to colonize outlying countries to the north. A glance at the map shows only one route by which they could advance. West of the Sierra Madre and up the Gila and its tributaries toward the great canon of the Colorado colonies were planted along the river banks, and possibly the emigrant fraternized with the native. Captain Fernando Alarcon discovered the Rio Colorado in 1540, and passed various tribes without being able to communicate with them, except by signs, until he reached a people who understood the language of an Indian whom he had brought from Mexico. From this tribe he learned of a similar people, far to the eastward, who lived in great houses built of stone. From Mexico the Southerners brought the art of building with adobe and with stones laid in mud mortar, which alone distinguishes them from the tribes dwelling in wigwams, shifting tents and lodges of buffalo skins and boughs. There was a system of communication between their fortified towns, worn footpaths betraying a constant coming and going, and deep trails furrowed by the tread of busy feet through centuries.

The ancient builders invariably chose commanding positions overlooking their cultivated fields for their pueblos, and added story after story to the houses, usually terraced from without, where a few defenders could defy almost any number of assailants with savage arms. Apaches were treated as barbarian hordes. There is no mention of these Bedouins until a century after Coronado's day, from which fact we may infer that they were kept at bay.

#### THE MARCH OF THE INVADER STOPPED.

Gradually the tide of emigration pressed up to the Aztec Mountains and San Francisco Peaks, but there the march of the victorious invader was suddenly stopped by a barrier utterly impassable—the canons of the Colorado and Chiquito Rivers, which, united, form a gulf at least 300 miles long, and which in places are a mile in depth. It lay directly across their course, a stupendous chasm which wings only would have enabled them to cross. No sea or desert could so effectually have hindered their progress

northward. They turned toward the East, took possession of the rich valleys of the Colorado and Chiquito, where streets of towns and irrigating canals are still traceable for miles, and followed its branches to their sources. All the towns are along the river. The bottom lands are fertile with alluvial deposits. There are large cotton wood trees and impenetrable thickets of arrow and greasewood among the numberless lagoons and sloughs which, at the annual rise of the river, are filled to overflowing and irrigate the soil. But no vegetation can live beyond the limit of these overflows. A white efflorescence covers the ground, where it is useless to plant, where nothing edible for man or beast will grow.

On the neighboring streams the chiefs founded the kingdom of Cibola, where now we see extensive ruins attesting the size of the old towns, all of which were fortified and built on the same general plan. Old Tuni was the capital city, set on a hill of rock and reached only by one zigzag path, where a handful of soldiers could defy the cavalry of the world. In a similar condition the ruins of the seven Moqui villages are found, and north of them is the site of an adjacent colony. To the northeast they moved from the head of Flax River to the southern tributaries of the San Juan, the Canon de Chaco and the Valle de Chelly, "where," says Lieutenant McCormick, "half a million might have lived," being strewn with the ruins of dead cities.

At last, by following up the headwaters of the Rio de San Juan to the Colorado Mountains, they penetrated the Rio Grande Valley, a fertile and widely-extended region destined to be subdued and colonized. From this point their imperious course was down the valley from the north, as all traditions point; and naturally the conquerors built a vast stronghold at Taos to protect that beautiful valley from attacks of the wild tribes, mainly Utes—a gloomy, forbidding citadel of savage aspect, set on a hill overlooking the Rio Grande. So strong a retreat is it that in 1847, when the Mexicans of the modern village of Taos could no longer defend themselves against the armies of the United States, they fled to this abandoned pueblo, a few miles distant, and there sustained a protracted siege, yielding finally when provisions utterly failed. The grim and threatening fortress was never captured by the Spaniards, though many times attacked. The terraces bristled with spears and battle-axes, through the little windows arrows were showered, and stones and burning balls of cotton dipped in oil were hurled from slings. The lower story, a well-filled granary—and the cisterns within the court, enabled the red men "to laugh a siege to scorn."

The route which we have rapidly sketched was discovered and maintained by the armies of many generations; the changes described in a paragraph were brought about by wars lasting through ages. Well did those migratory tribes know the fierce delight of battle which thrills alike the blood of the white man and the red, when once within the heat and fury of its deadly charm.

#### ONCE A SCENE OF GREAT ACTIVITY.

In the course of time the entire valley of the Rio Grande from latitude 37° to latitude 32°, a distance of over 400 miles, was thickly settled. It must have been a scene of constant activity, with its clusters of towns, whose streets are yet plainly visible and may be followed for miles; and becoming the dominant nation, in the main valley where the villages are nearest to each other, the Aztecs found it unnecessary to fortify their dwelling places. Outlying settlements, such as Pecos and Grand Quivira,



in the country swept by Comanches and Arapahoes, and Laguna and Acoma, near the Navajos, were defended by outworks like those in the Colorado basin.

Near El Paso are widespread ruins of the prehistoric epoch, and it is so short a march from that crossing to the lovely and productive valley of Rio Corralites and its lake, the Laguna de Guzman, that it is most reasonable to suppose the casas on this stream were built by a colony from that region. The Indians and Mexicans of our day are exactly right in asserting that the "great houses" are the work of the Montezumas who came from the North, and at various stations fortified themselves against the roving tribes. So it comes that the Town Builders of New-Mexico and Arizona, who are without history or hieroglyphic writing, have no record or even legend of the dim and distant starting point when the exodus from Mexico began. They brought a species of civilization quite foreign to the nomads who confronted them, battled for supremacy, and disputed their sway. The civilization was necessarily inferior to that of the source whence it sprung. This is the condition in all migratory movements. The wealthy, cultured classes are conservative, slow to change; the dissatisfied spirits, adventurers with little to leave or to take, strike out of the beaten paths in hope of bettering their fortunes.

The colonial beginnings were a poor representation of the splendors of Tezcuco where North American civilization, under the commanding genius of the second Montezuma, reached its height. But the pilgrims brought with them glorious memories. They must have seen the sacred city Cholula, with its 400 temples, its huge pyramid, wrought by the giant Halc, nearly 200 feet high, the sides measuring 450 yards at its base. It was a terraced tower, a landmark, a beacon and a shrine to all Anahuac, where the smoke from the undying altar-fires went up as incense to the gods, new every morning and fresh every evening. There were no writhing victims on that hill of sacrifice; the gentle Quetzalcoatt delighted not in blood; his offerings were bread and roses and all sweet perfumes. The townsmen in their new homes built council-houses, meagre and poverty-stricken compared with the Southern temples, and kindled the sacred fires. Each village had one or more of these estufas, where holy rites were conducted in the utmost secrecy. A priesthood of chosen warriors, consecrated to the ministry, watched the altar-fire, and it was never suffered to die out.

#### CAUSES OF THE DECLINE OF THE PUEBLOS.

The civilization of the Town Builders is not so much overthrown as it is worn out. Their bows are broken, their fires burn low; and the sluggish, stolid sons of Montezuma creep at a petty pace "along the way to dusty death." The inroads of warring bands are not fatal as their own system of communism. A closely-kept people must become effete; and marriage within the forbidden degrees, for ages on ages, produces a diminutive, emasculate growth. In the tribes most isolated, where race distinctions are sharply drawn, this blood degeneration is most apparent. Very many are scrofulous, and albinos with pink eyes and wiry, white hair (strange sights!) are frequent among the Tunis and Moquis. Physicians tell us that it is a species of American leprosy, consequent on the poverty of blood through lack of alien infusion.

The weakening of this most interesting nationality resembles the quiet decline of one stricken in years. As in the empire, so in the individual; according to the predetermined doom it cannot last, another must have its place. A peculiar people, utterly lacking in self-assertion, through whole decades living in servitude under an enforced religion, they have run their race, worked out their destiny, and in the decrepitude of extreme old age, ruins and tribes, the dead and the dying, are crumbling away together.

MRS. LEW. WALLACE.

Crawfordsville, Ind., July 16, 1881.

## NEW MEXICO'S INDIANS.

### Interview With Mr. E. Conklin, on the Tribes of the Pueblos.

### Interesting Statements Relative to the Theory of Their Descent.

A MAIL reporter who met Mr. E. Conklin, traveling artist of the house of Frank Leslie, obtained from him some very pleasing information regarding the Southwestern Indians. Mr. Conklin been in New Mexico and Arizona since the middle of December, but some years ago spent six months in that country. He at that time published a book called "Picturesque Arizona," and will shortly put into press a revised edition of the work, which will contain

#### MANY NEW POINTS,

all of which are very interesting, and a history of New Mexico will be added. Mr. Conklin is now en route to the east with Rev. S. Jackson, in charge of a party of Indian children, who are to attend school at Hampton and Carlisle. He will immediately return to New Mexico, when he will continue his work, and obtain additional facts regarding the now almost extinct tribes. Referring to this subject, Mr. Conklin said: "The Pueblo tribe shows evidently traits of characters, suggestive of

#### A PERSECUTED PEOPLE.

Upon entering a Pueblo (or village) of from two hundred to a thousand people, which was a few moments before, the scene of life and activity, it has assumed the nature of a deserted village. Timid in the extreme, every one has shrunk from your gaze—have ascended their ladders, to their house-tops, and descended into their dark and dismal abodes. The entrance to all the Pueblos is through the house-tops. In some instances, at the present day, there are small openings about the size of the ordinary window that lead into the street. I might mention

#### MANY PECULIAR FEATURES

that would support the assertion, and on this account I am of the opinion that the true, genuine Pueblo people, so called, of New Mexico, are the legitimate descendants of the old Aztecs Toltecs, who escaped the persecution of Cortez during the great conquest of Mexico about the year 1620. The Mexicans of the southwest and of the whole Republic of Mexico, are the descendants of those Aztecs, who were not fortunate enough to make their escape from THIS OVERWHELMING SUBJUGATION.

On much of their pottery, and on much of their work, I find a great similarity to the hieroglyphics found on the Aztec calendar stone now in the City of Mexico, and in certain work, reputed in that country to be after the system of the Aztec people. It is a noticeable feature that not only between the Pueblo, and what are known as the Mound or Cliff Dwellers, but between



## THE DIFFERENT TRIBES

of both these people, they have different languages, different rites, and certain characteristics. But this seems rather to confirm my opinion than otherwise, and that each of these tribes of Pueblos are the descendants of beings who in finding that protection, and at distances from each other, have become perfectly isolated from any and all surroundings. It has, in my opinion, in many cases been the repetition of the Garden of Eden story told over again, when perhaps naught but a man and woman have found protection in some

HOLE OR ROCK, and multiplied therefrom. They evidently live in holes, now so to speak.

"While in Mexico, I received a sample of what is known as Aztec feather work. This picture resembles a crude painting; upon examination it is found to be made up wholly of feather birds of that country. In it the dresses resemble somewhat the dress of the present Pueblo

"These people are decidedly pastoral. They cultivate large areas of corn, wheat and other cereals. They are in the main cleanly, are hospitable, and could one see the sympathies evinced in parting with their kin, even the white person might gain some exalted idea of the power of their affection.

"Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who is and has been the prime mover in establishing schools and educating their children, has found great success attending his efforts on this trip. He has secured, in the short space of six weeks a requisite number of children authorized by Congress, for the schools at Hampton and Carlisle, and has in the same space of time, opened a government school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, in which there are placed at present about twenty-five scholars. The work of Dr. Jackson is a grand and noble one, and it is hoped that the grand solution of the Indian question has been found, in their educational system. Dr. Jackson is the first man who ever established missionary schools in Alaska for the Indians, and upon which territory he published a very rich and entertaining work called "Alaska." Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

REV. SHELDON JACKSON D. D., who brought us the Pueblo children recently, had a narrow escape on his trip east. He was engaged to lecture on Alaska and the Indians, on the 29th of July, at the Great Chautauqua Assembly at Chautauqua Lake, New York. He expected to reach Carlisle and deliver to us his party of children by July 24th, but storms and the washing away of Railroad bridges in Colorado detained the party, so that on the morning of the day he was to lecture at Chautauqua, he had only reached Pittsburg. Sending forward his party of children and telegraphing us to meet them in Harrisburg, he turned aside to keep his Chautauqua appointment. He reached Chautauqua six minutes before the time appointed for his lecture, went on the stand at once and delivered, what the records of the Assembly pronounce a most intensely interesting and instructive lecture in behalf of Indian educational and missionary work. But then six minutes was on time.

WHILE the remnant of Victoria's band is pursuing its murderous career in New Mexico, the "intractable Apache," whose home is on the San Carlos reservation in Arizona, is making adobes and laying them up in the wall of the new boarding-school building, and impatiently awaiting the time when the completed building shall furnish school accommodations for his children. Meantime, he has surprised his best friends by sending away to school seven bright, intelligent boys, who are now en route to Hampton. Two of them (seventeen years old) have served as scouts in the U. A. Army, but are glad of this opportunity to exchange the rifle for the spelling-book. These Apaches are accompanied by three Papagons and six Pimas, who also go to Hampton and are the first children ever surrendered by the tribes whom they represent. The Papago children were sent by their father, against the earnest remonstrance of the tribe, who saw in this unprecedented act an alarming case of witchcraft; and the head chief, to whom they are nearly related, accompanied them to Tucson, with Papago witnesses and interpreters, and made them sign a paper to the effect that they went away of their own accord and were not bewitched into it. One of the Pimas, Antoinette, a young man, thirty years of age, will succeed his father as head chief of a tribe numbering 4,000. He has left wife and child, for the sake of learning how to farm, in order that he may be able to instruct his people. With this party are also ten Pueblos, bound for Carlisle, where eight others of their tribe, placed there last Fall, have already earned the reputation of being the brightest children who have been admitted to that school. Two years ago not a child could have been secured from any one of the ten Pueblos. To-day 100 could be obtained as easily as ten. Again and again the governors of the villages were told: "You can only be allowed to send so many," and two Pueblo boys in the Government boarding-school at Albuquerque, where the party rendezvoused, had to be locked up in their bedrooms on the day of the departure, lest they should carry out their determination to go to Carlisle *nolens volens*. This entire change of sentiment in the most conservative tribe in the country is due almost entirely to the influence of the day schools which have been established in their midst by the Presbyterian Board of Missions, assisted by the Government, and it is confined to the three pueblos in which the schools are carried on. The other Pueblos are waking up to the advantages resulting from such schools and are asking that teachers be sent them. They say: "The teachers help the people at Laguna, Jemes, and Zuni in their troubles with the Mexicans; and we need such help too." And the men on the Southern Pacific Railroad, which pushed through their country last year, told them frankly that the Pueblos which had schools had made keener bargains and had obtained a higher price for the land surrendered than was paid them. It was a telling argument, and it has aroused an earnest desire that their children may be taught to be "smart," like the others. Thus the missionaries gain their first hold on



the material side. They are made "all things to all men," that they may "save some." Do not the indications show that they shall save many?

## ARIZONA.

### A Newly-Discovered Nation.

The campaign of Gen. Crook against the Apaches last year, opened to research a tract of land two hundred miles square, which is rich in relics of our country's unknown past. It contains a chain of ancient cities in ruins, and a coterie of ancient towns still inhabited by a race which holds itself aloof from Indian and Mexican and American, prides itself on its descent from the ancient inhabitants of the country, and maintains a religion and a government, both of which are peculiar to itself. We are indebted to Capt. W. C. Manning, of the regular army, for the facts in our possession concerning the newly-discovered race. Capt. Manning, who was with Gen. Crook during the whole campaign, and was recommended for promotion by the latter on account of gallantry in the field, explored in the intervals of fighting. He visited the inhabited towns, talked with their rulers, and informed himself concerning their customs.

The largest settlement is in New Mexico, about thirty miles south of the border line. It is a type of the rest. A strong wall surrounds it. Within are houses for about 4,000 people. The population has dwindled, however, to about 1,800. The place was mentioned by a Spanish Jesuit who published, in 1529, a description of his wanderings in America. About 1535, another Jesuit wrote a minute account of it. This account is true, in nearly every detail to-day. The language resembles the Chinese. So an ardent archæologist, who visited the city a year ago, says.

Some of the minor customs correspond to those of the Chinese. The women are of the true Celestial type—almond eyes, protuberant bodies, little feet, etc. They dress their hair and themselves in Chinese fashion. Their religion is barbarously magnificent. Montezuma is their deity. His coming is looked for at sunrise each day. Immortality is part of their creed. The priests have heavily embroidered robes which have been used for unnumbered years. The ceremonies of worship are formal and pompous.

The morality of this strange people, as far at least as foreigners are concerned, is irreproachable. It is probable that they keep a record of events by means of tying peculiar knots in long cords. This, if true, seems to establish some kinship or remote acquaintanceship between them and the Aztecs. Their government is a conservative republic. Power is vested in a council of thirteen caciques. Six of them are selected for life. Old men are generally chosen, in order that their terms of office may not be inordinately long. The remaining seven are selected from time to time. One of them is the executive. Another is a sort of vice-president. There is a war chief, a chief of police, etc. These seven caciques are usually young men. They serve but a few months. Suffrage is universal.

It is scarcely necessary to supplement these facts with the statement that these dwellers in towns are quite far advanced in civilization. On this point one speaks volumes. Woman is not a beast of burden among them, as she is with all Indian tribes. She is held in high respect. Her tasks are confined to those of house-keeping.

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The written records which we have mentioned show that this isolated community has maintained its traditions unbroken for at least three and a half centuries. Its history, carefully studied, may prove a clew to the problem of the aboriginal Americans. The mound-builders of the North and the city-builders of the South may be represented in the town-dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico.—[Waverly.]

But I leave the description of these remains until more of them can be visited, feeling deeply grateful to this unknown people for having left objects of such great interest in a land that has little else to redeem it.

Having reached the mouth of the Rio Marcos—which here is a most contemptible stream, not large enough to be called a creek, always muddy and content to wander through all its lower course in an almost impassable ditch—we turned our steps to the northward. Following the valley of the Mancos, we found that it had cut its way entirely through the *misi verdi* from northeast to southwest, and that for forty miles it has one of the most marked and remarkable cañons in southern Colorado. The walls are nowhere broken down, and the vertical escarpments that cap the steep slopes are seldom less than fifteen hundred feet above the river. Scattered all along are ruined towers and cliff houses, and heaps of debris, covering acres, and indicating the former existence of extensive towns.

On the 16th we emerged from the cañon into the most beautiful rolling grass land, with the colors of spring and the odors of flowers; beyond this rose the lofty mountains, and the delightful air of the uplands that came down to us was wonderfully refreshing. Near the head of the Mancos, and in this very park, we expected to meet familiar faces and receive news from home, for here our supply camp was to be stationed—at a log cabin built some years ago by a miner. But we found no friendly faces and no provisions. We found no one awaiting us, not even a word to explain the delay. Fortunately we had still a week's provisions, and we turned our backs upon the only house we had seen for a month, and took a deer trail into the mountains. In a week we returned and found all that we had expected and more. Here was Mr. Aldrich in charge of the supplies, and here, also, was Mr. Jackson, our photographer, and bundles of letters and papers from all points of the east and west.

To-morrow we start on a trip into the strange, unknown regions of Southwest Colorado and Arizona.

H.

Mr. E. Conklin, of New York and at present connected with Rev. Sheldon Jackson in the work of collecting Pueblo and Apache Indians for the three schools was in Santa Fe yesterday and will go down to Albuquerque to-day in company with three Pueblo Indians whom he has secured from Pojoaque.



48  
DIED—At Fort Defiance, Arizona, on the morning of April 30th, 1880, Rev. Alexander H. Donaldson, missionary to the Navajoes.

We make the above announcement with great sorrow. Mr. Donaldson belonged to the large and excellent class that left Allegheny Seminary in the spring of 1879, and nearly all of whom offered themselves to our Board for frontier work, embracing all the most exposed and difficult positions in the country. Mr. Donaldson chose a position among the most difficult of all—a position among the Indians of Arizona. As soon as he could complete his preparation, he took his wife and little children and departed for his distant field of labor, at the Navajoe Agency, to inaugurate missionary work among this powerful tribe.

Within the last few weeks we had made arrangements with the government to establish a boarding-school for Indian children at Fort Defiance, and had appointed Mr. Donaldson to superintend and have charge of the same. He had set about the necessary preparation for the work, and though warned by the condition of his health that he could not continue to labor long in that locality, he still said: "If I can only hold on till the new school buildings are put up, and a comfortable home provided for the missionary, then it will not be so hard to give it up; but how can I go and leave them alone?" But God's plans are not our plans. Our brother's work is done.

Now, another man to take his place is an immediate necessity. Where is the man to take up the work, just begun, where our departed brother laid it down?

#### REV. A. H. DONALDSON.

Alexander Hasseltine Donaldson, whose death was mentioned in the BANNER of May 26th, was born at Eldersridge, Indiana Co., Pa., March 12th, 1849. When sixteen years of age he professed his faith in Jesus Christ, and well sustained that profession in after life. He took the regular course of study in Eldersridge Academy, and entered the Junior Class of Washington and Jefferson College in the Summer of 1867 (along with his younger brother, W. B. Donaldson, who, though apparently vigorous then, died two years after graduation), and though losing a whole term by affliction in the family, and part of another by his own sickness, still graduated in 1869.

Deeming himself too delicate in health to endure professional study, he spent between two and three years in Minnesota, partly in rough frontier life and partly in mercantile business. Then at Black Lick, Indiana Co., Pa., he pursued the same business more than three years. Meantime, Feb. 10th, 1873, he had married Miss Dora E. Donaldson, a distant relative, from Dundas, Minnesota. Finding his business severe on his health, in the Spring of the Centennial year he came back to his native place and engaged in farm work. In this his health so improved as to make it seem probable that he could endure professional study. Accordingly, that Fall he entered the Western Theological Seminary. His whole heart was in the project. He seemed to think "a dispensation is committed to me, yea, woe

is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Intensely bent upon his own pursuit, he shunned everything not tributary to it. When at college he had kept utterly aloof from the debasing opposition to the Professors then prevalent; and to a movement which resulted in the withdrawal from the Seminary of a Professor highly learned and very kind and generous to the students, he and a few others made earnest opposition.

When on the frontier of Minnesota he had become somewhat acquainted with the Indians, and learned to sympathize deeply with them, as "a people robbed and spoiled, peeled and scattered." So when, in the middle year of his Seminary course, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., visited the Seminary in quest of missionaries for various posts in the far west and north, and stated that no one could be found willing to go to the Navajo Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, although in President Grant's administration they had been turned over to the Presbyterian Church, he at once felt himself called to that most unattractive field, and wished to enter upon it at the close of his second year. But being urged by friends to complete his course of study, he did so.

With five classmates he was licensed at Ebenezer, by the Presbytery of Kittanning, April 25th, 1878, and July 2d, 1879, he was ordained at Elderton. August 20th he set out for his chosen field of labor. After a detour by way of Minnesota, to visit friends, he, with his devoted wife and three daughters, ranging in age from five and a half down to two years, reached Fort Defiance,



Arizona, Oct. 13th, 1879.

This tedious, toilsome trip was described by himself in a series of eight papers written for the PRESBYTERIAN BANNER, in the plainest, unambitious style, and yet so indicative of resolution, consecration and cheerful endurance, as to be read much more generally and prized more highly than the most labored correspondence. The same spirit of cheerful self-denial and energy which appeared in these papers continued in all the inconveniences of their residence and labors. Most of January and six weeks in March and April were spent by him ninety miles distant from his family, at the Moqui Agency, where he could enjoy a reliable interpreter, and had greater facilities for learning the Navajo language.

On this latter occasion he heard of a panic which had driven away from Fort Defiance all connected with the school, the Dr. and several others, under a rumor that the Indians intended to kill all the whites. Hastening home in two days on horseback, he reached Defiance April 13th, and proposed to send his wife and children to some place of safety, if needful even to Pennsylvania. But she would not at all consent to leave him, preferring, if necessary, that they should all die together. This gratified him greatly, and he felt sure that God would not allow anything to befall them but what would be for the best.

On the 14th of April, when 2000 Indians came in for supplies, and no sufficient force was there for the distribution, weary as he was with riding, he turned in and overtaxed himself in that work. From this time he became weaker and weaker. On the evening of Sabbath, April 25th, he took his bed with a chill, on the next day high fever followed, and on the morning of April 30th his ardent spirit ascended to "God who gave it"; and on the afternoon of May 1st his mortal remains received an humble interment in a rude spot, attended by six men and one woman, with select Scripture reading as the only religious service. As soon as tidings reached her friends of the sad condition in which the widow and orphans were left, her father started for her May 17th, and in just three weeks, with great toil and expense, brought her, much exhausted, with her children, back to Dundas, Minn., where, for the present, she remains.

Who will raise up again and sustain the fallen banner among that much neglected tribe, whom they so loved, and for whom they cheerfully did and suffered and sacrificed so much?

A. D.

## ALEXANDER H. DONALDSON.

BY REV. W. W. MORTON.

Such a consecration, such a missionary spirit, such a martyr death is deserving of more than ordinary notice. The writer waited for some one to speak of our departed brother who was more intimately acquainted with his history. That one has spoken—he who knew him best and is best entitled to speak. Now for one word more as a tribute to his memory.

I first knew him at Canonsburg in 1867. He and his brother entered the Junior Class when I entered the Sophomore. We were not thrown much together, but the one impression I got of the man was of his deep seriousness. Having returned to the Seminary in 1878-9 to take a fourth year, I there met him again during his Senior year and learned to know him well and love him. I was impressed with his deep earnestness. His manner showed it, and the questions he propounded in the class room. Evidently he was preparing himself, not to make a living, but to preach the gospel. I was impressed with the solidity of what I saw of his pulpit work. He preached for us once at Hilands. His theme was historical, and was most ably handled. His style was clear and good. He was evidently, however, not so much a preacher as a teacher. He was more a worker than a popular speaker. His impression for good would be permanent if not brilliant.

But I was most deeply impressed with his consecration to Christ. It was this that caused me to love him. It was humbling to talk with him, so deeply earnest was he in his love for the poor Navajoes, and at the same time so deeply insensible of his own worth. I sat at his feet. His example had much to do in turning the writer's own mind toward a Western field. He said his father wished him to remain here and succeed him in the work to which he had been so long devoted. But no! He loved the Navajoes too much, and felt it to be his commission to tell them of Jesus. His only regret was that his family should be deprived of the advantages of Christian society, but even this he was willing to endure for Christ.

He went to his field. We all know under what difficulties, from the letters he wrote. He undertook his work, and all seemed bright and promising. The Government had taken steps to endow the school and he was to superintend it. But how brief his work! The circumstances of his death were detailed to us in the BANNER of June 23d. Well may it be asked: Who will take up the work where he laid it down? Who will raise again the standard of the cross among the Navajoes?



Evidently, what is needed in the ministry is a deeper consecration. A lady worker in one of our churches recently remarked to the writer that the cause of the apparent surplus of ministers in this region lies in the fact that too many of them are wanting easy places. Is there not too much truth in this? If Paul had done as many now are doing, he would have found a pleasant spot near Damascus where he could have worked with little or no opposition, and there settled and enjoyed a good salary and the comforts of life. But in such ease Asia Minor and Macedonia and Achaia would not have had the gospel at his hands, nor the world his Epistles and the stirring mission narratives of the Acts. What we need is a deeper consecration—a willingness to suffer if needs be for Christ's sake. This is the only remedy for vacant churches and an unemployed ministry. What we need is some such a spirit as that of the brother just departed—a burning love for Christ and perishing souls, and our reward will be like his, for Alexander H. Donaldson wears the martyr's crown.

#### COLORADO'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

That Colorado has an ancient history we are all persuaded by the analagous teaching of the history of other portions of the earth as well as by the imperfect lessons of the rocks, pre-adamic as well as post-Adamic. The geologists have told us much concerning the former history; of the waves that flowed over this portion of the earth, how the mountains came forth out of the receding waves, of the animals that sported in the waters and whose bodies finally helped to build up the dry land. The story is long and interesting that geology tells us about those times. The ages passed on, the oceans were given their boundaries; and who were the human beings first to dwell in the valleys and climb the mountains of this the oldest land of the continent no one can tell. The early post-Adamic history is lost to us. But of the earliest knowledge we have of man's possession of Colorado and the Rocky Mountain country Mr. N. W. Nevin, of the *Philadelphia Press*, has recently written in an article for the *Philadelphia Commercial*. It appears that about A. D. 500 the country now known as Colorado was a territorial appanage of Mexico, then peopled by the Doltecs, a race the very tradition of whose presence has almost passed away, but probably the most cultured and highly civilized that ever held sway west of the Rocky Mountains. Their architecture, the only record left, bespeaks Asiatic origin. In the thirteenth or fourteenth century appeared the Aztecs.

History is in some confusion as to where they came from or what was the crisis of their coming, but come they did, very much as the northern hosts swept down on the old Roman empire. This was the second great race which dwelt in Colorado. Their rule was not long, and their exit was dramatic. It is legend that the fertile valley of the Arkansas, green and fragrant to-day after centuries of desolation, was once a land of happy homes, where in comfort and opulence and contentment lived a prosperous tribe of loyal Aztecs. Cortez came, the Montezuma called, their religion and their government was in peril, and leaving home and ease and country, these lieges of a sovereign whose throne was almost an altar, went down southward to the City of Mexico to fight for their traditions and flag and faith—fought and lost and came back no more. For long years subsequent to this sad exodus it is probable that the country was abandoned, and then came the Spaniard. Tradition has it that in 1540 an expeditionary army of 300 Spaniards and 800 Indians, under a commission from Mudora, viceroy of the Spanish crown in New Spain (as Mexico was then called), forced their way into southern Colorado, entering by the San Luis Park, and penetrated as far north as the 40th parallel—the line of Denver and Philadelphia. This expedition, it is known, came from Sinalva, but no written record of it has ever been discovered. These few sentences give the outline of the article, which is written in a most entertaining manner. Pike's and Long's expeditions are then named, and the concluding paragraphs of the article are as follows:

"The irrigation statutes of the territory of Colorado were borrowed from the adjoining territory of New Mexico. New Mexico received them from the old empire of Mexico. Mexico, as a Spanish province, got them from the mother country, Spain, where they had long been digested and matured by the Moorish lawgivers, and the Moors by the southern borders of the Mediterranean, and long centuries before brought them from Egypt. So it comes that the frontier Colorado lawyer of to-day goes back to the time of Moses, not for principles, but for detail regulations.

"What are the poor legends of the Atlantic shores, the old Swedes, crumbling church, Charles Reade's quaint idyl of Ridley creek, the Northmen's druidic mill, to all this? How painfully new the legendary lore of our east when compared with the authentic history of the new west? Had we better not shut up our blundering books, and send our children to school to Colorado?"



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3 right to force the opium drug upon China than she  
3 would have to force into the homes of China old rags in-  
- fected with small-pox or yellow fever. And precisely  
4 this is the supreme significance of the new American-  
3 Chinese Treaty: its implied joint protest—on China's  
3 part almost infinitely pathetic—before the world, against  
3 England's crime against China, the most *wicked* outrage  
5 of one powerful nation upon another ever committed  
1 since the world began! If Premier Gladstone shall not  
hasten to wash off his own hands the stain of guilt for  
complicity for the perpetuation of that crime, there will  
not be rain enough in the sweet heavens to do it.

The first annual banquet of the Chicago Press Club was held last Saturday evening. It was an occasion of interest and considerable significance. It was largely attended. The supper was served without liquors, only a very few private orders for wine being given. The speeches were fair, not brilliant. The veteran journalist, Mr. Medill, of the *Tribune*, made the leading speech and praised the unique and world-acknowledged "enterprise" of the Chicago Press. Of the corresponding moral responsibility in the wielding of such a power, he said nothing. In fact, no one at the banquet appears to have spoken on that point. Still, this coming together in this way, of the representatives of the various, and often antagonistic, journalistic forces of the city cannot but do good. For one thing, a higher sense of professional journalistic honor and *conscience*, must grow into a larger controlling power. When this is the case, a certain class of advertisements, "personals" and others, too vile to be named, will disappear.

—The Sons of Vermont in Chicago, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, held another of their grand annual gatherings last week Tuesday at the Palmer House. Addresses were made by the retiring President, Prof. G. N. Boardman, the new President, Mr. Pierson, Hon. E. J. Phelps, of Burlington, Vt., son of late Senator Phelps, whom Webster used to call the ablest lawyer in the Senate, Rev. Dr. T. M. Post, and others. The population of Chicago is considerably larger than that of Vermont, and naturally many of the Green Mountain Boys came hither. The boys revere the Mother; on the whole, she may well take pride in them. They come easily to the front in all the professions and the leading forms of enterprise.

## TERRA INCOGNITA.

BY REV. T. C. HUNT.

There lies in the southwestern part of the United States a Territory which, from the abundance of nature and the lack of grace, has hitherto been little known.

Nature does not seem to be diminishing nor grace materially increasing, yet it seems probable that this Territory will soon be brought prominently to the notice of capitalists. It is about 325 miles square and is estimated to contain 72,906,240 acres. This part of our public domain, with New Mexico and a considerable part of Colorado, Utah and Nevada, we acquired from Mexico; that north of the Gila river in 1848, and that south of the Sonora line in 1853. In 1540 the Spaniards made a feeble attempt to explore the region, but practically nothing was done until it fell into the hands of the United States.

Exploration had only fairly begun when the Rebellion interfered with further prosecution of the enterprise and the savage again held almost undisputed sway. Scouting parties from the rebel army occasionally entered the Territory previous to 1868; at that date federal troops took possession and a Territorial Government was established. Previous to this it had been a part of New Mexico. At this time enough was known of this section of country to lead many to think it very rich in mineral resources, but the terrible Yuma Desert in the west, and the wide stretch of arid mesa on the east, rendered immigration difficult and transportation of necessary machinery next to impossible. So much for nature.

As to the lack of grace, I anticipate it was a drawn battle between the almost omnipresent Apaches and the entirely *uncivilized* white man. At any rate there seemed to be no bounds to the cruelty perpetrated on either side. It is not a year since the Territory has suffered from Indian hostility. While terror can never again reign as it has in the past, yet Indian troubles are a possibility at any time, since we have an Indian population of 25,000 against a white population of less than 40,000, including Mexicans. The Indians are now chiefly confined to reservations which in the aggregate amount to about 7,168 square miles.

The Yuma Desert is crossed by the Southern Pacific Railroad which in a few days will connect with the A. F. & S. F. railroad. The latter road, under the name of the Atlantic & Pacific, is also pushing west from Albuquerque and will cross the Territory about 35 degrees north latitude. It will run about sixty miles north of Prescott, the capital, and then build a branch to that place, connecting with the Arizona Central, which connects



## A Correspondent Identifies the Moquis Indians with the Cliff Dwellers.

### A Visit to the Modern Village of Civilized Red Men.

#### Interesting Ceremonies Described.

An Arizona correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* has recently built up a pretty theory in regard to the original builders of the Cliff Houses in Southwestern Colorado and seems to think that he has beyond doubt discovered the original dwellers in the houses. He presents a plausible theory and tells a pretty story which it would be a pity to spoil. Following is his production:

All through this northern section are found evidences of the existence of a prehistoric race. The cañons of the extreme north are lined with ancient cliff-houses, while the plateaus farther south and west are covered with the ruins of what once were populous cities. From the similarity of structure in the fragments of pottery found in great abundance around both cliff-houses and ruins, it is fair to judge that the inhabitants of each were of the same race, or were at least coexistent. These relics of ancient times, interesting as the sole remnant of a people whose fate and history must forever remain clouded in mystery, and supposed long since to have become extinct, have given rise to much romantic but unfounded conjecture. The imagination loves to picture these unknown wilds as once peopled with a strange race, coming no one knows whence, dwelling in towered and pillared cities, endowed with many of the arts of present civilization, and possessing others forever lost, and finally passing away as mysteriously as they came. A pretty fabric can be reared upon the slight foundation of a fragment of glazed pottery, or the ruins of a stone building; but it tumbles into the dust when it is known that the race of builders is not extinct, nor the art of making such pottery lost. A feeble remnant of this people, numbering but a few hundred souls, are found in the Moquis Indians, inhabiting seven villages situated about 100 miles southwest of the Navajo Reservation. They are in two clusters, four occupying one plateau and three another, the latter of which we visited. For days we had traveled over the hot, dry valleys and cañons, finding no water except the dirty, stagnant pools left by the rains of a few weeks before. Even these had begun to fail us, and the only alternative seemingly left us was to strike across a desert of seventy-five miles to the Little Colorado,—a task to which neither man nor beast was equal,—when the Moquis villages at the top of a precipitous cliff, and sharply outlined against the brazen sky, with green fields and terraced gardens lying below, burst upon our vision like a revelation of Heaven. The Tusayon villages, so called to distinguish them from the Oraiba villages, lying a few miles farther west, occupy a narrow tongue of high mesa, or plateau, which projects far out into the plain, and are accessible only by a narrow trail which runs up the almost perpendicular cliffs. At the base of these a number of springs issue, affording a supply of water sufficient for the wants of the villagers and their flocks, but very little to spare for irrigation. In the rocky clefts near the springs peach trees were planted with various kinds of vegetables,

which nourished by a scant supply of moisture flourished and produced abundantly. In the rich soil of the valley below lay their fields, where a hardy species of corn matured without irrigation, the occasional rains furnishing the only moisture. As we wound along the rocky path to gain the villages, it was a strange sight to see the natives gazing at us from the precipices high above, and we were thankful that they were peaceably disposed; for a few of the immense stones placed along the edge of the cliff, to be used as a defense in case of need, and which a child could start upon their work of destruction, would, if rolled down upon us, have swept us to inevitable death. The situation, if held by a handful of men equipped with modern implements of warfare, would be absolutely impregnable, for the cliffs are hundreds of feet in height, and along the narrow path, to reach the top, but one can pass at a time. But these simple "dwellers on the rock" have no thought of evil, and are proud and happy to welcome visitors to their strange abodes.

In appearance they have but little resemblance to any other tribe. Rather below the medium stature, they have intelligent countenances and finer features than are usually seen among Indians, their eyes especially

being remarkably large, mild and expressive. Their hair is worn long and loose, cut straight across the forehead. Their apparel is fashioned of the calico bought at the store at their agency, shaped into shirts and trousers for the men, and by no means unbecoming gowns for the women. This garb is added to in colder weather by knit socks and leggings, in the manufacture of which men and women, young and old, are equally expert, and upon which they spend their leisure moments, for they are an industrious people, and labor faithfully in the care of their crops and herds.

But the most interesting feature connected with this singular people is their habitations. One would scarcely expect to find in this remote region a race with no written history and few traditions to cast any light upon their past, and yet dwelling in stone buildings five, six, and even seven stories in height. But such is the case, and curious structures they are. The material used is blocks of the sandstone which abounds, cemented with mud, and with no attempt at display or ornamentation. The stone is not cut, but can easily be broken into a shape suitable for their rude masonry. The lower story is enclosed by a thick, heavy wall, and is not occupied as a residence, but intended as a granary in times of peace, and as a secure refuge for their flocks in case of attack by an enemy. The roof of this forms the floor and dooryard of the next story, of somewhat similar dimensions, and reached by ladders placed against the outer wall, which can be drawn up if so desired. This system is carried out till the pile reaches several stories in height, each terrace connecting with the one above and below by movable ladders. There is but little regularity in their architecture, as each entire village is supported by a continuous lower wall, and the structures above being added as their necessities demand. The inner walls of the houses, or rooms, are plastered and white-washed, and the floors kept reasonably clean, which, with the neat cotton garments of these dwellers on the rock, draws a broad line of demarcation between them and the Indians.

They appeared to be delighted with our visit, and showed great hospitality. Many of them donned their newest and brightest garments in honor of the event, and invited us into their homes, where refreshments were offered in the shape of a roll, or ball, of thin, flaxy bread, made of their blue-grained corn,—in shape, color, and texture, resembling a last year's hornet's nest. Courtesy rather than desire lead us to partake; but a mouthful apiece sufficed for most of us. But what attracted our attention most, as supplying a "missing link," was the earthen vessels, or ollas, which they used to bring water from the springs below. They were identical in material and glazing with the fragments found around the old mines previously visited. All these are made by the Moquis Indians, and, with the apparent similarity



of the buildings, seemed to demonstrate conclusively that they are a relic of the lost tribes. The country was undoubtedly in former times much more densely populated than at present, but that their costumes and modes of living are generally the same there is no doubt. Their seven villages are probably the "seven cities of Cibola" that the Spanish leader, Coronado, attempted to reach in 1565 with an expedition from Mexico.

By reason of our ignorance of their language we were unable to learn much of their traditions and religion, further than they are fire-worshippers; and we were told at their agency that in some secret chamber in their village a sacred fire is kept burning. In disposition they are remarkably gentle,—a rash word spoken to adult or child causing tears to flow. Of their marriage relation we learned little more than that the ties of consanguinity are not a bar to wedlock, and brother and sister not infrequently occupy the closest relations of husband and wife. It was with considerable regret that we parted with these "gentle savages" without obtaining fuller knowledge of their customs and traditions.

At the Missionary Conference at 7 p. m., the difficulties encountered at home and abroad were brought forward for consideration. The evening lecture by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of Colorado, was very instructive and impressively delivered. His subject, "Aztecs and Indians," was, in many of its aspects, new to most of his audience; and as he spoke from actual observation, his literal description of the remnants of the ancient Aztec nation was full of interest. American antiquities ought long since to have occupied a large place in our literature, but it has been a neglected subject. Who were the Aztecs; and whence came they? Who were the Toltecs and what was their relation to the Aztecs? Who built the truncated pyramids of Central America? Who were the mound-builders of Ohio and the West? Who opened ages ago, and for generations worked the copper mines of Lake Superior? Did the empire of Montezuma embrace this continent east of the Allegheny mountains? And what of the Peruvians Pizarro butchered? Who were they, and what of the civilized people who held sway on the same soil before them? Had half the effort been made to find the true answers to these questions which have been put forth to find the North Pole American Antiquities would to-day be a rich field of literature. Mr. Jackson's observations confirm the general impression that what we call, improperly, the Pueblo Indians are remnants of the Ancient Aztec nation. Surprise was expressed that these Catholic fire worshippers had been so long neglected by the protestant church. No one can without loss fail to hear Mr. Jackson speak of his operations in the west.

## The Prehistoric Civilization of America.

The mysterious solitudes of the great West, those trackless wastes of desert and mountain, of deep wooded valley and rolling prairie which are embraced within the Territories bordering on the Mexican frontier, says the *New York Herald*, are slowly yielding up their secrets to the scientific explorer. Strange as it may seem, there are many hundreds of thousands of square miles of our national domain which are as yet a *terra incognita*, so far as our knowledge of their physical geography is concerned, and it is to special explorations, such as those of the Hayden survey, that we are indebted for any information we possess of the topographical details, geological structures, flora and fauna and ethnology of these wild regions. Regarding their early occupation by man we are compelled to base our speculations on such positive evidences as are furnished by the work of human hands. Time and the operation of natural causes efface all traces of human existence except those which can resist decay or withstand the action of the elements. Even such indestructible objects may be buried beneath the shifting desert sands, as in Egypt and Syria, or overwhelmed by volcanic eruptions, as at Pompeii and Herculaneum, or lost in the depths of dense forests which have grown from the seedlings scattered by the winds among the ruins of prehistoric cities, as in New Mexico and Brazil. The evidences being present that a civilization once existed in the midst of this continent, the skill of the archaeologist can alone determine its antiquity by comparison and inference. A condition of civilization may be reasonably inferred when we find order, symmetry and ornament combined in the structure and arrangement of ancient remains. The first two characteristics indicate design and intelligence governed by customs which have grown into laws for general guidance, while ornamentation indicates taste, a certain degree of luxury and popular education, which created general appreciation of the beautiful in form and color. To these may be added the significance traceable in all works that have emanated from peoples who lived in communities and adopted material forms in the expression of their religious sentiments. All these conditions of evidence are found in the remains on which we base our theory of the existence of a prehistoric civilization in America. In order to form an estimate of the antiquity of this civilization we are again, in the absence of historical record, forced to speculate on its source, duration and relative progress with regard to that of known peoples. The degree of civilization attained by the early inhabitants of Egypt and India can be readily understood as shared by peoples maintaining an intimate intercourse with them, and as likely to differ, or rather to follow another course, when the means of intercommunication ceased. If architectural remains furnish any clew to this period we may call attention to a similarity between the earliest works of



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Egypt and those of the prehistoric peoples of America. The same crude massiveness of construction is common to both, evidencing the dawning knowledge of the principles of the mechanical sciences among peoples possessed of extraordinary powers of perception. If we succeed in establishing the early connection between the inhabitants of Europe and America, and trace their origin to a common source, the task of tracing the progress of the prehistoric civilization of the latter race loses much of its difficulty. We can compare its fate with that of one of a higher order of development in Europe, and attribute its ultimate destruction to similar causes.

#### Arizona Illustrations at Philadelphia.

Prof. F. V. Hayden, who for years past has been geologically exploring in Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, has a very extensive exhibit in the government building at the Centennial. A correspondent of a Colorado paper says:

The result of the explorations in the years '74 and '75 are here shown, by means of photographs, models, charts, maps, drawings and various publications. There are two models or plaster casts, by Mr. W. H. Jackson, photographer of the survey, each measuring about three feet by two and a half, representing a portion of an ancient cave ruin in the Rio de Chelly, Arizona. The entire village, as discovered by the party, was 550 feet in length, consisting of 76 rooms on the ground floor, and in places rising to three stories in height. One of the casts is a faithful copy in miniature of the southern end of the town, representing probably one-third of the whole settlement. The houses are built of blocks of stone, and the walls in places being two feet thick and the whole situated under a recess of the sloping rocks fifty feet above the dry wash of the Rio de Chile. The second cast is the same, restored to its probable original form, and the little men and women are to be seen at their daily work, grinding corn, carrying water, etc. This has been reconstructed after the manner of the houses now occupied by the Pueblo and Moqui tribes in New Mexico and Arizona. There are also two other very interesting models of isolated, ruined structures, the one representing a cliff-house discovered in the canyon of the Mancos in the extreme southwest corner of Colorado. The structure is situated 800 feet above the valley in the perpendicular bluff. Maps showing the topographical features of the explored west are exhibited in upright screens, the largest of which is seventeen feet in length. The west end of the government building has been constructed for the insertion of one hundred transparencies or photographs on glass, and these are of much interest, being some of the largest views of this kind to be seen. They are principally pictures of the ancient ruins of Arizona, Utah and Colorado, Yellowstone views and mountain scenery generally

## CRUMBLLED CITIES!

### "AZTEC" RUINS.

GRAPHIC LETTER FROM PROF. JACKSON.

CAMP OF THE PHOTO. DIV.)

U. S. GEOL. SURVEY,

BAKER'S PARK, COL., Sept. 14, 1875.)

EDITOR LA PLATA MINER:—Upon the 16th of July last, our little party composed of five persons passed through this park bound upon an exploration of the old, so called, Aztec ruins, in southwestern Colorado, extending also into Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. The year before we had made a hasty trip to the Rio Mancos and the country about Ute mountain, being piloted through that interesting region by Capt. John Moss of La Plata county. The extremely interesting remains discovered upon that trip, decided us to continue our investigations farther to the south and west, and ascertain their distribution and extent.

The lower portions of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona are filled with architectural remains, that have been reported upon and described for the last twenty years; but those lying about the Rio San Juan and its various tributaries have been known only to the adventurous prospector and Indian trader, to whom of course they are an old story.

That the canyons, valleys and mesas, lying about the Mancos, La Plata, Animas, etc., were once peopled by a race, who have left such curious and unique habitations as now exist, is, to your readers, a well-known fact. So passing them over, the second day of August found us meandering down the hot, dry wash of the McElmo, to its junction with the San Juan. For thirty miles we followed the bed of that stream without finding a single drop of water, and under a sun of most intense power—the thermometer, when exposed to it, running up to 150 deg. The climate cannot have changed materially, yet, for a distance of 50 miles from its mouth, this stream and its main tributary, the Hornweep, has been filled with a continuous line of towns, cliff and cave houses, and towers upon each commanding point, accommodating a very considerable population. What could have induced these people to remain and build, as they did, in such a desert country, when the broad, fertile valleys of the San Juan were so near by, is an interesting problem.

The valley of the San Juan, where we struck it, is from one to three miles broad. The stream lined with dense groves of thrifty cottonwood and willows, and broad meadows of luxuriant grass, and then low sage covered benches extend back to the sandstone bluffs, which rise up to an average height of 500 feet. As we go down to the mouth of the Rio De Chelly, the walls gradually close in upon the river until it is lost in the great canyon which heads just below the mouth of that stream. Upon the sage-brush flats just spoken of are remains of large houses and towns, so old in the greater majority of cases, as to be hardly distinguishable, yet readily recog-



nized as such, by deep depressions, rocky debris and abundant broken pottery. One, quite well preserved, so that its ground plan could be readily followed out, showed a building 160 by 120 feet square, with an open court facing the river. Back of the court, was a semi-circular series of small rooms, each about 5 by 7 feet, arranged around a single half circular apartment. From the amount of stone lying about the base of the walls, it must have been 25 feet in height and of two or three stories. Cave and cliff houses lined the crevices and great caves in the bluffs. I will describe one important one. A bluff 300 feet in height, and equally divided into two layers of different hardness, the upper a fine white homogeneous sandstone, and the lower a dull red and easily eroded kind, the wearing away of which has made a perfectly hemi-spherical cave, equally divided between the two kinds of rock, the white forming the roof or upper part, and the red, the lower part. It is 200 feet from top to bottom, 250 feet across its mouth, and 125 feet deep at its centre. Midway between top and bottom, and at the junction of the strata, are two benches, the upper about 6 feet high and 8 to 10 broad, and the lower merely a walk or promenade at the top of the sloping debris which forms the lower half of the cave. Upon this upper bench is built a town, or series of houses, in the aggregate, some 225 feet in height, and divided into 16 different apartments or dwellings. A little to the left of the centre is the most important building, being 10 by 45 feet square, divided into three rooms, and two stories in height. To its right is a long row divided into 11 different apartments of one story each, and to its left a space of 12 feet and then a building 16 feet in height. In the space referred to, are four holes drilled into the rock, about three inches in diameter and twelve inches deep, serving probably as post holes for a loom. In the fire-places of the apartments are the ashes and cleaned wood still remaining. Although so burnt out as to have consumed every perishable article we found considerable pottery and stone implements. In the plaster of the walls were imbedded corn-cobs and pieces of pottery, and in many places it still retained the impressions of the hands of the builders, even the delicate skin markings of the thumb and fingers being observable.

At the mouth of the De Chelly, and both upon it and the San Juan are many ruins of each of the different classes here mentioned, not differing essentially from the others. For about 35 miles above its mouth the Du Chelly is so canyoned as to render it impassible for animals. Many large and important ruins exist throughout it, but are only easily reached by traveling over the high, bare, rocky plateaus which border the canyon, until a suitable break occurs by which to enter it. Ten miles above occurs a cave ruin nearly 600 feet in height, in some places three stories in height, and showing a ground plan of 75 rooms, or more, as many were indistinguishable. In one place under the debris were found seven whole pots, of large size, of thin, pecu-

liar manufacture. Smaller pieces were found, of their very best workmanship. A score or more of finely chipped arrow points were picked up, and also many of their tools.

Passing over the famous diamond-fields of 1872, where we stopped only long enough to gather up a handful of garnets, we reached in two more days the head of the valley of the Rio De Chelly, and arrived at the foot of the famous canyon, camping just below the great Navajoe corn-fields. The country became so dry, feed so poor, and each drive necessarily so long, that the bulk of the outfit was sent back 50 miles down the De Chelly, while Mr. Barber, Harry Lee, one guide and myself, with two pack-animals lightly loaded, continued our trip to the Moquis Pueblos, distant about 75 miles from this point. They have been so often described that I will say nothing of their peculiar civilizations and curious manner of building and living. Our visit to them was to try and discover what link, if any, connected them with the ancient builders of the northern country. Two days were spent among them in photographing their houses and cities and in observing closely all that could bear upon the subject. Our return to the San Juan was effected in double quick order, for we were anxious to get out of a country that fairly melted us with its intense heat.

Striking due north, we reached in three days the Blue Mountains or the Sierra Abajo, as they are known upon the maps. In the canyons we traversed we found the same abundant distribution of the old town builders, and in the side canyons running west toward the Colorado, were any quantity of cave dwellings and towers. About the Blue mountains there were none discovered, but in all the canyons, heading from there, ruins were abundant. In the main branch of the Montezuma canyon especially, were buildings and towns of great extent. For a distance of 30 miles were ruins of some kind within every quarter mile. In one building were massive stones, seven feet in length and twenty inches square. In all other buildings the stones were of such size that one man could handle them. In every canyon, and upon the mesa tops also, between the Blue and the Ute mountains were remains of their peculiar buildings. An examination into the country between the Blue and the La Salle mountains showed no traces of their occupation. It was confined entirely to the waters of the San Juan, with the exception of a few ruins about the bend of the Dolores.

The round trip, just a little short of 1,000 miles, has been made in less than two months. About 80 negatives were made, showing up fully all important points in our discoveries.



## HE PRE-HISTORIC AMERICAN.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR.

If anybody will take the trouble to read a digest of the original accounts which the *Conquistadores*—Cortes, Pizarro, Alvarado, and others—gave of the peoples they found in Mexico, the Isthmus, and South America, he will find little difficulty in sharing the conviction expressed by a profound thinker that the Spaniards discovered and overcame a race more civilized than themselves. The Tlascalans, whose state lay between Vera Cruz and Mexico, had advanced to that condition of comparative intelligence and self-control when republican government becomes possible. They had their president and senate, and, as Cortes himself declared, their government was similar to that of Genoa, Venice, or Pisa (Helps's "*Conquistadores*," ii, 289). Their capital city was built of stone and surrounded by a wall six miles long, twenty feet broad, and nine feet high (Ibid, 293). It was stronger and more populous than Granada at the time of the Moorish conquest and the state numbered 500,000 heads of families, or say 2,500,000 souls (296). In one of these valleys there was a continuous line of houses for four successive leagues, or over sixteen miles (293). Of Cholulu, a state a few miles south of Tlascala, Cortes said: "There is not a hand's breadth of ground which is not cultivated," and from the tower of a church in their capital city he counted three or four hundred other churches (300).

Of the City of Mexico Mr. Helps, whom nobody will accuse of enthusiasm, says: "The especial attributes of the most beautiful cities in the world were here conjoined, and that which was the sole boast of many a world-renowned name formed but one of the charms of this enchantress among cities. . . . Like Granada, encircled but not frowned upon by mountains; fondled and adorned by water, like Venice; as grand in its old buildings as Babylon of old; and rich with gardens, like Damascus, the City of Mexico was at that time the fairest in the world and has never since been equaled.

There were sixty thousand houses in the city, chiefly of stone, and sixty thousand more in the suburbs (319). The City of New York, in 1870, contained but 64,000 houses. At the lowest calculation, Mexico contained 300,000 inhabitants, and she might have contained 2,000,000. In her markets were sold "every kind of eatable, every form of dress, medicines, perfumes, unguents, furniture, fruit, wrought gold and silver, lead, tin, brass, copper, earthen-

ware, salt, wood, tobacco, razors (of obsidian), dressed and undressed skins, cotton of all colors in skeins, painters' colors, building materials, and manure, wine, honey, wax, charcoal, and little dogs."

They had curtains, coverlets, and robes of cotton, fine as silk ("App. Ency.," art. Cotton); they made paper of it, and understood the art of writing. In their great city were practiced all the ways of civilized life. There were public refreshment saloons, public porters, inspectors of weights and measures, etc. (Helps, 330.) They lacked but one thing to enable them to resist the Spanish invasion—the art of making iron. Their only weapons were "lances, darts, bows and arrows, slings and stones," and a wooden club studded with flints fastened on with gum-lack (286). So, although they numbered many millions, they fell beneath the murderous hands of 450 Spaniards armed with Toledo blades and iron arquebuses. The masses who remained after the massacres of the early Spanish commanders were quickly reduced by those quieter means which the Spanish ecclesiastics had learned so well to apply in the Old World. They were forbidden to cultivate this, that, and the other, and gradually perished from starvation, or became lost in the surrounding tribes of wild Indians.

But, as we are a modern people compared with those races who left their marks three thousand years ago upon the Pyramid of Cheops, so were the Mexicans, Aztecs, and contemporaneous races modern peoples compared with those who reared the cyclopean monuments of Cholulu, Teotihuacan, Mitla, Palenque, Copan, and Titicaca, or those perhaps still more ancient myriads who traced in gigantic outlines and with geometrical precision the mysterious fortress-mounds of the Mississippi valley. Says Squier, in an able article on "American Antiquities:" "It is impossible that a population for whose protection such extensive military works were necessary and which was able to defend them should not have been eminently

agricultural; and such monuments as the mounds at Grave Creek and Cahokia indicate not only a dense agricultural population, but a state of society essentially different from that of the modern race of Indians north of the Tropics. There is not and there was not at the period of the discovery a single tribe of Indians north of the semi-civilized nations of Mexico and Central America which had the means of subsistence to enable them to supply for such purposes the unproductive labor necessary for the work; nor were they in such a social state as to compel the labor of the people to be thus applied."

Brewster and other writers endorse this conclusion of Squiers. There is other testimony to the point inside the mound fortifications. The copper mines in Michigan are found to have been worked in ancient days to an extent that only the hypothesis of a numerous and well-ordered population will account



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for. So, too, of the irrigation works mentioned elsewhere in this paper.

From a variety of testimony, Squier deduces "an age for most of the monuments of the Mississippi Valley of not less than 2,000 years. By whom built, and whether the authors migrated to remote lands, under the combined attractions of a more fertile soil and more genial climate, or whether they disappeared beneath the victorious arms of an alien race or were swept out of existence by some direful epidemic or universal famine, are questions probably beyond the power of human investigations to answer. History is silent concerning them and their very name is lost to tradition itself."

Before bringing to bear upon the obscurity which envelopes the fate of the pre-historic Americans, a light, which, by the way, is unaffectedly conceded—was scarcely lit in the days when he wrote, and so could not be used by him with effect, it is necessary to show that these ancient people were necessarily and to a great extent agriculturists.

"Neither the forests nor plains have ever supported or can ever support a numerous population," says Marsh, in "Man and Nature." In a region absolutely covered with trees human life could not long be sustained, for want of animal and vegetable food. The depths of the forest seldom furnish either bulb or fruit to the nourishment of man; and the fowls and beasts on which he feeds are scarcely seen except upon the margin of the wood, for here only grow the shrubs and grasses and here only are found the seeds and insects which form the sustenance of the non-carniverous birds and quadrupeds. The history of savage life, so far as it is known to us, presents man in that condition as inhabiting only the borders of the forest and the open grounds that skirt the waters and the woods, and as finding there the aliments which make up his daily bread. The villages of the North American Indians were upon the shores of rivers and lakes, and their weapons and other relics are found only in the narrow open grounds which they had burned over and cultivated or in the margin of the woods around their hamlets. Except upon the banks of rivers or of lakes, the woods of the interior of North America, far from the habitations of man, are almost destitute of animal life.

In Dr. Newberry's report on botany in the Pacific Railroad Report he describes the vast pine forests of the West, and says: "In the arid and desert regions of the interior basin we made whole days' marches in forests of yellow pine, of which neither the monotony was broken by other forms of vegetation nor its stillness by the flutter of a bird or the hum of an insect." Cheadle and Milton's "Northwest Passage" confirms these statements. Valvasor says: "In my many journeys through this valley I did never have sight of so much as a single bird."

Marsh, who quotes these authorities, continues as follows: "The wild fruit and nut trees, the Canada plum, the cherries, the many species of walnut,

the butternut, the hazel yield very little, frequently nothing, so long as they grow in the woods; and it is only when the trees around them are cut down or when they grow in pastures that they become productive. The berries too—the strawberry, the blackberry, the raspberry, the whortleberry—scarcely bear fruit at all except in cleared ground. The rank forests of the Tropics are as unproductive of human aliment as the less luxuriant woods of the Temperate Zone. In Strain's unfortunate expedition across the great American isthmus, where the journey lay principally through thick woods, several of the party died of starvation and for many days the survivors were forced to subsist on the scantiest supplies of innutritious vegetables, perhaps never before employed for food by man."

Since neither the forests nor plains can support a numerous population, it follows that the mysterious races who tenanted the Continent in the olden days, the marks of whose civilization are to be found scattered all over the Valley of the Mississippi, from the Ohio to the Gulf, and all over Mexico, from Santa Fé to the Isthmus, must have tilled the earth; and not as the savage tribes of Northeastern America and of later epochs tilled it, merely to eke out a nourishment that depended mainly on fishing and the chase, but as the *Conquistadores* found it tilled in Mexico. Indian corn or maize was, beyond doubt, cultivated all over North and South America, and has been found in Peruvian and Arizonian tombs and rock caves of prehistoric origin.—*Independent*.

## HUMAN ANTIQUITIES.

**Scientists Rooting up Curious Relics—Colorado Villages Which Were Built Before the '59ers Came—The Philadelphians Open their Eyes in Amazement.**

Mr. E. Ingersol, naturalist to the Hayden Survey, and who was attached to the photographic division of that expedition, furnishes an interesting description of some curious human antiquities examined and photographed by his party.

These antiquities were found on the Rio Mancos, in its deepest cañons, and high up on their vertical sides. The members of the party called them "swallow houses." They are human dwellings, which were constructed by a now extinct race of people. Among these ruins were found large quantities of pottery, beautifully ornamented, stone axes, hammers, spikes, and a great variety of cooking utensils. The structure of all these implements are of a character that denotes a knowledge of the mechanics and fine arts. The indelible markings on their pottery ware are equal to any produced by the ancients. The symmetry, glassy smoothness, finish, and mathematical precision with which their stone weapons of warfare and agricultural implements are edged and pointed, are surpassingly fine.



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Mr. Jackson made many photographic views of these villages, with which to illustrate them in connection with an elaborate written description, which is to appear shortly in one of the miscellaneous publications of the survey.

Prof. Hayden and Mr. Jackson went east some time since. Prof. Hayden remained in Philadelphia to attend a meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences. While there he received proof sheets of some of these antiquities, which were exhibited at the meeting; and they attracted so much attention and interest that the professor was induced to stay longer and display them at the private residences of many of the members of the academy, and others interested in the subject.

Colorado has proved a rich depository of a great variety of curious and wonderful things; such as the bones and, in some instances, almost complete skeletons, of the giant mastadon, hippopotamns, rhinoceros, hyenas, bears, wolves, horses and hundreds of similar animals, all of species now extinct, and they have received a large share of notice and investigation. But it is only quite recently that animal life more nearly related to ourselves has been dragged from the earth. There is no subject that appeals more deeply to the inquiry of an individual than that which denotes an extinct race of his own kind. We trust that with the discovery and explorations of the abandoned villages on the Rio Mancos, there may be found sufficient evidences of their origin, manners, customs, religion, and downfall of their inhabitants.

#### Colorado's Antiquities.

A letter descriptive of the Hayden expedition's explorations in southwestern Colorado tells the following:

Aside from the interest attaching to the ruins themselves, there are thrown about this rock and its surroundings, the romance and charm of legendary association. The story runs thus, as given us by our guide: Formerly the aborigines inhabited all this country we had been over as far north as the Rio Dolores, west some distance into Utah, and south and southwest throughout Arizona and on down into Mexico.

They had lived there from time immemorial—since the earth was a small island, which augmented as its inhabitants multiplied. They cultivated the valley, fashioned whatever utensils and tools they needed very neatly and handsomely out of clay and wood and stone, not knowing any of the useful metals; built their homes and kept their flocks and herds in the fertile river bottoms, and worshiped the sun. They were an eminently peaceful and prosperous people, living by agriculture rather than by the chase.

About a thousand years ago, however, they were visited by savage strangers from the north, whom they treated hospitably. Soon these visits became more frequent and annoying. Then their troublesome neighbors—ancestors of the present Utes—began to forage upon

them, and, at last, to massacre them and devastate their farms; so, to save their lives at least, they built houses high upon the cliffs, where they could store food and hide away till the raiders left.

But one summer the invaders did not go back to their mountains as the people expected, but brought their families with them and settled down. So, driven from their homes and lands, starving in their niches on the high cliffs, they could only steal away during the night and wander across the cheerless uplands. To one who has traveled these steppes such a flight seems terrible, and the mind hesitates to picture.

At the Cristone they halted and probably found friends, for the rocks and caves are full of the nests of these human wrens and swallows. Here they collected, erected stone fortifications and watch towers, dug reservoirs in the rocks to hold a supply of water, which in all cases is precarious in their latitude, and once more stood at bay. Their foes came, and for one long month fought and were beaten back, and returned day after day to the attack as merciless and inevitable as was the tide.

Meanwhile the families of the defenders were evacuating and moving south, and bravely did their protectors shield them till they were all safely a hundred miles away. But the narrative tells us that the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down into the cañon.

It was such a victory as they could not afford to gain again, and they were glad when the long fight was over to follow their wives and little ones to the south. There, in the deserts of Arizona, on wellnigh unapproachable isolated bluffs, they built new towns, and their few descendants, the Moquis, live in them to this day, preserving more carefully and purely the history and veneration of their forefathers, than their skill or wisdom. It was from one of their old men that this traditional sketch was obtained.

#### Jackson's Journey.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, and one of the the most indefatigable Christian workers in the west, was a passenger on the east-bound train to-day. He had in charge a party of young Pueblo Indian children, taken from the Rio Grande villages, numbering twenty-seven, which he will take to Carlyle, Pennsylvania, and place in the National school for aborigines. Sheldon Jackson has of late given considerable attention to this branch of Christian work, and the present expedition is the fourth he has made up and carried out successfully.



## Twenty-Six of Them in This City Yesterday.

Rev. Sheldon, Jackson, editor of the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, Denver, and wife, accompanied by Mr. E. Conklin, traveling artist for Frank Leslie, arrived this morning from New Mexico, with twenty-six Indian boys and girls, on their way east to school. These Indians are from the Yuma, Apache, Mohave, Pima Papago tribes in Arizona, and Pueblo tribe in New Mexico. The Arizona children are to attend the school at Hampton, and the Pueblo children the government training school at Carlisle. Among the children are Bob and Buster, who have been employed by the government as scouts and are very intelligent boys; Antonito, a young man thirty years of age, who is the son of the head chief of the Pima tribe, in Arizona, who is already a good scholar. The girls of the Pueblo tribe are dressed in the rude and characteristic costume of that race, and present a picturesque appearance. Their clothes are made from cloth woven by themselves and is of a very fine texture. No buttons are used, but the clothes are held in place with pins made of brass or silver with the heads of silver twenty-five and fifty cent pieces. Mr. Conklin, who has studied this tribe for some time, is positive that he has found the relic of the Montezumas, as the traditions of the tribe run back a long way, but just how many years he cannot state. He had obtained some excellent negatives and sketches of the members of the Pueblos, which no other artist has ever obtained. These, together with a history of the tribe, as far as can be obtained, will be published in one of Frank Leslie's periodicals, and also in a revised edition of Picturesque Arizona that Mr. Conklin will soon publish.

Mr. Jackson is the special agent of the government and has recently established a school at Albuquerque, that in six weeks has grown into a flourishing institution, and inside of a month, the number allowed by the government, fifty, will be in attendance. The party have been viewing the city to-day and all of them were bathed at the railroad Y. M. C. A. bath rooms. They leave for the east this evening over the Wabash.

## MISSIONARY LIFE AMONGST THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

Life at Pueblo de Jemes, this last month, has been one of mingled lights and shadows. Ushered in by the chiming of wedding bells, to at least two of the workers, the future wore a roseate hue, for with Dr. Jackson's visit, which so cheered our hearts and renewed our courage, the "Bells of Jemes" passed into history and Dr. Shields won a wife. But joy does not long reign supreme.

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Soon a discordant note falls upon the ear: "Francisco Nasle is dying," and, a little later, "He is dead," and our interpreter "was not, for God took him." According to an Indian's idea of greatness he had reached the topmost round of the ladder of fame and won from friend and foe alike the name "Hosta" or "A flash of lightning," his. Of commanding appearance, wearing the honors of seventy-two years with quiet dignity, beloved and respected by all, we felt he was destined to become a prominent factor in the work at Jemes. With him to die meant "Love, rest, and home, sweet home!" and yet something of selfishness we felt, as we watched his pitiful endeavors to have those grouped around him, comprehend the beauties of the city to which he was hastening, for with the calmness of one who had made his peace with God, this aged chief met the conquerer Death. As a silver lining to the dark cloud, which had seemed to envelop us since our interpreter's death, was the baptism last Sabbath evening of a Mexican woman 84 years of age. Our little church now numbers eleven members, and this "Madre" so lately received, seems to distance us all, so much of joy and love are mingled in her consecration of herself to the Master. Will you not remember the work and the workers at Jemes, when you present your petitions to the King, our Father? L. B. S.

The responsibility of our church to the heathen of our own land was ably and graphically presented by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, in our city on Sabbath, April 21st. He spoke an hour in the morning in the Second Church on the condition and population in our Western Territories, and the same length of time in the First Church at night on Alaska and its inhabitants. Both audiences gave him undivided attention, and went away with new ideas about the west and its wants as well as the obligation of the Presbyterian Church. Not a word was said in disparagement of foreign missions. The people felt that the foreign work must not be neglected, and that we dare not leave home work undone. Dr. Jackson is a fluent and fine platform speaker. He has abundant resources from which to draw. No man in our church—if any in the land, has seen as much of the western world, and its need of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.



BY HENRY K. PALMER, M. D.

If my friends remember, I promised to let them know how I was received by the Indians at Zuni, and what progress I made toward the accomplishment of the great object of our coming. When we arrived we were conducted by the Governor to his house, which was vacated by six or seven women, a squad of naked children and an indefinite number of dogs for our benefit, and the Governor bringing in two shoulders of mutton, threw them down and bade us "be at home." We at once set about preparing dinner, ignoring as far as possible, the presence of the natives, save when a new-comer arrived and insisted on shaking hands with, and embracing us. This last operation caused some maidenly shyness on my part, as I remembered the animated nature beside the Indian in the blanket. Dinner over, we filled up the coffee-pot, and leaving such articles as we chose on the board, we invited the assembled braves to help themselves, after pouring out a little syrup as an especial treat for the Governor. The others paid very little deference to his position however, and "went into" his Orleans with their fingers with the most democratic equality; and in much less time than I have been telling it, everything was licked so clean that we had to look close to see that the plates had ever had anything on them.

## A TALK.

Then came a long talk, which was prefaced by smoking an incredible number of cigarettes in such stolid silence, that I began to think they would sit all night without saying a word. They have the most remarkable capacity for sitting still that I ever saw; not only will one sit by your fire for four or five hours without moving, but I have boys in school who will not leave their bench from nine in the morning till three or four in the afternoon. Finally, one of them, without lifting his head or manifesting the least interest in what he was saying, began in a dreary monotone, and continued to speak I suppose ten or fifteen minutes. Then a long silence, and another took up the discourse, which, after a shorter interval, was followed by another, and so on until all the principal men, the *elders*, had spoken. It was then nearly midnight, and they announced the result of their talk, which was that they were glad to see me, and to-morrow would find me a suitable house for school and dwelling. After more smoking and a free

interchange of sentiments they all departed, leaving us a pile of buffalo robes, etc., for a bed. The next day we got into our own quarters and began school the day after.

## TEACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I suppose there were forty or fifty persons in the house from daylight till dark for nearly a month, and as we had no place to lock up or put away anything, Mac and I watched and taught constantly, and for days together were not able to leave the house. There was no fastening to the door, and if there had been there were two ways of getting in from the roof, so that we were helpless. Finally I succeeded in getting the corn and a blacksmith shop out of part of the house, and removing a ladder from another part, and by piling heavy boxes against a door that led off to some neighbor's house by a dark subterranean way, we had our house to ourselves. In the meantime we cooked, ate, slept and lived in public. The old and young women of the neighborhood would sometimes come to make our fire before we were up, and walk around and inspect our persons and clothing with the most—well, comparisons fail. Mac said he never felt so like a hyena in a show before. After a little while curiosity subsided and we were allowed to get up and go to bed without visitors, but I do not know how long it was before we could all shut our eyes at prayers. The coffee-pot (coffee and all) was taken off the stove while we were sitting at the table close by, so you can understand that watching is a necessary part of devotion while any of them are present. The scholars were mostly youths from fifteen to nineteen years of age; many of them learned to read in a few days, and will compare very favorably with the white, negro or Hindoo races with which I have worked in schools.

## SMALL-POX AND SNOW.

Small-pox broke out in the Pueblo in December and in a short time all my brightest boys were dead, and of all that began school at the first only two remain. Nearly one hundred and fifty deaths have occurred from that disease, but when we consider the way they live one is surprised that any have escaped. For some time I gave up school entirely, and have only just begun again with an attendance of more than twenty. Snow fell on Dec. 17 and continued to fall until we were completely shut in, and in the mountain passes it was from four to six feet deep. I need not say anything of our loneliness. Week after week passed. no news, no one going or coming by



whom to send or receive letters. Snow, snow; snow everywhere without and a most loathsome disease everywhere within. We felt especially thankful as the days passed and neither of the children took it, and yet often we could not count up at night the number that had come into the kitchen (dining room and dispensary all in one) thickly covered with the eruption. Often and often did we call to mind, "and they shall take up serpents, and if they drink of any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." By and by all our provisions were gone except "a handful of" flour "in a barrel" and a little tea. Day after day my wife said, "Well, really there does not seem to be flour enough here for breakfast." But there always was enough and to spare for a prophet if he had come in. The end of the first week in February our best of earthly friends, Dr. J. V. Lauderdale, U. S. A., became alarmed at not hearing from us and sent his own servant with a wagon load of supplies to our relief. The journey was a fearful one, but they reached us; and what a joyful day it was you, my dear friends, who have all the comforts of civilized life about you, can not know.

#### RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

During the winter I have had many opportunities of observing the customs of the people. They are very devout in their way, and worship the elements—earth, air (wind), water, etc., etc., whatever they imagine can affect crops. They have many dances, festivals, etc., all of which I think are to a certain extent religious ceremonies. They spend a great deal of time and labor in tying very carefully feathers to sticks; and you will find these planted or buried in great quantities along the streams. After they bury the feathers they remain a long time muttering some prayers or incantations to the ruling power over the earth. You will often see, very early in the morning, a man standing with his face to the sun and his eyes upon the ground. If near enough to him you will hear him murmuring something for a long time; then he will sprinkle a handful of meal toward the East, and return to the village. I have tried twice to give some sort of religious instructions to them, but the only one of them that speaks Mexican well enough to interpret for me has positively refused to communicate for me, when he found what I wanted. But the first week I paid him a whole Mexican dollar, and then he had a big talk again with the principal men, and permission was given to teach anything I chose. Last Sunday we had them come in to hear the organ, and while waiting I read

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the ten commandments and gave a brief exhortation on the Sabbath, which was quite a novel idea to them. They enjoy the singing very much, and I have nearly a dozen that can sing "Hold the Fort" very nearly through by themselves.

#### HOUSE NEEDED.

I shall not be able to keep my wife and children here through the summer, unless we get a house, of which there is yet no prospect. The health of my wife has already begun to suffer from these wretched quarters, and I fear for the summer.

We have captured a bell from an abandoned Catholic chapel, but it has no tongue, and I use a hammer in lieu thereof. Will some iron man in P. send me a clapper?—*Banner*.

#### Antiquities of Colorado.

The survey of the southern and southwestern portions of Colorado, has been completed, so as to make six sheets of the physical atlas designed by the Department, leaving unexplored only the northwestern corner thereof, which can be surveyed by a single party during the coming year. The districts explored the past season were not so mountainous as those of previous years, but were quite remote from settlements, and in perhaps the most inaccessible regions of this continent. The total area surveyed was about 30,000 square miles, portions of which were very rugged.

The exploration of the remarkable prehistoric ruins of Southern Colorado, glimpses of which were obtained the preceding season, was continued with great success. They were traced down the cañons to the Colorado river in New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona, and their connection established with the cliff-cities of the Moquis of the latter Territory. Hundreds of cave-dwellings, of curious architecture, and many miles from water, were found in the sides of the gorges, and the ruins of extensive towns discovered in the adjacent plains, indicating the former existence of a people far more numerous and advanced in the arts of civilization than their supposed descendants of the present day. Of these ruins many interesting sketches, plans, and photographs were made; a valuable collection of flint weapons, earthenware, and other specimens, was gathered. The material thus obtained will enable the survey to present an exhaustive report on this interesting subject. The photographer of the survey obtained a series of mountain views, on plates 24 inches long by 20 wide, or larger by several inches than any landscape-photographs ever before taken in this country.—Sec. of Interior Report.



62 this morning start for the Mancas and Montezuma rivers, on a ten days' trip. In the cañons of the Mancas are ruins in the crevices of the walls, that Wheeler's party started for last year, but did not reach, having been lost by the way. Close to the southwestern corner of this territory are walls of cities of well-dressed stone, in a fine state of preservation, and any quantity of crockery. Shall be a little longer than I anticipated down here, but will get out close upon October 1st. Two men accompany us, one of whom can talk Ute, Navajo, and Mexican, and has visited personally all these wonderful mines."

Down toward the mouth of the river, in the cañons through which it passes, we found that which we had heard much of and looked long after—the ruined civilization of the aborigines of the country. This became noticeable first in the mounds strewn with broken crockery, and the destroyed walls which dotted the valley. Then an occasional tower reared its head above the bare earth, or a depression showed the site of some ancient building. Finally we reached a point where, upon the perpendicular face of the mesa, houses and ruins of houses, one and two stories high, built of carefully cut and faced stone, were perched on little projecting ledges, hundreds of feet high, and now almost or quite inaccessible, the ancient means of access to them having become obliterated by time. These ruins we followed for many miles south and west, exploring the country in the manner of a reconnoissance, photographing, sketching, measuring and collecting all the facts and fragments about them able to be obtained. What, in detail, this fortnight in the ghostly presence of a civilization, the youngest of whose traces probably exceeds 800 years in age, and which excels all that vague rumor has reported of it, reveals, it is not possible for me to tell you here. I must refer you to the forthcoming annual report of the survey, and to a preliminary account which I understand will shortly be printed in the *New York Tribune*.

Our return trip was a rapid one. Leaving Baker's park in a shroud of equinoctial ice and snow, and crossing the high cold summits with much discomfiture, to say the least, we descended to Antelope park, followed through a delightful week the noble Rio Grande down to Del Norte, toiled across the feverish San Luis valley to Mesca Pass, and thought it the blesseddest of all retreats in its coolness and luxury of green; whence via Wet Mountain valley and the new Oak creek road (which is a good one) we reached Cañon City.

SIXTEEN YOUNG INDIANS, two of them girls, were in Baltimore yesterday, en route to school at Hampton, Va. They are in charge of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, special agent of the Indian department, and are accompanied by Mr. E. Conklin, artist of Frank Leslie's publications. These Indians were selected by the gentlemen named from among the Pueblos of New Mexico and tribes of Arizona. Their ages range from 14 to 17 years. Accompanying them is a young brave of 30 years, a descendant of a former chief of the Pima tribe. This young man has a fair education, and speaks English very well.

Wednesday morning, bright and early, the roads leading to the Aztec villages, four miles north-east of town, were thronged with people on foot and in all manner of vehicles. We were

soon on the grounds, and though early, found many who had preceded us. The greased pole was up, the race track had been well swept, and the Indians of the two towns situated on the north and south banks of the cottonwood and willow fringed stream that has its source high up in the Taos Mountains, were arranging for the day's amusement. In company with Dick Wootten, jr., son of the old pioneer of that name, now a resident of Colorado, and Dr. R. D. Daniel of Taos, we made a tour of the immense, and very roomy, building which is one of the towns, visited the ruins of the old church, which was demolished during the revolution of January, 1847, went into the new church, where services were being held by Rev. Gabriel Ussel, the parish priest of Taos county, looked over the fine display of fruits and melons on sale, grown in Taos and Rio Arriba counties, and then in the shade of aged cottonwood trees, awaited the Indian foot races, which can only be seen in all its primitive glory to be justly appreciated.

At the tap of a rude drum, some 10 or 15 Indians from each village emerged from their underground dressing rooms and engaged in a dance. They were arrayed in nature's costume—except about the loins—and much bedaubed with paints and feathers. Dividing in half, each partook positions at the ends of the 400 yards track, and commenced their muscular exercises. Each Indian passed over the track about four times, at their best speed, during the two hours' running, and at the close neither party was the winner, and so both villages have concluded to pay tithes to their spiritual advisor, the Priest, during the ensuing year, by way of compromise. It is estimated that at least ten thousand persons were on the Pueblo grounds on the



30th of September. In the afternoon an Indian went up to the top of the greased pole, about 40 feet in height, after much climbing, and thus secured the trophy suspended from the top, which consisted of a whole mutton, together with a bundle of wearing apparel and several black bottles.

When the crowd was greatest, Messrs. Jerrell & Metz, photograph artists, who had recently arrived in Taos from Canon City, reached the ground and took several excellent views of the scene, two of which they presented to us, we now have in our office. These gentlemen are experts in their business, and have their handsome tent pitched within the walls of Kit Carson's old residence in Taos, where they are doing a thriving business. They propose paying our town a business visit shortly, when we bespeak them a good run of custom. Mr. Charles

Knight, formerly of the Moreno mines, is now with the party as interpreter.

As the people were returning from the Pueblo, in the evening, the streets of Taos were the scene of excellent feats of horsemanship by a number of young Mexicans and Ute and Apache Indians, who are unrivalled in that line.

—Rev. Sheldon Jackson is expected in Mesilla to-morrow with nineteen little Indians, who are to be educated by the government. As Victorio is dead, other leaders are needed and, of course, a good education will fit them for taking scalps in a more scientific manner and waging war more successfully than their predecessors. Jackson will be remembered as the slanderer of New Mexican women. His business now is more reputable.

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No savant has determined positively to what race the occupants of this and numerous similar ruins scattered over the country belonged. Neither whites nor Indians have any traditions concerning them, and only one thing is certain, that, whoever the builders were, they possessed a knowledge of the art of fortification and architecture, an amount of good taste and the means to gratify it, that entitles them to a high place in the scale of civilization. The modern Pueblo Indians are a race that have never been hostile to the whites. The dwellings of as many as a hundred families are sometimes concentrated in one large building, like the ruins in its arrangement, except that the several stories, instead of being built over each other, recede like a flight of stairs. These people worship a sacred fire perpetually glowing in a subterranean chamber, and they believe that should this vestal fire expire the race cannot survive. The trace between them and the dwellers of Pueblo Pintado is indistinct, but it exists, and offers an absorbing study for the student who wishes to elucidate it. Scraps of pottery, figured with animals, flowers and rings are found in the greatest profusion near the ruins; also in places where no signs of a building remain, and many interesting specimens have been sent to the Smithsonian Institute by the expedition.

#### THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN NAMES.

A MEMBER of Major Powell's expedition, which has been engaged in the Government survey of the territories, furnished the "Tribune" some interesting notes of the discoveries made in the origin of Indian names. It seems that each tribe or primary organization of Indians, rarely including more than two hundred souls, is, in obedience to the traditional laws of these people, attached to some well-defined territory or district, and the tribe takes the name of such district. Thus the U-in-tats, known to white men as a branch of the Utes, belonged to the Uintah Valley. U-imp is the name for pine; too-meap, for land or country; U-im-too-meap, pine land; but this has been contracted to U-in-tah, and the tribe inhabiting the valley were called U-in-tats.

The origin of the term Ute is as follows: U is the term signifying arrow; U-too-meap, arrow land. The region of country bordering on Utah Lake is called U-too-meap because of the great number of reeds growing there, from which their arrow-shafts were made. The tribe formerly inhabiting Utah Valley was called U-tah-ats, which has been corrupted into the name Ute by the white people of the country. The name U-tah-ats belonged only to a small tribe living in the vicinity of the lake, but it has been extended so as to include the greater part of the Indians of Utah and Colorado.



*Rocky Mountain Air in November.—A Brisk Ride in New Spain.—A coming Railroad.—A Woman with her Water-pot.—What a Pueblo is.—Chief and Chieftainess.—Church and Town Hall.—Pueblo Dress, Houses, Mills, Carts, Plows.—The Curse of Romanism.—Barbarism and Paganism at Our Doors and a part of Our Institutions.—What to do.*

How inconceivably clear and bright the air of this New Mexican morning! Such an atmosphere, like faith,

“Brings distant prospects home.”

The far away and snowy Rocky Mountain peaks are face to face in front, or seem to look over our shoulders from behind, in our twelve-mile drive over the hills from Santa Fe to the valley of the *Tesuque*, an affluent of the Rio del Norte. We catch our first view of the latter river from the top of Three-mile hill, named from its distance from Santa Fe. The streamless bed of a mountain torrent furnishes our sandy road for intervals. The conical sand-hills, dotted with dwarf pines, with whose evergreen branches the ground, whitened by new snow, brilliantly contrasts, rise on every side.

Our Kansas horses are full of spirit and we shortly descend from the San Juan road, by which it is said the Rio Grande railroad will soon find its way to the Santa Fe, and cross-divided and ice-covered streams that form the *Tesuque*, and make a village and its harvests possible. The rains of July and August are too late and quite insufficient for growing crops. Therefore, every stream of running water must furnish irrigation. The only cultivated soil is near some creek or river. Local commissioners have entire control of the water, and persons irrigate their farms and gardens by paying regular rates and taking what they need by a private channel from the main canal.

As we crossed the stream we saw an Indian girl dipping water with her urn of native pottery. She walked off with it upon her head like the women of the far East.

*Pueblo* is the Spanish word for village, and those descendants of the Aztecs who occupy villages like this of *Tesuque* before us, are popularly called *Pueblos*. There are twenty-seven of these villages in New Mexico and Arizona, of which nineteen are in the former Territory. The Government is now engaged in taking their census with a view to their voting, as some recent legal decisions seem to confer upon them that privilege. They are estimated at 10,000 in New Mexico. They all live in communities and own their land in common by ancient Spanish or Mexican grants. Each *Pueblo* elects a chief or head-man. They have a common room for public meeting and govern themselves under the advice of an occasionally visiting Romish priest, in a primitive way. They are said to be Communists, but the refusal of the chief to sell us some ancient stone relics because they belonged to an absent man, proves that they do not have *all* things in common.

The *adobe* houses of two stories are built around a court, or *plaza*, containing perhaps an acre. The recently constructed adobe church, with an old bell suspended near by, and the Council hall, are in this plaza. Here, too, are various things, old lumber, wood, *burros* and other property of the tribe.

Three hundred years of conquest and conversion to Romanism have wrought little change in the character or habits of this people. Their church is a semi-heathen and semi-Catholic edifice. They perform the old sun-dances religiously at stated seasons, for which the young people are trained in the windowless, doorless, common hall. But the priest must be consulted and paid at births, marriages, deaths and burials. He lives at Santa Fe and comes only occasionally to *Tesuque*. The



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bell is tolled for a dead man just so many hours as the mourners are able to pay for it. Dr. William Barrows, who was there a few days before us, visited an Indian girl dying with the emblems of both heathen and Catholic worship in her room.

Let the reader seek the Chief with us as we secure his welcome and guidance. He is an old man, dressed in a blanket fastened to one shoulder, a long pair of moccasins that reach nearly to his body. He wears a waist cloth, and like all of his 200 people, men, women, and children, seems thinly clad for this wintry day. The blanket, like others hanging in his house, is one of the United States Commissary pattern, and not of native manufacture like some fine ones that we saw elsewhere. All the heads I saw wore only nature's covering. The thick, straight, matted, black hair, somewhat faded by the sunlight, was evidently innocent of combs and brushes, but was universally "*banged!*"

We were invited none too graciously and with a hint through our interpreter that alms were expected, into the chief's house, which we reach, owing to the absence of doors and stairs, by a ladder ascending to the roof and by another descending into the upper chamber, which is the family room. (Some of the "angels, ascending and descending" were rather heavy for the decayed rungs.)

The mud-ceiled roof was hardly six feet from the hard mud floor. A slow fire flickered in the chimney made of flat stones laid in mud. On the top of the house the chief's wife was repairing a broken chimney, laying the stones in adobe. She did not take her hand from the mud to shake those of her visitors.

In the room below were three stones placed like washboards along the side of a meal trough, where the women ground the corn by rubbing a long stone up and down the inclined stones, as one washes at a tub. Grinding on the three stones, one after the other, seemed to complete the process and prepare the meal for mixing and to be baked in the oval mud ovens built on the top of the house. These ovens are universal, but generally placed by Mexicans on the ground near their houses. We witnessed the process of grinding the meal—rather an improvement on the Old Testament method.

The ox-cart outside the gate had wheels sawn from the ends of logs and made round, or rather a little less angular by pinning on pieces of wood to the outer rim. There were no hubs, spokes, tires, nails or iron of any kind. The plow was made of three pieces of wood, the "point" being as wooden as any part an invention on which, to steal a comparison from Dr. Barrows, Abraham might have taken out a patent. The *burro*, a sort of degenerate donkey, patient, slow, easily satisfied with food, and requiring no shelter, is everywhere here as he is elsewhere in New Mexico. He is the burden-bearer of the country. I have never seen little animals so loaded down except at Naples. He carries forty cents worth of *pineon* (a kind of soft wood, like pine) upon his back, fifteen and twenty miles from the mountains to Santa Fe, and takes home his master and whatever he may have bought in the city. The *burro* is oftenest gray in color, thin in flesh, a great favorite with the Mexican boys, and is everywhere under foot. He excites your pity and your laughter, and is, on the whole, the most unique and impressive feature in the street scenes and landscapes of New Spain.

We looked in at the little church windows, ascended and went down into the town hall to which light was admitted only through the aperture in the roof and a small hole in the side, through which we saw the bright, peering eyes of an Indian boy with a pappoose, strapped, or rather "shawled," upon his back. The darkness and dampness of the place suggested toads and lizards, and we were glad to get out. Some decrepit old men came out of their second-story rooms on the projections of the first story and accepted nickels. The girls had rings and necklaces, if nothing else. The old people had kind,



inoffensive, stolid faces. The children laughed and trotted after us with babies upon their backs. The women were ugly featured and not neatly dressed. Many of the working men were in the mountains for wood. The only school at this village is an occasional catechetical exercise by the priest at his infrequent visits. The United States Government maintain three schools, whose teachers are nominated by the Presbyterian Board, among the nineteen Pueblos of New Mexico. What are they among so many? Dr. Thomas, their agent, is a prudent, discreet, kind Christian man, and would gladly extend the schools if government would allow him to do so.

As to the Roman Catholic church and its instructions, the condition of this people, not lifted the thickness of a sheet of paper from the condition of their ancestors, ignorant, shiftless, impoverished, spiritless, degraded, immoral and uncleanly, is the eye-opening commentary. There can be but one verdict. Three hundred years of training that have sunk the Pueblos lower far than their Aztec ancestors, if continued, will sink them into still deeper barbarism. They have been under our government and in reach of our missionary and education societies for thirty-four years. They have grown worse rather than better. They are to be voters. Before long they will be citizens of a State. They are quiet, peaceable, stay-at-home people, quite unlike the roving Apaches and Sioux. Our first duty is to multiply the government schools. The second is to give them such missionary teachers as are to-day at work for the heathen in India and Africa.

*Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

R. B. H.

DR. H. K. PALMER.—It is with great sorrow that we chronicle the withdrawal of this faithful missionary from the Pueblo Mission at Zuni. Exposures incident to the establishment of a new mission rapidly developed lung disease and compelled the relinquishment of the work that was opening up with great promise. Dr. Menaul, under date of May 6, writes: "Dr. Palmer left here on his way home to die. It is so sad. He had secured the confidence and love of the people to a wonderful degree, some of whom are crying at his departure. Pable Peno, the interpreter, could not talk about it in my house yesterday without crying. It makes me sad to think of it. I hope you will at once send a good man to take his place and carry on the work commenced at such a sacrifice. I know of no field more inviting. Were I not engaged I should go immediately." Dr. Palmer and family reached the railway at Trinidad in more comfortable condition than could have been expected after a month's journey in a wagon. We trust he may yet be spared to serve the Church. And now, who will take his place? Applications, with references can be sent to Sheldon Jackson, Denver, Col.

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learned men has been attracted. The Zuñi is not only one of the oldest Indian civilizations, but no white man has ever been permitted to hear its traditions; and it is believed that its history has not been enlarged or diminished or changed by so much as one word for no one knows how many hundreds of years. Therefore, those who are interested in the question of the origin of the races, who hope some day to solve the mystery of "where the Indians came from," have thought that the oral records of these primitive and conservative Indians might throw some light upon the subject. And Mr. Cushing, who was a member of an expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institution to study the architecture and language and habits of



DECORATIVE.

the pueblo people, grew so interested in the idea that he at last became an Indian himself, that he might penetrate even to the sacred recitals of the *estufa*.

The expedition left him at the pueblo. At first the Indians did not mind his presence. But when they saw him day by day writing down their stories, and making sketches, they grew distrustful. He, however, made friends of the children—the most beautiful children in the world, he says they are—and so won his way, until one man finally adopted him as his son. They gave him the name of Kwapon-se-ta, or, He-who-carries-the-flapping-medicine-

bag, because he went about with a bag containing his writing and sketching materials and his knife.

Seeing that he still continued his questionable work, they appointed one night the great war-dance, Ho-ni-ah-te-hi. They thought this would terrify him into leaving the village. But here we will let our young ethnologist tell his story, as he told it a few weeks ago at the Smithsonian, when he visited Washington with six of the Zuñi caciques and priests:

"When I saw this magnificent war-dance in the court below me, in which were some fifty-two participants with blood-red masks, carrying immense stone knives, and decorated with feathers covered with symbolic marks, I instantly began to sketch them. Suddenly I saw the dancers stop, and as suddenly the women and children run into the houses; at the same moment two remarkably painted figures ran into the court carrying war-clubs. I supposed all this was a part of the ceremonial, and as these were new figures, I began to sketch them. After a short deliberation, they started up the ladder after me. As there were some sixty behind me, and more than a thousand in front, of course I had nothing to do but to wait events and plan quickly some means of escape. Accordingly I drew out my knife and waved it in the air, smiling on the two figures. Then I laughed aloud, as if supposing it all a joke. I laid the knife down conspicuously in front of me and went on sketching. At this, one of the figures turned around and shook his head at the other, they both ran down into the court shouting out that I was a *Ki he*. Then the dance was resumed, people laughing and shouting with all their might. It was determined that a navajo must be killed. Immediately an immense yellow dog was dragged into the court and sacrificed. This I afterwards learned would have been my fate had it not been decided that I was a *Ki he*, which means a 'spiritual friend;' and happy is the man who bears that title, for he is secure from all harm at the hands of the Zuñis.

"Now I found it necessary to adopt the costume of the tribe and their habits of life. Therefore, when they insisted on giving me a head-band, I put it on; a woven coat, I put it on; a belt, and to complete my costume, knee-breeches, I put them on; and from that day until three weeks since, I lived as an Indian."

But in order to become a member of the Order of the Bow, Mr. Cushing was obliged to procure the scalp of an Apache Indian. Eighteen months

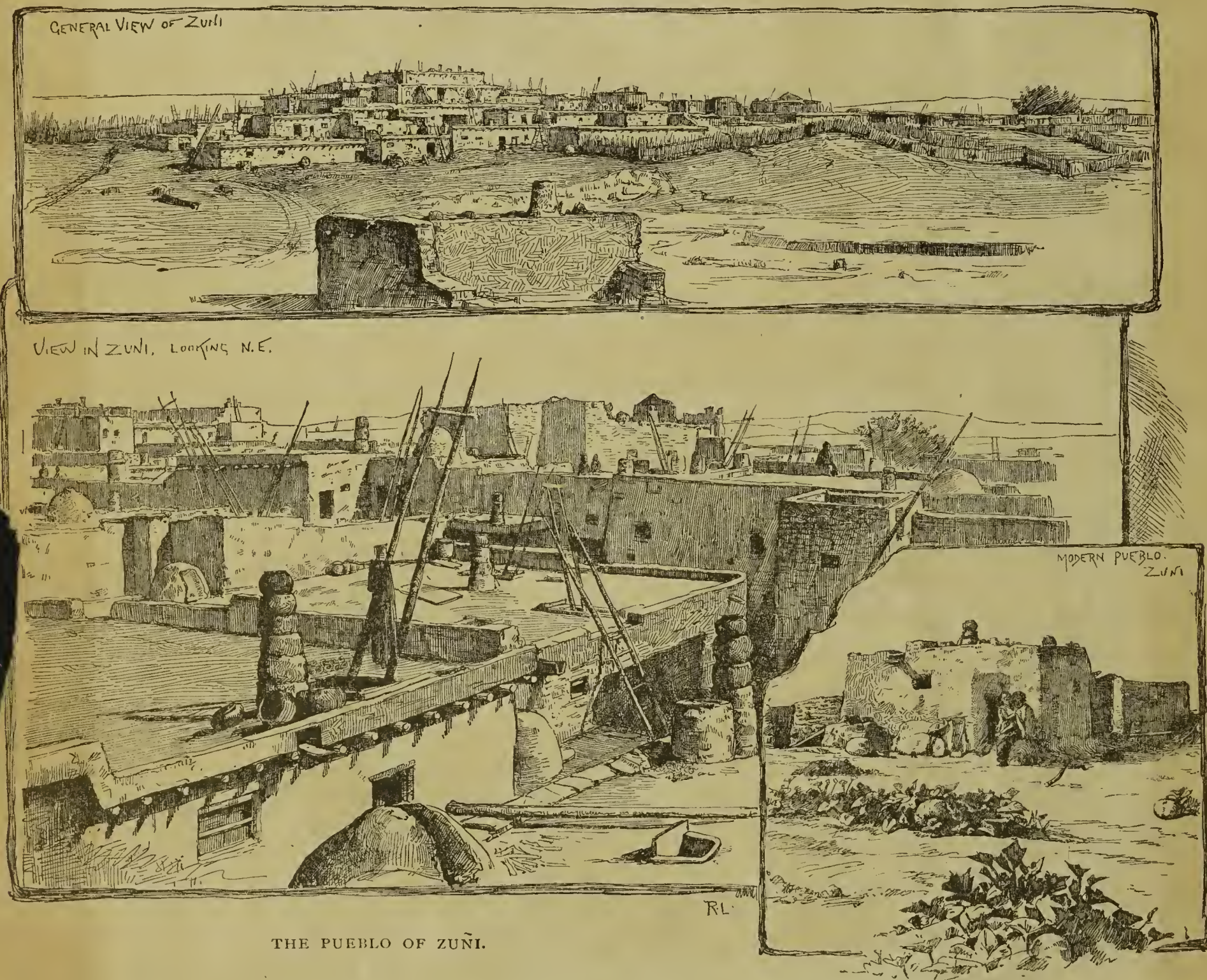


their earthen jars and vessels are celebrated for fine glaze and artistic decorations, and the walls of their dwellings, and the rock-cliffs about them, show attempts at painting and sculpture.

Zuñi is built in a sheltered nook of the desert country, among the *mesas*, or table-topped hills, and itself looks like a great ant-hill, as it is built up in terraces, seven lofts or stories high, and each flat-topped. The houses, or rooms, are all connected, and the aspect is very picturesque, as the roads run under

pueblo seems identical with that of the mud-sparrow's nest. The rooms are plastered inside, and are very cool and pleasant, and Mr. Cushing says the Zuñi women are excellent housekeepers.

But the peculiar feature of the pueblo is the *estufa*, or hot house; a large room half under ground, with one entrance through the top only, used as a bath-house, a dance-hall, and a council-chamber. In the centre is a square stone box where the sacred fire is kept perpetually burning. Here the old men, the



some of them, and you go in and out, and up and down, by means of ladders. At night all these ladders are drawn in, and foes would find no method of entrance. The rooms are built on platforms of poles piled thick with small sticks, and covered heavily with mud-mortar smoothed until a hard earthen floor is formed. The walls are of sun-dried bricks, called *adobe*, or of stone set in mud-mortar. In fact, as H. H. has said, the architectural idea of the

priests and the warriors gather to discuss the affairs of the nation. Here meet the priests of the Order of the Bow, and the four chosen ones who have in charge the history of the tribe, the traditions which have been handed down orally through this sacred Ka Ka; for whenever one of the four dies, his successor is immediately appointed, and he with solemn observances commits the history to memory.

To these mysterious recitals the attention of



# Zuni Pueblo, New Mexico.

BY MRS. FLORA D. PALMER.

## *To the Ladies of the Presbyterian Church:*

This especial mission, "The Mission of Zuni," was established by our Home Board last fall, my husband, Dr. Palmer, arriving the 22d of October. The 25th he opened a school for the children and youth of the Pueblo. During the winter the school has gone on uninterruptedly, except for two weeks, when the entire school had fallen victims to the small-pox, which had raged in our midst fearfully for three months. We found that of the thirty enrolled when school began only seven remained. We reorganized the 1st of March and have since a regular attendance of from twenty-five to thirty. As yet we have not succeeded in getting any girls into the school, almost the entire number being young men from fourteen to nineteen.

The people of these Pueblos differ from the wild, roving tribes, first, in having a settled place of habitation, consisting of villages built of adobe, in which, during the winter, they with their families live; and second, in living not by hunting, but by agricultural pursuits, and from the products of their flocks and herds. The Pueblo of Zuni consists of houses built of adobe, one upon another, until in some cases they reach five terraces or stories. The people ascend from the ground to the first roof and from this to the next, and so

on, by means of ladders, which serve a double purpose, that of access to their houses, and affording them protection against enemies, as at night or during times of danger, these ladders are drawn up, thus rendering it almost an impossibility to enter their houses. This Pueblo numbers (it is estimated) from twelve to fifteen hundred souls, is built upon a hill in about the center of their reservation. Their farms lie to the north and west, fifteen or twenty miles upon the Nutria and Pescado Rivers, to the south twelve and fifteen miles to the Warm Springs. Upon these farms they raise wheat, corn, pumpkins, beans, etc., upon which they subsist. Here they keep their oxen and horses. They are entirely without any of the improved means of farming, using a stick to turn up the soil before sowing grain, but nevertheless they manage to get enough out of the ground to meet their wants. The clothing of the people consists for men and boys of a jacket and pants, made of unbleached cotton cloth, with a blanket for the winter (these are woven by the women). Leggings and moccasins of dressed skins afford covering and protection to the legs and feet, for both men and women, although I have never seen those for a woman with any of the silver ornaments which in many cases profusely ornament those for men. The dress for a woman consists of a black blanket sewed in the shape of a narrow skirt, ex-



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tending to the shoulder, over which it is caught and fastened with a little tassel, a belt for the waist, a strip of unbleached cloth about a yard long is tied around the neck, falling over the shoulders, extending to the knees, with as much grace as such an arrangement can possibly afford. Where the family can not afford moccasins the woman is provided with stockings knitted of thick, heavy yarn, which extend only to the heel. Women here seem *independent* as regards their social position, not moving around while in the presence of their husband with that slavish fear which enthralls and characterizes the Hindoo woman; but *they* are the *slaves* here as well as there, and like the women of China, Japan, India and all heathen nations, these women (our sisters) are without the gospel or the least idea that there is a message of salvation for them which waits to set them free.

All the grinding of wheat and corn for bread is done by the women; carrying water (which is done in large water pots upon the head) is also the wife's work. This, like the same work in India, done after the same manner, is no light work. when we reflect that it is carried up in many cases four ladders. Women do their full share of the sowing and reaping; when the grain is brought in to be stored for the winter, the wife carries it all up the ladders and stores it away. I have observed, if the husband is off hunting or trading, when he comes home, there waits a woman to take whatever burden he may have and hasten away, quickly returning to relieve him of his saddle, etc., etc. All sewing, knitting, cutting, and lighter work, is done by the men. I sat outside the door a few evenings ago, watching the

setting sun, with my knitting in hand. Directly I had a crowd of twenty or thirty men around me, all seemingly much amused. Soon I learned it was a rare sight to see a woman knit. One man said, "Why, I have seen her cut and sew, too." They were quite overcome as this old Indian went on to tell them about the machine I had, etc., etc. The sewing machine fills them with great surprise. They, at first, thought it acted like it was alive.

The women are very inferior looking, physically, and not prepossessing in appearance, but they always have a kind look and a pleasant manner, which make me like them. When I look at them and know the utter darkness in which they are groping, I feel like there is nothing I would not bear if I can ever be God's instrument of telling to them that "old, old story" that has wrought such wonderful things for so many women of other lands. I have been kept from visiting them as I longed to do in their houses, during the winter, on account of small-pox. Death has visited every dwelling in the Pueblo, in some cases taking every child. Indeed the poor people have been under a thick cloud, but it now is lifted and the disease is about gone, leaving as a record of its work 150 deaths, many with but little use of arm or leg, in some cases one eye gone, etc. The Lord has stood between us and the terrible pestilence like a wall, and although for three months we had people come right into our kitchen all broken out with the disease, yet it did not come near us. We have called to mind many times during the reign of terror (for such it was to the people), and felt it verified: "And nothing shall by any means hurt you." (Luke x. 17.)



We gather as many as we can upon the Sabbath into our kitchen (a room we use for kitchen, dining-room, workshop, reception-room for the Indians, bedroom for guests, and for gathering in the people for service or Bible reading), for a Bible service, when Doctor Palmer reads and explains portions of the Scriptures, first in English, then in Spanish, using an old Indian, who speaks some Spanish, as an interpreter for the Indian dialect. There are only two or three who speak *any* Spanish, beyond a few simple words, in this village. This old man will enter into the spirit of the occasion if he is in an extra good frame of mind, and interpret as well as he can; but, if not, he will make some excuse. We feel that if the gospel is given to them intelligently it must be either through their own language or through English. We have been busily engaged with Spanish, but soon hope to make an attack upon Zuni. This is not a written language, and as we will have no help in the way of grammars and dictionaries, we will find it a heavy task.

We use the organ and have singing in connection with our Sabbath readings. The people are exceedingly fond of music, and will linger after the services are ended, hoping to hear a little more. Quite a number of the Indian children have learned to sing two or three hymns so they can accompany the organ, and their parents are greatly delighted. As yet but few women attend these meetings upon the Sabbath. Upon inquiring why their wives and mothers did not come they tell me they have not time. Every day it requires to grind their meal for bread *an hour or two*, and then they must *cook*; thus their home duties were made an excuse for not hearing the Bible. But I do not wonder

that these poor Indian women, who do not know there is a God or a dear Savior for them, allow these things to keep them away, when those who have always known of these things are deterred from improving precious privileges by the most trifling things.

I have been trying to devise some way to help them manage this grinding business (which is done with two stones), so that they will get more time. I am anxious to get a mill, one run by horse power, that will grind enough in an hour for a week. Such a mill will cost from \$100 to \$150. Indeed it will be money well invested. It will help to open up the way for the women wonderfully. I am anxious to have the men change work with the women, giving them the lighter work and taking upon themselves the heavier work, thus giving the girls and women an opportunity to learn to read. The girls, as soon as they can use their little arms, are put to grinding, and packing the babies, of which there are hosts.

The most effectual means of raising up a generation of educated women, I believe, is a boarding school, into which we could gather the most promising girls and keep them under Christian influence, away from their homes, for a few years. I believe that the very same means of Christianizing these Pueblo Indians may be used, and are necessary to be employed, as those used in foreign fields, boarding and industrial schools, as well as the day school, visiting the women in their houses, having classes among them, Bible readers, teaching them to sew, cut, knit, make bread, etc., identical with mission work in other lands. The object is the same, that of bringing them to Christ, and helping to



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make life more joyous to them—lifting them up out of their degraded condition, that of a *drudge*. Here we have the great difficulty of the language to meet, either to conquer or be conquered by it, and many other trials peculiar to this especial work, which only time and the influence of the gospel can overcome; while, on the other hand, we have not many of the difficulties peculiar to work in India and China, as, for instance, we have no *caste* prejudice with which to contend. In India we had this to meet in every department of our work, as it is a part of the very blood and bone of a Hindoo. There women are nothing socially; here she has a voice in everything. She seems to have fallen into this position, and accepts it as something that may be borne. One great trial in living with such a people is their carelessness in regard to cleanliness. They never wash anything they wear except their blankets, which need it less than any other garment, as it is worn outside. Vermin on both their heads and upon their persons is the natural consequence of such neglect, and it requires great care on our part to keep our garments from touching theirs when they come into our house. The Ladies' Society at Colorado Springs has done good work through a package of fifty fine tooth-combs, which were distributed and most thankfully received.

We have been living since we came here, and are still living, in an Indian house of two rooms. While we are so situated we must allow them to come and go almost as they choose, and we are subjected to many annoyances of which we will be relieved when we have a mission house outside the village. All we ask is a shelter from the heat and cold, rain and snow, while we labor for the Master among these people.

I rejoice in the prosperity of the work in foreign lands, as my heart was firmly bound to the dear Tamil women of Southern India while we labored there, but here in dear America are thousands of these Indian women who are bound by superstitions as heathenish as any that bind the women of foreign lands, and who have a claim upon us as Christian women, to do something to set them free. These heathen women, not across the seas, but at our own doors, should not be forgotten or ignored by us. The question presses itself upon us as one of such importance, and with such importunity, that we can not set it aside longer, but must take it up and ask ourselves individually, "*What can I do?*" and "*How can I do that little so that it will be most effectual?*" Our responsibility presents itself in a tangible form, since our Home Board has explored carefully these fields, *ascertained* the wants of the work, *established* the work, and *now* waits the co-operation of the Christian women of our Church, to enable them to do what is necessary to find an entrance for the gospel. So, many times we read in our leading church papers articles stating that our churches are too much burdened already to take any new work; now I believe if we would take the pains to investigate, that we would find those who already give more largely to the *old work* will give most cheerfully to the *new*, they have learned what a joy it is to give to the Lord. I entreat you, as fellow laborers in the Master's work, to add THIS work to that you are already doing, to bear these Indian women upon your hearts and in your prayers, and I believe you will see them brought to Christ at no very distant day.

ZUNI, NEW MEXICO, April 8, 1878.



Dr. J. M. Peebles, in a recent lecture in San Francisco upon the above subject, took occasion to say that his face once crimsoned in Egypt when asked by a scholarly native engaged in the Cairo Museum how the buried and half-buried cities of Central America and the pyramidal ruins of Yucatan and southern Mexico compared with those of Egypt. The lesson was: "Visit and study the wonders of your own country before traversing foreign lands." The speaker pronounced the railroad from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico a splendid specimen of engineering. The Aztec Anahuac, the vale of the Montezumas, has an area of some 600 square miles. It was the sunny home of the old Aztecs. The Aztec and Toltec relics preserved in the City Museum of Mexico were intensely interesting, inasmuch as they established the fact of maritime relations and inter-oceanic intercourse between the Toltecs and the Phœnicians and Egyptians. As the Lamentian rocks, far to the north of us, constitute the oldest range of rocks in the world; as Cholula is considered the oldest pyramidal structure known, why may it not be true that this is the old world, and that the Egyptians learned pyramid-building from the ancient Americans of this continent? "I saw," said the speaker, "carved upon templed ruins in Yucatan, hawks' and other birds' heads similar to those upon the temples, tombs and obelisks of Egypt. Among the ruins of Uxmal and Palenque I saw the carved cross and the same phallic symbols so common in India, Phœnicia and the East; and I further saw the chiseled serpent, the mummy-shaped sarcophagus, the winged rod and the lamp immortal, so frequently seen in Egyptian tombs and temples. Few men of research doubt the existence and sinking of the Atlantis Isle; doubt that there were commercial relations in ancient times between this country, Toltecs probably, and the old nations of Europe and Asia. Strabo, living before Christ, said 'that the art of night-sailing was taught in ancient Tyre.' This indicates a knowledge of the mariners' compass. Possibly the second expedition sent out by Necho II, an ancient Egyptian king, reached this continent. The first expedition of this king sailed down the Indian ocean, doubled the Cape, and entered the Pillars of Hercules. The ancients in some respects equaled if not excelled us. The Aztecs conquered the Toltecs and then adopted more or less of their arts and sciences. The calendar stone that now rests against the side of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in the City of Mexico is a Toltec rather than an Aztec production. Is it asked, 'Who were the Toltecs?' They were the descendants of the Nahuas, and this was a conglomerate nationality, made up of the autochthonic races and the remnants of those who peopled the Atlantis Isle. Traveling in Yucatan is hardly safe and very inconvenient. Merida, the capital, has but one hotel, and that is kept by a Spaniard. It is 65 miles from Merida out to Uxmal. The Maya Indians in these regions are friendly, but the southern tribes are warlike."

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*Catechism prepared,  
translated into the Laguna  
Pueblo language and  
printed on the Mission press  
by Rev John Menaul.*

## KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION.

See WEBSTER.

- A a* has its long, short and accidental sounds.
- E e* has its long, short and accidental sounds.
- ē* has the sound of *ee* in see, and of *ea* in sea, and like *i* in machine.
- ē* has a half grunt sound, also a sound like *e* in the interrogative *eh*.
- I i* has its long and short sounds; with the occasional sound of *i* in Irksome, Virgin.
- O o* has its long and short sounds, with the occasional sounds of *o* in bosom, woman. Order, form, stork.
- U u* has its long, short and occasional sounds.
- Y y* has its long and short sounds.
- Ei* is like *ei* in eider, eidos.
- Ea* is like *ea* in each, teach.
- Ai* is like *ai* in Ai-gret, Ai-grette.

An italic vowel or syllable indicates a suppressed or breathed pronunciation.

In the growth of the mission work in New Mexico, especially among the Aztec Pueblos, it is very desirable that the missionaries should have some knowledge of medicine.

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Believing that among the many Christian physicians of the land there are some who would be willing to enter the mission work, a call has been made, through the religious weeklies, for four medical missionaries. For further particulars address this office.



## THE CONSONANTS

have their common sounds, except *n* and *t* which have additional sounds.

*N n* has its common sound and a nasal sound, much like the Spanish *ñ* (enye) but does not necessarily include the *y*.

This sound is represented by the Spanish *ñ*. The *y* is added when it takes that sound.

*T t* has its natural sound, a dental and a palatal sound.

The dental sound is made by placing the tip of the tongue firm against the roots of the upper front teeth. articulating the letter as modified by the following vowel.

This sound is represented by *†* Fr. Cl. It has no similar sound in our languages.

The palatal sound is made by placing the tongue firm and flat against the roof of the mouth, allowing it to relax as the accompanying vowel is sounded.

This sound is represented by *‡* shaded. It has no similar sound in our languages.

Each word is pronounced as spelled, giving the letters their Continental or natural sounds.

The accent is generally on the penult.



# CATECHISM.

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Q. 1. who made you?

Howe kittueach hishome?

A. GOD.

DIOS.

Q. 2. What else did God make?

Zē thick koeach Dios?

A. God made all things.

Dios koeach seiotse tēe kashe shē  
wytu kashe.

Q. 3. Why did God make you and all things?

Sekoma koeach Dios hishome  
shē seiotse tēe kashe wytu kashe?

A. For his own glory.

Dios koeach seiotse tēe kashe wy-  
tu kashe nowe tawa kashe.

Q. 4. How can you glorify  
God?



Qua itye nēsho hishome Dīos  
sēotsipatshe?

A. By loving him, and doing what he commands.

Itye imme h̄mako nēsho skohē-  
mako Dīos tēka, stchē enyechase seio hē-  
me zē squeanyekweanishe Dīos hinome.

Q. 5. Why ought you to glorify God?

Sekoma shetchkeiame hishome  
nēsinishe kwae kowyanishe Dīos?

A. Because he made me,  
and takes care of me.

Sekoma stchē Dīos skoeatch hinome,  
stchē pashoñyoko hinome.

Q. 6. Are there more Gods  
than one?

Aiyetla iske noe Dīos?

A. There is only one God.

Sah. Iskētsa noe Dīos.

Q. 7. In how many persons



Does this one God exist?

Hatso haño immetsa tua noe Dios?

A. In three persons.

Chime haño.

Q. 8. What are they?

Qua keiya?

A. The Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Ghost.

Nashtëa, shě keiatch, shě Ityetse-  
she Shatshe.

Q. 9. What is God?

Zě heityetsa Dios?

A. God is a spirit, and has  
not a body like men.

Dios immetsa iske katshats, stchě  
satse hate tnye quae hutstse tsinyetshe,  
totse Iyopetsko.

Q. 10. Where is God?

Hateka Dios?

A. God is every where.

Dios imme seio hate putlaka.



Q. 11. Can you see God?

Itye hishome ñyokutchsho Dios?

A. No, I cannot see God,  
but he always sees me.

Sah, satse hinome itye Dios ñyokutchskono, tsko sityotse Dios skokchin-kwe hinome.

Q. 12. Does God know all things?

Koŋonye Dios seiotse?

A. Yes, nothing can be hid from God.

Ha, satse zē itye nueskomakono tē-immetseshe Dios.

Q. 13. Can God do all things?

Itye Dios nowechako seiotse tawa?

A. Yes, God can do all his holy will.

Ha, Dios itye seiotse nowētchako tawa,



imme seiotsē stuts lowstcheyaañye kuts-itch'añye.

Q. 14. Where do you learn how to love and obey God?

Hate itye ñyowtumitsho sinaischo shē ñyotoñyesho shē otsetokeie Dios?

A. In the Bible alone.

Noweimme Bible tēka.

Q. 15. Who wrote the Bible?

Howe kutyach Bible?

A. Holy men, who were taught by the Holy Ghost.

Howe yo tawa hutstseimme sēopē-ēnishe Dios kashe Espiritu Santo.

Q. 16. Who were our first parents?

Howe immetsa seia sanashtēashe hinometitch nastēha naia?

A. Adam and Eve.

Imme Adamimme Eve.

Q. 17. Of what were our



first parents made?

Zē heitye koeach Dios stchinye nashtëa Adam naia Eve?

A. God made the body of Adam out of the ground, and formed Eve from the body of Adam.

Dios koeach stchinye nashtëa Adam imme yae hatse, shē imme Dios koeach stchinye naia Eve iske yakuchonye imme nashtëa Adam.

Q. 18. What did God give Adam and Eve besides bodies?

Zē heitye thicka stchinye howetsetch Dios Adam Eve?

A. He gave them souls that could never die.

Dios howetsetch Adam Eve n's' onishe sama sañyoskonishe.

Q. 19 Have you a soul as







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PRESBYTERIAN BOARD of  
HOME MISSIONS,  
and FRIENDS of the LAGUNA MISSION.

DEAR FRIENDS:

In order to give you a fairer view of our field, and enable you to understand its workings a little better, we give you a brief glimpse of Pueblo life; as far as it has come under our observation.

Pueblo life is, to say the least, a very singular one. Each Pueblo is a little domain within itself. Each has its full corps of officers; consisting of Governor, 1st and 2nd Lieut. Gov., Fiscal, 1st and 2nd Lieut. Fiscal, Capt. of war, 1st and 2nd Lieut. of war. These are elected by the people annually at New-year's day, or thereabout. The Governor is chief in power. From him, through his Lieut's, issue all orders; especially, those relating to the political government of the town. The Fiscal, with his Lieut's, carry out the orders of the Gov. and are the overseers and directors of the Public Works. The Capt. of War, with his Lieut's, is the head of the Ancient Customs, Dances, and all that pertains to the moral life of the people; acting through the orders or permit of the Governor. He has (or rather, the several Priests acting under him have) absolute power over the people. He orders whom he will, to dance or practice dancing, and enforces the special obedience of those dedicated to any particular god or Ancient Custom. The Priests of the different Orders or gods act under him, though independent of him in the performance of their offices.

While there is a general similarity in the Ancient Customs of all the Pueblos, yet each Pueblo has many things peculiar to itself. Generally, dancing is their Winter's work. Most of the time after the crops are gathered till the people go out to plant again, is taken up with dancing or preparing to dance. The day dances (most of which may be seen by Americans) are generally commemorative, and are less debasing than the night dances. The night dances are purely Custom, or devil, dances, and are attended with the lowest and worst



of morals. A description of these dances, were it possible, would require more space than can be given at present.

The Laguna Pueblo is not as old as most of the other Pueblos; being made up of colonies, chiefly from Acoma, some time, perhaps, a long time, before the Spanish invasion. The town itself is older than many of the present Pueblo towns; for, to a great extent, these have been built since the Spanish invasion, or even since the final subjugation of the Indians to the Spanish power. After the Pueblos were thoroughly conquered, it was no longer necessary for them to build upon high and almost inaccessible cliffs as they formerly had done for protection. So they came down, or were compelled to come down, and built in the valleys where we now find them. Here the Spanish compelled them to build large Churches, some of which are now in ruins, and others going to ruin. These Churches were erected under the direct superintendence of Spanish masons and carpenters. They were well built either of stone or of sun-dried brick, and were, no doubt, the most substantial and beautiful buildings of that dark age. These buildings were filled on Sundays and Holidays with Indians, not because they were willing, but because they were compelled to attend. Many of the Lagunas remember when the whipping of their people was a common thing. The Priest made the town Officers bring those who would not attend mass to the Church door on Sabbath morning and publicly whip them till he said it was enough. This kind of devotional exercise ceased at Laguna about 22 years ago. Around these Church buildings there are always a number of other buildings connected, or partly connected, with the main building. These consist of large rooms, private apartments and cells. The Church thus surrounded, formed a stronghold or fortification, and was a safe place from all sudden attacks either of Indians or others.

To understand the success of our Spanish predecessors, it is necessary to know their mode of working with the people. They did not Christianize them; they merely baptized, married, administered the Sacraments, and buried them. Here the Priest's evangelizing work began and ended. The Indians retained all their



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heathenism, and received the rites of Romanism as an addition to their own. They were and are simply, "baptized heathen". Any one doubting this statement has only to enter the R. C. Church at Laguna N. M. and see for himself. Here the two sides of the Altar-place, from floor to ceiling, are taken up with Indian Symbols; such as are used in Indian dances. The canopy above the Altar consists of a painting of the sun, (represented as an old man) the rainbow, moon and stars; the chief or heavenly Indian gods: while a few saint's heads are represented as looking over the border on the scene within. On each side, the whole length of the body of the Church, are paintings of Indian objects of worship, as mountains, trees, plants and flowers, rainbows, animals, etc. representing the minor or lower Indian gods. The back of the Altar is occupied with the R. C. objects of worship, as the Virgin, infant Saviour, saints and angels. Here then, we have  $\frac{3}{4}$  of this Altar-place, together with two rows the whole length of the body of the Church filled with purely Indian symbols, and objects of Indian worship, and only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Altar, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  part of the whole, purely R. C. Who will say that these Indians (and others are no better) have been Christianized? They were conquered and compelled to add the forms of Catholicism to their own already multitudinous objects of worship. They know no more of Revealed Religion to day than they did 200 years ago; except where other than R. C. influences have been brought to bear upon them.

It is stating only a part of the truth when the Pueblo Indians are called sun worshippers. They are Pantheists in every sense of the word. They worship the sun, moon, stars, rainbow, fire, water, rivers, mountains, trees, stones, snakes, bears, and animals generally. For all these, or their generic heads, there are official priests, whose duty it is to summon to their assistance subalterns, and as many of the people as are necessary to observe the rites of that particular deity. Many children are dedicated to this service in infancy by their parents, and many grown people dedicate themselves. But whether they are dedicated or give themselves, they are thereafter under the full control of the power to whom they are dedicated. Men and women have



to leave their families night and day for weeks, perhaps, at a time, closed up in dark back rooms practicing the infernal incantations of their craft, and doing those things which even the heathen eye, may not be permitted to look upon. It is from these places of darkness that the most corrupting influences of heathenism proceeds: of these the most destructive to the present wellbeing of the people, is unbridled licentiousness. When the practice of such licentiousness is incorporated with, and becomes a part of, their religion, and even its open practice protected by the law of the Pueblo, as it is once a year at the Zuñi (and most probably at others) Pueblo, what must the result be in the home life of the people? Part of the result is an absolute want of chastity in both men and women among themselves, and as a result, a continual feeling of jealousy between husband and wife; besides the execution of the curse of God upon such lives.

The Pueblo Indians are of all people the most religious. Religion enters into every thing they do, i. e. every thing is done according to Ancient Custom. The new born babe comes upon the stage of life with all the auspices of Custom. It is fed and clothed, or not clothed, according to Custom. It is hushed to sleep with a Custom song, gets Custom medicine, and grows up in the very bosom of religious Custom. The Father plants and reaps his field according to Custom, goes to, and returns from, his work singing a Custom song; he makes his moccasins, knits his stockings, carries the baby on his back, in fact does all that he does, in strict conformity to religious Custom. The Mother grinds the meal, makes the bread, wears her clothing, and keeps her house in conformity to Custom. She makes her water pots and paints them with religious symbols according to Custom. In fact the whole inner and outer life of the Indian is one of perfect devotion to religious Custom, or obedience to his faith. What a lesson for Christians!

It is this complete and perfect devotion to Custom, which has kept the Indians a separate and distinct people until this day. Nothing else could have kept them in the face of so much opposition as they have encountered. It is this same devotion to Custom, which will prove, and is proving,



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the greatest obstacle in Christianizing them. It is only education and Christianity that can break down such a power. But once it is broken, the stability of character that it has stamped on the people will be of inestimable value in their regenerated lives.

The Pueblo Indians are very industrious. They raise large crops of grain, and have large herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. They use a great deal of food, especially at their feasts. At the new year's feast bread, meat etc. is thrown among the dancers profusely, during the three days of the dance. This is a time when all are expected to help themselves to the best in the Pueblo, as only the best is offered.

Even up to the present time, the Indians are often robbed by the systematic injustice of the Mexicans. Only last Summer the Laguna people had to give F. Luna of Las Lunas 487 sheep, which he claimed he had lost while trespassing on their grounds. We all knew, and he knew, that he had not lost a single sheep by the Indians; but in such cases, there is no use in going to law; for justice, as such, is a thing unknown in the lower Mexican courts.

That the Indians are in ignorance and the depths of superstitious degradation, is not because they are insusceptible of education and Christianization, but because they have not had the advantages of either. The Pueblo Indians are exceedingly slow from the fact that for centuries, they have set their faces like a flint against every thing foreign; especially, every thing Mexican: and it will take them some time to find out who their true friends are. The Pueblo Indians of N. M. who do not want Protestant influence among them, are those whom the C. Priests have frightened by all manner of lies; telling them, that if they hear or have any thing to do with us, they will go to hell. But Truth is greater than lies, and actions speak louder than words. So we have a few Indians who are beginning to think for themselves, and are coming out of the thick darkness into the light of God's Truth, leaving behind them Rome, and their-own Customs, as erroneous things. These few will increase, with the increase of knowledge, and the working of God's Spirit upon them, till finally, our Indians will become a virtuous and Christian people.

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Mission work in the Laguna Pueblo, has been carried on during the year without interruption, except while attending Presbytery Meeting, and while accompanying Rev. Dr. Jackson to the Zuñi Pueblo.

Early in the year there was a strong move made to have the people break away from all their Ancient Customs. A part of their dancing paraphernalia was destroyed; but the greater part was only hidden away for future use. This move, not being a general one, was expected to be followed by a reaction; but as the Summer was setting in, and the people going out to their fields, the reaction did not show itself till last Fall at the time the dances ought to begin again. During the Spring and Summer, it was evident that several were taking a deep interest in the Word of God, and we believed that a number of the people were converted, and striving to live Christian lives. Therefore, Rev. S. Jackson D. D. being here the third Sabbath of September, we organized a Church of seven members, five of whom are Indians. These Indians are the first fruits of the Pueblo Indians in N. M., and for them we ask your sincere prayers and sympathy. Some of those most enlightened, whom we expected to be the first to make a profession of Religion did not join us, while others that we did not know of were very anxious to become Church members. The Monday after organizing the Church, I started in company with Dr. Jackson to Zuñi, and was gone three weeks. After I returned from Zuñi, it seemed as if the devil had raised up in all his might to destroy both us and the Lord's work at Laguna. The people made as complete a break or stampede as ever was made by wild horses. The Officers abused me as only Indians or Mexicans could. Some land trouble was the nominal cause; but the real cause was a powerful move of the majority of the people, with all the Shei-anes or devil priests, to reestablish all their Ancient Customs or devil worship. Even the Governor, who had joined the Church, took an active part in the move; perhaps, he was frightened into it. In the height of this move, or the Sabbath after it was started, the Interpreter was absent; I suppose willfully. But nearly all the leading men, and those understanding a good deal of Spanish, were out to Church; so that the house was well filled with the best of



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the people. I read Rom. 1st Chap., and brought all the Spanish I could command to bear upon the subject. In about twenty minutes the house was in the height of agitation, each one excusing himself and putting the blame on some one else. There was not a man to advocate devil worship, and not one to say that the Ancient Customs were good, or to be reestablished by the government of the Pueblo. When the Interpreter returned, he came to me for an explanation of Sunday's work. I told him I had told the people that they could not mix the worship of God with devil worship. That if the people are for God, they must be for Him alone. That there are only two masters, and one or the other we must serve, but both we cannot serve at the same time. And that if the people try or think to follow both, they are only following the devil. He said; well since you have so advised the people etc., I take my place with you, and you can notify the Governor and Officials that I can have nothing more to do with Ancient Customs. The trouble has been, that the Interpreter, all along, has modified what I have said in regard to their Customs, and some other things. But by absenting himself on that particular day, I had an opportunity to give a full Gosquel expression to the whole matter: thus fails the wisdom of satan and some men. After this commotion, we started a Wednesday evening Prayer Meeting. This meeting is attended by from 30 to 60 persons, and fills up, to some extent, the time otherwise devoted to dancing. At no time in the past, has the work been in a more prosperous condition than it is at present. We have had no further additions to our number yet; owing in part, to the opposition caused by the reaction already spoken of. The Christians are very consiistent in their lives, and a number are talking upon the subject of religion in their families, and intending to unite with us before long. The dancing is still going on, but, as it were, under the interdict of the best of the people. We do not expect that the dancing will stop at once. But such Customs will die out of themselves as the Truth is better understood, and as the old leaders, who consider such things indispensable, work off the stage of action.

The Sabbath School has averaged about thirty Scholars for the year, besides about



twelve adults in what might be called a Catechumen Class. In this Class we have been studying and carefully translating the "Catechism for Young Children". We have got 113 questions translated, and 40 printed in English and Laguna. About 20 children can read and understand these 40 questions.

The Day School has averaged about 35 Scholars for the year. The Scholars have made better progress this year than they have done any other year, since we have had charge of the School. This is owing to their having more of their Lessons translated, and printed in both Languages, than they have had heretofore.

This part of our work confines us altogether, to the Pueblo proper. We are thus prevented from visiting the four Mexican towns in our neighborhood; distant 7, 11, 9 and 13 miles respectively. In like manner, we are prevented from visiting the Laguna Indians in their six outside villages, which are 5, 9, 9, 8, 7 and 4 miles distant respectively. many of these Indians come to live in the Pueblo during the Winter, and come frequently, to Church during the Summer; but most of them pay no attention to moral or educational affairs.

These Indian towns have a special claim on us as part of our proper work: and the Mexican towns should not be neglected; as there are in each of them, some, who if not Protestants openly, are such in heart, and read their Bibles.

Here then, is a large field which the Day School keeps us entirely out of: but the working of which would necessitate the Board's undertaking my full support; as it is only as Government Teacher that I can, in part, support myself,

The Medical wants of the people have been attended to during the year, to the best of our ability. About 150, Indians and others, have received medical treatment.

Printing has been indulged in to fill up spare moments. The breaking of our little printing press, the gift of Mr. W. Semple, of Allegheny Pa., left us without a press during our Summer vacation, the time we expected to do so much for our Winter's work. In the Fall we presented ourselves with a good Washington press, and since its arrival, have been doing something for the Day and Sabbath School, to the amount of



about 3500 pages, besides this Report. We have now, got a good press, and a good supply of type (about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of it belongs to the Government), and we hope to do more in this department of our work next year, than we have been able to do heretofore.

We have been able to do but very little yet in the study of the Laguna Language. Our great trouble is that we have no means of getting at it. We have no means of analyzing the words or of finding out how they are formed, or by what laws sentences are formed; and we have no one knowing enough of the Language to help us. The Language seems to have little in common with our Languages. It has no preposition, article, conjunction or relative pronoun, and to a great extent, wants the mood and tense of the verb. For example "God made the body of Adam out of the ground, and formed Eve from the body of Adam." is translated thus;

Di-os ko-each stchin-ye nash-tē-a Adam  
*God made body father Adam*  
 im-me ya-e hat-se, shē im-me Di-os ko-each  
*is sand earth, also is God made*  
 stchin-ye nai-a Eve is-ke ya-ku-cho-ñye  
*body mother Eve one rib*  
 im-me nash-tē-a Adam.

*is father Adam.* A dual and negative form run throughout the Language, and sentences are often composed, not of the words which the objects mentioned separately mean, but of words meaning certain things in certain connections. e. g. Ha-ka-ne means fire, and cho-pi-a-ne means make fire. Katch means rain, and Ñyetch-tyo raining or may rain. Hawe means snow, and Kowyetata snowing. So of many other words. The following is the Lord's Prayer in Laguna. It is a good translation being revised about five times.

Sa-nash-tē-a-she hish-o-me wy-tu ku-tcha-me-she, Ta-wa-e-pech e-sha-she tē-yah, to-ē hat-se ku-tcha-she. E-pech ku-tchow-stche-ya-ñye, im-me tē-e hat-se tē-ka qua wy-tu ē-et-se-she im-me hē-ma-ko. Skwa-ats-ip-at-she how-wo e-ka-wa-cha-ñye wy-e sas-ka-ma. Shē qua-wa-tei-po-nei-e sots-im-me e-se-cha-nat-she hin-o-me-titch ta-ah qua hish-o-me-titch skwa-wa-tei-pon-ei-nish-e



imme hēmako kwawateiponeie, Pash-  
me kawahētsanye nōwteitskonishe,  
mame pashonūwachoma tūwachoma  
satawatseshe: Stchē nowe kutcha  
hishome hatse, ityekuṭa, tawatseshe,  
tuitsho nūṭakonishe. Amen or ṭaah.

We have endeavored to give a fair view of our work, in order to impress the friends of Indian Missions with the nature and importance of the Indian work. Each Pueblo or tribe is generally, a distinct people, and the Missionary enters upon his work in any one of them, just the same as he does in Central Africa or the Cannibal Islands, except that he is personally safer and nearer home. He must spend a life-time in groping for the Language, and experience all the disadvantages of preaching and teaching through one or two Interpreters. He has all the opposition of heathenism, in most of its forms, to encounter, and may expect many clouds to darken his sun-shine. But he is paying a debt of duty and gratitude to the aborigines of our country, and obeying the Divine command; to preach the Gospel to every creature; and he will secure the reward of his labor, if he faints not.

Your Servant,

in "the glorious Gospel of the blessed  
God".

John Menaul.

*Third Annual Report of the  
Laguna Mission.*

LAGUNA. VALENCIA Co.  
NEW MEXICO.

March 1st, 1879.

Dr. Palmer, of the Zuñe, New Mexico, mission field is on his way to this city with his family, having been obliged to abandon his mission work on account of failing health. Letters from them say that they never knew what trial and destitution and suffering was until they went to New Mexico. As they were five years in India as Missionaries, this statement speaks volumes of the condition of our home missionary fields. Verily we need not go abroad to find the heathen in his blindness and hopeless wretchedness. The account of Mr. Palmer and family's mission experience in New Mexico would hardly be credited could the full particulars be given to the public.



Rev. Alexander H. Donaldson and family, of Elder's Ridge, Pa., have reached their new home at Fort Defiance and entered upon the study of the language. They are earnestly commended to the prayers of God's people everywhere. The work will be a difficult and self-denying one.

While, like all pagan people, the Navajos are dirty and degraded, yet they are the finest tribe in the Rocky Mountains. We give in this number a picture of one of their boys, taken from Conklin's "Picturesque Arizona." The mission is under the care of the Woman's Executive Committee for Home Missions. Ladies' societies wishing to assist in the establishment of this mission will correspond with Mrs. H. E. H. Haines, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Navajo reservation, by treaty of June 1, 1868, is located in the northeast corner of Arizona and adjacent portions of New Mexico; it comprises an area of 5,200 square miles, or 3,328,000 acres, about half of which is pasture land, but little adapted for cereals or vegetables. An addition of six miles in width at the south end would greatly increase the cultivatable portion. On this strip they have for several years raised corn and wheat. Although of the main branch of the Apache people, they differ in their tribal organization, in the manufacture of superb blankets, and their agricultural and pastoral habits. Their stock consists of about 15,000 horses, 200 mules, and 1,000 cattle. They raise annually about 3,000,000 pounds of corn, and succeed well with pumpkins and melons. Peaches of good size and flavor are raised by them in the Cañon de Chelly. Their blankets are a perfect protection against rain, wonderfully warm, and sometimes command as high as \$125 each. These, with sashes, leggins, etc., they sell to the amount of \$20,000 annually. The wool for white yarn they obtain from their own sheep, estimated to number 400,000; and, in addition to the wool used in the manufacture of blankets, they sold 200,000 pounds in 1876. The men are as expert with the needle as the women, and have often been seen, on getting the goods from

the agent, to make their own shirts and pants, and to appear in less than half a day with an entire new suit. They number 5,852 males and 6,106 females. Of the whole number, 3,500 are of

mixed blood. We will have much to say about them the next few months.

### THE MONTEZUMANS.

The Pueblos claim that their Montezuma was born through the immaculate conception of an Indian maiden of their own tribe in the village of Pecos, about thirty-five miles distant from the city. While a youth he did not exhibit any extraordinary qualities, but upon reaching manhood's estate showed himself to be a great hunter and possessed of supernatural powers. After dwelling with the tribe for a long period and performing many miraculous deeds he departed, going southward. On the eve of his journey he is reported to have lighted a sacred fire which he had told his people to keep burning until his return. Although this was long centuries ago, it is said the Indians have scrupulously observed the injunction and have never allowed the fire to die out. They have continuously, through successive generations, kept the slumbering embers aglow. At least this is their story, and it is largely believed, especially by those who have seen the fire glimmering in their old adobe temple. In 1837 the Pueblo, or town of Pecos was sold. It was on a Spanish grant, and at that period the Indians removed the sacred fire with great care to Taos, where it is still burning and viewed with reverential awe. Some of the Indians of the present day have so much confidence in the return of Montezuma that they get out upon their housetops every morning with the rising of the sun and look anxiously into the far distance for his coming. Even though many of the Pueblo Indians have outwardly embraced the Christian religion, yet they maintain their faith in Montezuma, whom they regard as a saviour or sovereign. They are a docile and industrious people, who live a pastoral life. As communities they are far more prosperous and live far better than the majority of the natives.



Wealth, honor and fame clustered round him,  
 He'd accomplished all these—in repose.  
 With fabulous wealth gained so easy,  
 He purchased a general's "commish,"  
 When the troops moved proudly to action,  
 He gracefully filled that "posish."

While with honor, in "Richard"-like slumber,  
 He skirmished a full army corps,  
 A cat that was bent upon foraging,  
 Crept quietly in at the door,  
 And noiselessly went to the dark room,  
 In search of a mouse hidden there.  
 When he gave the first order to "fire,"  
 The echo had scarce died away,  
 E'er she went for that mouse in a corner  
 And broke a deep porcelain tray.  
 In response to his volley of small arms,  
 She rallied the bottles with vim,  
 And when he charged a mob with the bayonet,  
 She played the "break game," over him.

While his force's appeared to lose vantage,  
 She seemed to be gaining—in wrath,  
 And when he brought reserves with a *galling*,  
 She finished by smashing *his* bath.  
 'Twas the crash of the glass that was broken,  
 Or a noise from the part open door,  
 That cleared off the mists of illusion  
 And showed him the wreck on the floor.  
 What a pity! thus rudely to wake him  
 From visions too bright to be true,  
 He now raves at the *sight* of a kitten,  
 And pales at the *sound* of a *mew*.

### THE LIGHTNING PROCESS.

This is the name given to the quick French process introduced by Mr. Lambert to the American photographers, like all processes that a consideration is asked for, artists are careful and cautious in taking a hold of it, and we do not blame them as there has been so many humbugged by process venders, worthless formulas and useless patents, that help to make the poor photographer poorer and the keen speculator richer. Occasionally something is introduced and brought forward that has not only decided merit in it, but money, in fact a perfect bonanza for some that go in on the venture.

This lightning process, as it is called, is like its name, striking all around. We have heard of several who have purchased it and find it not only satisfactory, but money in it. It takes but a short time to realize your money on the investment, one dozen babies will do it, saying nothing of nervous people, or pictures taken

late in the evening or cloudy days. There is nothing so much needed in our profession to-day as a quick, reliable process for taking pictures in the studio, and we have no doubt ere long we shall have innumerable quick processes offered to the fraternity, but this being the first, and well tried by some of our most reliable artists, will reap the first benefit that all new and valuable improvements do when brought forward for the general welfare. We find the names of the following gentlemen that speak well of the process, that have tried it and found it to work quick and satisfactorily: Professor Draper, C. Bierstard, T. C. Roche, W. A. Cooper, J. W. Black, E. T. Witney, and many others. We have also given it a trial and find it works very quick, but not as quick as lightning, or would we like it to do so, for then we could not control it, but for all practical purposes it works quick enough, and for certain styles of work it will be a great boon to photographers. We don't believe for general work it will be adopted as it does not produce that brilliant, rich negative that the slower process does, and the cost of procuring the materials will necessarily be higher. We understand it is the intention of Mr. Lambert to put the materials into the hands of the different stock dealers so that photographers holding permits to work the process can purchase the same of their dealers. For further particulars we refer to the advertisements in this issue of the Journal.

For the Practical Photographer.

### A Photographer's Wanderings in the Great Southwest.

Away up near the northeast corner of Arizona we found ourselves sojourning for the time being in the dilapidated old military post called Fort Defiance, long since abandoned as a station for troops, but for a number of years occupied as the Agency of the Navajo Indians, who repair thither on issue days by hundreds and thousands to frolic on Uncle Sam's peace offerings of beef, corn, flour, coffee and sugar, and smoke the historic (not pipe of peace), but its substitute, the



more refined and classic cigarette, introduced to their ancestors by the heroic followers of Cortez, and now supplied in bounteous plentitude by the temperate loving, tax-paying citizens of the States. On these occasions are to be seen all phases of their social and political life. The most imperious royalty and debasing serfdom, with now and then a social scene where some buxom matron with fingers fixed in hair, trains her liege and lord in the way in which he should go. But though, like all humanity, subject to slight irregularities, yet taken as representatives of the Noble Red Man, they are far above the average, and I think may justly be called good Indians. In their treatment of their women they are a marked contrast to most Indians, giving them the lightest tasks in their domestic duties, and in all respects treating them as their councils and equals. In skill and industry they are commendable, and physically they are a noble race, both men and women, and may yet grasp the elements of civilization and become a power in the nation.

But this is not intended for a dissertation on Indians in general or Navajos in particular, so we will drop the subject and see what can be done towards organizing an expedition to Canyon De Chilli, where they say Nature has been rather lavish in her tumbled up grandeur.

Now, what we wanted for this expedition to make it a grand success was a naturalist, a botonist, a geologist and some one to do the artistic. The Agency Clerk we deemed a naturalist because in his room was to be seen a row of bottles filled with ardent, snakes, tarantulas, centipedes, and such. The Agent next was enrolled under the head of botonist, for all his friends knew he was great on bulbs and posies; while the Spanish interpreter was enrolled as geologist, for he had been known for some time as boss of an adobe gang. We also employed as superintendent of the commissary mule a bold and daring young Navajo by the eupheneous name of Agehe Segundo, and as guide and interpreter a half breed called Chee. Your humble correspond-

ent, being intrusted with the picturesque part of the expedition, packed a camera and picture truck on a mule, and joined the cavalcade as they sallied from the sunny parade of the old fort on a bright August morn, to enter, after only a few rods of travel, the shady trail to the west, leading through Canyon Bonito, as its name implies, the pretty canyon. Though not more than one-half mile in length, its walls attain a height of six or seven hundred feet, while a stone can be thrown from side to side. In here are spots where the sun never shines, and through it on the hottest summer day flows a stream of cold spring water. Once through this canyon, and we turn to the right up a broad green valley bounded on the left by a succession of pinion covered hills, and on the right by the frowning, towering face of the Meca, through which the canyon cuts. Half a mile up this valley our attention was attracted by a peculiar rock standing out some rods from the face of the cliff. We asked what it was, and were told Chindies' (Devil) toothpick. It looked like a huge gum stuck up on the small end. It was probably about one hundred and fifty feet high, twelve feet in diameter at the base, and fifteen near the top, and leaned so far from the perpendicular and the line of gravity, that it barely fell within the base. Here our trail turned to the left, running in an almost air line northwest for twelve miles over cedar and pinion capped hills, separated by narrow grassy valleys, all of which bore off toward the East, forming a general system of water-sheds tending towards the ledge of the Bonito Canyon, through which we had come. In many of these little valleys were prairie dog towns, and as our imposing train would come in sight dozens of these nimble little brutes could be seen skeddaddling 'for their holes,' where they would sit until we got quite near, where with several sharp little barks and as many jerks of their short tails they would disappear; but you are hardly by till they are out looking after you. It is said the Indians take advantage of their inquisitive minds for their



destruction. After chasing them into their holes the Indian places a small mirror so as to throw the rays of the sun in the hole. The dog comes up to see what the matter is, and probably while admiring his good looks in the glass gets an arrow through his ribs.

This stretch over, and the pinion and cedar give place to scrub oak and pine. The trail climbs a steep rocky hill, and we at once find ourselves in one of the finest pine forests you will see in many a days' travel out West. Tall, straight giant trees, such as make a lumberman's heart rejoice, are here in abundance. This belt of timber is from twelve to twenty miles broad and a hundred long. We traveled through it till near night—a gentle, surfaced, undulating topped Mecca. Here and there among the lofty pines were groves of oak, but those who are accustomed to seeing the oaks of Ohio can form but little conception of an oak that grows at an elevation of 9,000 feet above the sea. They try hard to grow, but can't, and are not much higher than a good healthy hazel bush.

Thirty-five miles ride, and we expected to find water before entering the canyon, where we would camp for the night. We rode into an opening, evidently an old camping ground. Our Indian started forward to where a large hole had been washed in the rock to find the water, but turned away with the word *etena* (gone). The sun is almost down, but our beasts must have water, so on we go, though our canteens might have answered us for the night. A few rods further on our light brigade suddenly halted as the grand view burst upon us. We stood on the edge of a precipice and looked down, down into the depth of depths, where cathedral-sized rocks and grand lords of the forest looked as nothing; while the deep shadows cast by the declining day in the far off bottoms of the canyons contrasted favorably with the highly illuminated walls, gorges, spires and minurets of various colored sandstone on which the sun yet shone.

Where the trail starts downward are two canyon's heads, running right and left, a sharp, narrow ledge dividing them.

Passing around the head of the left hand one, on the very edge of the precipice, where the misstep of a careless mule might introduce the rider a thousand feet into eternity, the trail crossed the dividing ledge and wound down the rugged sides of Canyon Japane, now hanging by a narrow ledge, the face of the cliff over huge rocks, with jump-offs from one to the other like a great stairway across and back, in and out among the rocks and trees, but down, down to where eternal shadows hover and bats flit to and fro in broad noonday, where the cliffs tower above you perpendicularly, and overhanging fifteen hundred feet. As we started on this descent our naturalist, who had been suffering the latter part of the day from a saddle abrasure, and who had with great reluctance passed the old camping ground, gave vent to his feelings in the language of the immortal poet: "Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell ride we, sick and hungry." Though it was now dark, half a mile down the comparatively smooth bottom of the canyon was an easy job. The barking of dogs announced that we were in the neighborhood of man, and a few shouts brought to us an old friend, a Navajo, whom we had met at the Agency. He provided us with wood and showed us the water, and we were soon comfortably camped for the night, and he who has not tried it can not conceive the comfort of a night's sleep in camp by tired explorers, though it be on a bed of sand and gravel. We rose bright and early next morning, and after a hearty breakfast and cup of strong coffee were in a frame of mind to appreciate the beautiful scenes in the midst of which we had camped. To our front was a semi-circular wall of sand stone fourteen or fifteen hundred feet high, striped perpendicularly by weather marks, black, brown and silvery white, while horizontally each successive layer of sandstone was distinctly defined by dark stripes or varying tints, while here and there a slight projecting ledge, covered with verdure, brightened the picture with stripes of vivid green. A silver stream enters this grand amphitheater, makes the mys-



tic curve, flows out and down the canyon by the big rock and grand obelisk, beside which England's barreled Egyptian pet melts into insignificance. It is called by the Navajos, Nescha, which means a spider, but wherein the similitude lies I failed to see. It is a column of solid rock standing at the juncture of two canyons, an eighth of a mile from the main rock or dividing peninsula, fifty or sixty feet on one side of the base, and probably one hundred on the other, including a sort of jam which reaches half way up on the inner side. The main shaft is almost square, and reaches the apex at the astonishing height of twelve hundred and fifty feet. Methinks any bold English sailor who mounts this column will better deserve immortality than did they who drank their punch on Pompey's pillar. A short distance below this column, on the right hand side of the canyon, a ledge juts far out, with a grand tower on the end like some huge cathedral, but grand enough to throw St. Peters in the shade.

A short distance below this we saw the first houses of the pre-historic cliff-builders. The first we saw were in small arch-topped caves near the top of the cliff, and more than a thousand feet above the bed of the canyon. The walls across the entrance of the caves, the doorways and windows, everything was visible to indicate the work of man's hands, and hands of no mean skill; but how two-thirds of these dwellings were reached by creatures without wings remains a mystery.

A short distance further, built on a ledge about half way up the cliff, which here must have been sixteen or seventeen hundred feet high, were a number of houses, of considerable size—quite a village, with enough house-room for a hundred souls. From the base up to these houses the cliff slightly recedes from the perpendicular, but above them it overhangs far beyond the true base. The niches in which the houses were built appeared to vary from a few feet to thirty or forty in width; and some places, where the ledge was too narrow to accommodate the ideas of the builder, the sloping face of the cliff below had been rip-ropt to broaden the

foundation, using some chip or crevice in the surface as a hold for the foundation stones. This hamlet looked as though it could be reached by daring climbers, but, as we found by after experience, it required steady nerves and uncommon endurance to visit the most accessible. Only one we found in the whole canyon built on the ground, and that must have accommodated several hundred inhabitants; while it contained in the niche of the cliff which overhung it a group of six or eight houses, which could only be reached by a sixty-foot rope from the top of the ruins below, which are now standing two stories high. These, as well as some to which we made perilous climbs, enabled us to study the style and merits of the architecture. Near the center of the town was a perfectly round room, about twenty feet across; the walls were dressed stone, plumb and true, and had been neatly plastered. Most of the rooms were square, five or six feet high and from ten to twenty feet square. They were lighted by small windows, crossed by wooden bars built into the masonry. Some were entered by doorways, but more by scutels in the roofs. The walls were built of flat sandstones, laid in mud; all the smaller crevices chinked up with small stones, and all dressed to as smooth a surface as any wall made from pressed brick. To describe in detail these ruins as they occur throughout the canyon, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, would be too serious a task to interest the reader. Suffice it to say, that they occur at almost every bend and turn in the canyon, and show that a large population of these civilized Indians once occupied this canyon and lived here, following peaceable pursuits, building their houses in these almost inaccessible places that they might the more readily defend themselves from the aggressions of the hostile Indians by whom they were surrounded. Besides their houses, they have left numerous pictures and hieroglyphics, which, if they could be read, probably would be found to be records of events in the history of this strange people, who have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth. There are figures of men with horns, of



men with forks in their hands, women with great jars on their heads. Sometimes these figures of men would be drawn in long rows, as though to represent armies. Also animals, which looked like goats and deer; while some large bird, probably the wild turkey, was immortalized by their artists. As a proof of their advancement, the art of printing was practiced among them, probably before it was thought of in Europe. The human hand was moistened with color and printed on the rocks, in some places, in great numbers. Besides the representations of known objects, there were figures which must have borne some significance to those by whom made; some common ones were a perfect square, from six to ten feet on a side; and large circles, with a bull's eye in the centre, as targets, are now painted. These figures were often in places where it seemed impossible to get; some slight ledge or projection on the face of a cliff, often a thousand and more feet from the bottom of the canyon, would be chosen for these artists to display their skill. One place, in an abrupt angle of the canyon on the top of the cliff, made but a slight curve, thus forming a grand cavern many rods in extent. Back in the far corner of this were some of these ancient houses and an art gallery of pictures on the rocks; finger and toe holds were cut in the rocks where they climbed the sloping ledge to the houses; while where they stepped over difficult places, probably for generations, footmarks were worn so plainly as to show the instep, heel and toe. Here also were Indian grist mills, where mortars and metals were worked into the surface of the solid rock, while on the overhanging roof of the cavern, at least five hundred feet from the ground, were numerous black crosses, with about four-inch bars. Now, a glance was enough to convince one that these never could have been painted there from ladders nor from ropes, as ropes let down from above would have swung more than a hundred feet outside.

Though Darwin may prove that men have tails and Barnum show one, if both will come here we will prove to them

there once lived a people with wings; and, instead of the theory of progression, we will establish one of digression; for no men now, nor even women (though some men say they are angels) have wings. It is only conjecture as to who these people were. Some think they belonged to the same general family as the Moquis, Qunis and Pueblos of to-day, while others believe that these in the canyon, with many of the extensive ruins that occur in the southern parts of Colorado and Utah, as well as northern New Mexico and Arizona, belong to a still later date. Be this as it may, we found out we knew nothing about it, and the consciousness made us aware of the fact that we had neglected to provide one branch of science with a representative in our number—an antiquarian, when suddenly he appeared before us, asking for *neto* (tobacco). We knew he must be an antiquarian, so old, so shriveled, so dried up, so emaciated; yet we could not tell by the cut of his clothes to what age he belonged, for he was dressed in a close-fitting suit of two strings. But how fortunate that we had found him, and just at this time. Now we should know who built these houses in the cliffs, thinking perhaps it might have been some wild freak of his boyhood. But, no, he said they were there when he was born. So again we were disappointed. Oh, that some great historian, such as Josephus, had written a history of these strange builders, and assured us for a certainty that here the angels dwelt before they fell—for great must have been their fall, if they fell from where these dwelt.

A great contrast was everywhere visible between the permanent buildings of the ancient inhabitants, which had withstood the ravages of centuries, and the vandalism of an enemy, and the temporary habitation of the present inhabitants, the Navajo Indians, the summer hogans of whom generally consist of two posts, against which is a lean-to, covered with brush and boughs. The winter hogans were somewhat better, being conical in shape, and formed by sitting poles on end, leaning the tops toward a common center, and covering with brush and earth; a



square doorway, three or four feet high is built out on one side, while a hole over the doorway serves as a chimney, and an old blanket, hung by the corners, serves for a door. They are often large enough to accommodate families of ten or twelve; but their architectural effect is that of a charcoal pit. In front of many of the hogans were their primitive blanket looms, on which the nimble fingers of the squaws were weaving fabrics, which, for beauty of pattern, color and finish, would astonish any one who could see the simple tools used in their construction. Navajo blankets often sell for fancy prices, and it is not uncommon for them to sell at from fifty to one hundred dollars, and even more.

As we pass down the canyon the stream that starts with us plays as hide and seek in its sandy bed, sinking and rising, till finally it culminates, near the mouth of the canyon, in several lakes and marshes, where mosquitoes breed so numerously that we had to pass them on a run to prevent our animals from being devoured hoof and hair. Near these also are treacherous quicksands, into which our geologist inadvertently rode, and from which he and his horse were with great difficulty rescued. For the benefit of after tourists we inscribed in large characters on the adjoining rocks, "Beware of quicksands."

The canyon is not, as some might suppose, a straight, narrow gorge between frowning precipices, but widens and narrows, winding hither and thither, at each turn presenting new themes of study and new phases of beauty, and he of any artistic feeling cannot help but feel a thrill of pleasure as the hosts of grand subjects appear before him.

Think of cities with clustering spires, minarets, colonnades, towers and monuments, seeming to rise from the canyon bed, bathed in a mellow, ethereal light. Fair cities full of beautiful form and color, and all walled in by grand, eternal high topless cliffs, which, by ages of patient toil of wind and rain and frost and melting snow, have been worn into ten thousand vagaries. Oval or dome-shaped projections crowded into millions of little

cells like a huge petrified sponge; or deep, dark clefts opening into grand, unfathomed caverns; or galleries, tier on tier, running far back into the solid rock, supported by statues of giants or fluted and delicately-carved columns; or a cliff springing from the level sandbed of the Rio De Chelle up, up a thousand feet, with a face as true, clear, clean and free from flaw as a gem from the wheel of the lapidary!

But why waste words in an attempt to describe these scenes of grandeur? Can language describe them in this labyrinth of echos? Echo on echo answers, No.

This canyon also has an historic interest here. In 1861 the illustrious Kit Carson struck the decisive blow which closed a long and bloody war with the Navajos. He stationed at the mouth of the canyon a battery and four companies of New Mexican volunteers, while Captain Fifer, with another company, entered the canyon by the trail, near the head, and drove the Indians out, capturing some fourteen hundred prisoners, besides a large amount of stock.

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[For the Practical Photographer.]

## NOTHING NEW.

BY V. E. DAKE.

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*Mr. Editor:* According to the *Philadelphia Photographer* you are raising four-handed babies down there in St. Louis, and it predicts a fearful doom ahead on account of it. Now I think E. L. W. is scared before he is hurt, if he looks at it in the right light—that a four-handed baby is a God-send to him; and it ought to awaken him to the fact that this is an age of progress, and that he must expect competition, and a demand necessitates a supply of any commodity that is put upon the market; and, although he boasts of fourteen years' success in publishing his photo magazine, he finds there was a demand for something more, and that demand is being supplied by the PRACTICAL. Now I have taken the *Philadelphia Photographer* for nine years, and have always been pleased with it until it began to throw mud at its friends. If E. L. W. expects







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*Dr. Lauderdale U.S.A.*

NAVAJO INDIAN AGENCY.

FORT DEFIANCE, A. T., April 18th, 1877.  
"ISSUE OF ANNUITY GOODS."

To the Editor of the LIVINGSTON REPUBLICAN—Sir:

The agent Mr. A. G. Irvine, has made greater preparation this spring than usual, for the issue of annuity goods to his Navajo wards. A large store house has been built, wherein to store the goods, exhibit them to the chiefs, and assort them previous to their being issued. I observe convenient doors and windows, through which the goods may be passed; as the nine thousand strong-men, women and children file by to receive them.

The event has drawn together a large party of ladies and gentlemen from Santa Fe, and other places, to witness the issue; also an army officer or two, with a squad of soldiers to represent the government, and to preserve order during the ceremony.

Manuelito the recognized chief, has of late lost influence and respect among his tribe, through his avarice and cunning; and he was so confident that there would be an open revolt against him, that he besought the military to protect his life, by sending an extra force of troops to be present at the issue. This state of affairs induced a few to remain away altogether. Manuelito appeared to be somewhat intimidated by his great rival Gana-mucho, nevertheless he was present, and received his gifts without a grumble, and no extra force of troops was required to preserve the peace.

The cry has gone forth throughout the reservation, that the 10th of April will be the day for the assembling of the hosts, and although the weather is still unsettled in this elevated region, the frequent flurries of wind and snow, do not intimidate men, women and children from over the hill and far away canyons, coming to the agency. Nearly all come mounted on ponies, and the poor animals are weighed down with their loads of human beings,—“kids, children, sacks and wives,” all on their way to the issue. None remained away but the sick, the very young, or the aged. Many bring their flocks and herds with them. Here comes an old squaw with a young lamb in her arms, that is too weak to run with the flock. Some of us walk up the neighboring canyon, and interview the families as they wend their way to the large enclosure, previous to entering which, ~~they~~ each receive a ticket, that entitles the holder to a certain quantity of goods. A red check entitles the man who receives it to nine yards of cotton cloth, three yards of jean, either an axe or a hoe, a butcher knife, and a bandanna handkerchief. A blue check entitles the woman who receives it, to six yards of calico, five hanks of yarn, four

ounces of indigo, four yards of cotton cloth, a flour sieve, a pair of wool-cards, and a paper of needles. The pink checks are for the children, and will entitle the holder to two and one-half yards of calico, the same quantity of cotton cloth, a tin cup and a hair comb.

Passing into the large enclosure, we find the gate keepers overwhelmed with business, handing tickets to those who are going in, and the yard rapidly filling up. Those who enter must remain there till all are served; and as a careful watch is kept that none pass out till all are supplied with tickets, many an old squaw wishes the issue over, that she may leave her checks to be redeemed, and she allowed to return to her home. The snow and sleet are disagreeable enough; but the crowd continue pouring in by the gates till the enclosure is almost filled, and “standing room only” is possible.

We ascend to the roof of a neighboring house, and survey the vast assembly of blanketed humanity, and make the remark, How well they all behave in the midst of so many annoyances. By four in the afternoon the count is completed and all have received their checks, except a few herders out upon the hills, and they are supplied by two or three mounted messengers. When the first days work is over, the pent up Indians pour forth, some to their homes, others with the checks of their families go into vacant buildings, or places of shelter near by, and remain till morning. We who are the guests of the agent, repair to his well filled apartments, and enjoy his generous hospitality. In the evening I display a series of lantern views of the centennial exhibition; but owing to the inclemency of the weather but few Indians ~~are~~ present to see them.

Snow continues falling during the night, and in the morning we tramp around and make our way through mud and slush, between crowds of men on horses, men on foot, women and children, to the issuing room. The issue begins just as soon as the clerks have taken their breakfast; and the soldiers have taken their positions where they can best restrain the eager multitude. The preparations are so complete this year, and the character of the goods so satisfactory, that the work of issuing proceeds quietly and orderly throughout the day. The ladies of our party visit the issuing room and enjoy the novel scene. Miss P. stands at one of the windows for a while, and passes out pattern after pattern of calico to the dusky women and maidens, which pleases the latter greatly. Will S. our young Nast, serves for a while at the window of bandanna handkerchiefs, and afterwards dresses his neck with one of them. He amuses the ladies by caricatures of the



remarkable shoes which Miss S. and Miss B. have been obliged to wear, they having forgotten their rubbers. Capt. B. formerly their agent, passes out calico for a while, and gratifies the fancy of the squaws to the exact shade they want. Later in the day Mr. Jackson, photographer to the government, takes a view of the assembled multitude, and the Captain's ample shirt front shows conspicuously in the picture.

The sun goes behind the neighboring hill before half the goods are distributed, and another day is consumed before all the checks have been redeemed. Each chief receives an extra bolt of jean and *manta*; for they are supposed to represent a large constituency, and <sup>insure</sup> ~~dispose~~ many favors. Manuelito and Gano-mucho do not embrace as they are about to leave for their homes; but their ill feeling towards one another is much appeased by the results of the issue, and they with all the sub-chiefs leave the agency feeling very happy.

"A TRIP TO CANYON DE CHILLE."

A trip to Canyon de Chille forty miles distant, has been talked of for several weeks, as a suitable termination of our visit to the reservation. Frequent horseback rides have been taken by the ladies, and all think they are equal to the ride to the canyon. The weather is not the most favorable for camping out. From May to October would be preferable, but we are so near, a large party, fully equipped, and possessed of <sup>and</sup> ~~that~~ courage enough for any undertaking, ~~that~~ we think we will take all the chances for a successful trip, and go. On the afternoon of the 12th of April, the ladies and two or three of the gentlemen mount their horses, and ride up Canyon Bonito, and beyond in the direction of the great canyon, and camp at Owens Spring, about ten miles from the agency. They are followed by a pack train, consisting of five mules with their drivers, the latter to act as cooks. The plan agreed upon, is that the party just setting out shall ride ten miles the first day fifteen the next day, and there camp at a certain spring, and await the arrival of the party which will leave in the morning, and overtake them at the latter point: so that all may make the descent into the canyon at the same time on the third day. A different plan however is carried out, viz: the party in advance ride ten miles the first day and reach the canyon on the evening of the second day, taking with them all the provision packs; thus leaving the party who set out on the second day, a ride of forty miles to overtake them, which of course they fail to do, and are obliged to make a dry camp and go supperless to bed; quite an unnecessary arrangement for parties on a pleasure tour. We have corn with us for

the horses, and the adjutant fortunately has a jar of beef essence which helps to stay our hunger, and we pass the night as best we can. The morning stars have not set, before we are on the move, and we gather up our effects, and prepare to descend into the canyon. We find that we have been sleeping just on the brink of the gulf, and not more than two miles from the other party; but we were at the top of the descent, and they far down in the bottom of the gorge, out of reach and call.

We accomplish the descent without accident, and soon overtake the fugitives. We compliment the ladies for the endurance they have displayed in making the proposed three days ride in two days; but regard their leader Dr. T. who has obliged us to overtake them in one day without coffee or sandwiches, as the perpetrator of a practical joke on us that would do credit to Sothern.

The party have pitched their tents under the shadow of Explorers column, a lofty spire of sandstone, that raises itself seven hundred feet above the bed of the stream. A splendid place for a camp with an abundance of wood and water.

But a warm meal is more to us just now, than grand and beautiful scenery, and we direct David to hurry up breakfast. While we sip our coffee, the ladies as fresh as if they had ridden but five miles yesterday, instead of twenty-five, are clearing up their breakfast tins, and have ordered their horses for a ride down the canyon. We shall join them after recovering a little from our fatigue. Dr. Jackson and his namesake the photographer, have washed up their breakfast dishes, and are getting their camera ready for picture taking. The Secretary is saddling his horse for a ride with the ladies. The day is beautiful. We hungry ones do not wait to be called more than once, and are soon experiencing the deliciousness of coffee, bacon and corn. Is it not good to be deprived of food for a time, to know what it is to be hungry?

After breaking our fast, the adjutant and I take a siesta for an hour, before saddling up, and it is noon before we are on our way down the canyon, noting its grandeur and the many interesting features that attracted my attention so much on a former visit. The little cliff houses perched on the lofty ledges of the rocky walls, appear as inaccessible as ever. I make note of one or two, which I determine I will reach while on our way back. Planting time has not come, and we meet only a few Indians herding their flocks. Mr. J. carries a pocket aneroid resembling a big silver watch, and assures us that the canyon walls average twelve hundred feet in height. We ride over last years corn fields, and our horses

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\* Dr. B. M. Thomas

\* Dr. Sheldon Jackson  
Mr. Wm. H. Jackson  
Gov. T. Photographer



pluck withered stalks, and along irrigating ditches dry and washed out by the winter rains. The cottonwoods are budding, and paint the landscape with a delicate wash of green, ~~and~~ <sup>while</sup> the peach orchards now in bloom add crimson tints. I call the Adjutant's attention to the etchings of Cibolae by the old engravers, as they look down upon us from a lofty wall, and we puzzle ourselves to find the way up to them. The charcoal sketches by the modern Navajao artists, meet us at every turn. We ride over the ruins of an old building whose foundations are laid in solid blocks of sandstone. We dismount, and take a hasty survey of its rooms, and estufas. Peering down a shaft at one angle, a human skeleton is seen—the remains of some Indian who crawled here to die.

Turning an angle in the canyon, we come upon our party of ladies, who have thus far kept well in advance of us. They are grouped in front of an extensive ruin, and Mr. Jackson is fixing them for a picture. We join the party, and are included in the view. Photography has reached such a state of perfection, that all the material for taking forty pictures 5x8, may be carried about in a small parcel, less than one cubic foot in size. The process is the so called *dry* one, and dispenses with everything but a roll of sensitive paper, and the camera.

Just back of the above ruin is another cliff house, which we make a persevering effort to reach, but in vain.

Returning towards camp, the Adjutant and I try to ascend to a cliff house, that has a gradual slope of broken rocks, two hundred feet in extent, leading down from it, and haply succeed in reaching it. Our finds consist of fragments of the ancient pottery, and beneath a pile of loose stones forming a little tomb over it, we see between the cracks the skeleton of a boy. Near by was a room 10x12 feet, with walls of unhewn sandstone, laid in durable mortar; also two other similar rooms, ~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> are the work of the old Pueblos.

The sun is well out of the canyon, but lingers for a while upon its summit, while we hurry down to the valley below, and having extricated our horses from their picket rope entanglements, gallop back to camp. Supper, and recounting to the ladies all the remarkable things we have seen during the day, occupies the evening, and we retire weary to our shelter tents. Our four lady companions spread their blankets of wool, and wraps of eider under a single A tent.

The Sabbath morning of the 15th dawns upon us bright and clear—a little cool perhaps, but the prospect of a day of rest is agreeable to every one, for we all feel somewhat jaded.

We have a D. D. and another Reverend gentleman in the party, and it is whispered around the different messes this morning, that there will be religious service sometime during the day, but as some of us may prefer to find "sermons in stones and books in running brooks," our clerical brothers give out word, that there will be service in the evening ~~and~~.

The animals need a day of rest, and we turn them loose to graze upon the fresh grass that already begins to carpet the banks of the stream. Seating myself upon a lofty ledge commanding a view of a wide valley below, my attention is diverted from my book by a rapid trampling of hoofs, and looking down several hundred feet, I see our horses and mules running like mad in the direction of a grassy meadow, which they have snuffed from afar.

Dr. J. calls my attention to a row of cliff houses so high and tucked up in the shelving alcoves of the walls, that I had not discovered them before. They are at least one thousand feet above the bed of the river, and from their nearness to the top of the canyon walls, must have been reached from above. Looking with a glass, we see a notched pole leading to them from an overhanging ledge. We scramble up a shaly slope, and lose our breath in the vain hope of getting a better view of them. Later in the day, Rev. Mr. S. reads to a small group from a pocket bible, which he carried with him ~~all~~ through the war, certain passages which were marked, places and dates, and which afforded him so much comfort, on ~~the~~ various occasions during those days that tried men's souls. Our sopranos seated upon logs in front of their camp fire, sing verses of sacred melodies. Some walk, others meander ~~along~~ the stream, or perch themselves upon a neighboring ridge, which commands a view of some remarkable scenery. Two strong men perfectly confident of their ability, and of steady nerve, set out to reach one of the cliff houses, but return soon after, not having accomplished their object, and say they "would prefer to let the job to the cliff house builders." Mr. J. seizes a moment when the sun's light is most favorable, and suffers the actinic rays that proceed from the lofty column, to produce their effects upon his sensitive camera. All of us count the day one of delightful rest and enjoyment.

A neat and commodious wigwam, at present untenanted, and capable of seating comfortably twenty people, stands near our camp, and I confer with Billy on the propriety of using it for religious worship this evening. He approves of the idea, and says he will make a fire in it, and act as sexton. Dr. T. furnishes the candles, and



two gentlemen volunteer to hold them. At the appointed hour, the entire party with the exception of two drivers, who hold up a pack of cards, and say they prefer to remain at home and read their *bibles*, assemble in the wigwam, and Dr. Jackson conducts religious service agreeably to the usages of the Presbyterian church. Perseverance is the topic of the Dr's. remarks. The singing without instrumental accompaniment, or even a written note to assist the memory, was very well executed. "Jesus lover of my soul," "Nearer my God," &c, being sung with as much heart and understanding, as we hear them sung from the organ lofts of our city churches. At the close of the sermon, the good doctor makes some appropriate remarks upon the general work of establishing missions among the Indians in this country; and urges upon all present, to do all in their power to help on the good work, that a permanent Presbyterian church may soon be established in this great canyon. One of the brethren suggests, that the wigman be dedicated now, and that a church be established. There is an elder present, ~~and~~ the majority are members of churches in good and regular standing; but we did not bring our letters, and we have not come prepared to stay. A clerical brother thinks seriously of leaving his church in town and coming here to organize the proposed church.

Monday morning finds us all mounted again, and ready at an early hour; some for further exploration, and others to make their way out of the canyon, and turn their steps towards the agency. Dr. J. Mr. J. the adjutant, the guide, and the writer, take leave of the ladies, and bent on seeing a little more of the canyon and its wonders, pursue an easterly course along the main branch of the great chasm. The brook that courses at our feet, is stocked with fish. The canyon narrows as we ascend, but the walls appear to be of the same height as below. Peach orchards, and numerous abandoned wigwams are passed, with evidences every where, that this portion of the canyon affords a pleasant habitation for many families of Indians during a part of the year.

As we pass a side canyon, I discover far up on the remote side, what appears to be a cliff house. We rein near to it, and tie the horses. I say to the adjutant, we can crawl up to that house. He says we can make the trial, so we begin the difficult ascent. I happen to be on the right trail, the adjutant is obliged to shift his course some fifty feet lower, and we soon get within a stones throw of the principal house. But we are not there yet, and at this point we are somewhat baffled. Soon Mr. Jackson, accustomed to just this kind of climbing, overtakes us, and points out certain old notches cut in the solid sandstone, in which by

placing our hands and feet alternately, we can reach a ledge, from which the farther ascent appears easy.

What at first appears to be a kennel large enough for a dog is a room 8 by 10 feet square, of undressed stone laid in mortar. Two of the rooms are found to be in a good state of preservation, but are without roofs. They appear to have been occupied for many years, judging from the accumulations of dried grass on the floor, which the dwellers probably used for beds.

Leaning against the canyon wall, and leading up to a ledge, some fifteen feet above the principal row of houses, are two ladders—notched poles, upon which the ascent may be made to the second ledge. About twenty feet above the second ledge, is a third ledge, upon which for a distance of fifty feet is constructed a rude wall or battlement, behind which are other places of retreat. The ascent to the second and third ledges; with the facilities at hand seeming quite perilous, we do not try to reach them. We pick up two small images of Cibolae rudely cut in some soft wood.

As we are clambering down from our perilous position on the first ledge, Mr. J. catches us in his camera, and requests us to hold fast a moment till he can get a picture of us.

All would like to spend a month in exploring the canyon, but *tempus fugit* and David reminds me, that our provisions are becoming exhausted, and we reluctantly turn our animals to leave it. A snow storm overtakes us, and we cast an upward glance at the white curtain of falling flakes that shuts off from view a portion of the canyon. We seek a shelter from the storm for a few moments in an unoccupied wigwam, and then proceed. Billy goes flying through the sage brush, and does not rein up till he has gone a quarter of a mile. He soon returns and explains his mysterious movement by telling us that he just then saw a wild cat pursuing a rabbit, and he ran to see the result of the chase.

As we emerge from the canyon by the same trail we descended, we ride along the brink of the precipice for a few miles, and at length reach a point overlooking Explorers column, and view the canyon from a point twelve hundred feet above the bed of the river. The column does not appear to us as high as it did when we were camped at its base. The fallen trees near which we pitched our tents, and which afforded us an abundance of fuel, look like prostrate sage bushes. The river that winds along by the column, appears as motionless as a river upon a map; and the wigwam where we held service last evening, ~~appears~~ about as large as an ant hill.

The view up and down the main canyon, from the point overlooking the column is fearfully grand. Mr. J. and the adjutant are this moment seated quite as near the edge of the precipice, as appears to me to be safe. The former is adjusting his camera for a picture. The Doctor has a keen eye to discover a cave house, and he spies one near the top of the cliff. He says to me "I can get to it," and running along the edge of the table land towards it. I direct him from the opposite side, till he gets near, and then he descends into it. From my point of view, he seems to be but a step from a frightful leap over the precipice, and

Dr. Jackson  
Mr. H. Jackson  
Surgeon Lauderdale



I urge him to be cautious where he steps. I visit the same spot afterwards myself, and the danger does not seem so imminent. I find a broad ledge in front of the cave house, with what no doubt was considered by the strange people that once made these houses their homes, a large dooryard for their children—perhaps ten feet wide.

Mr. J. comes over to the spot I have selected, which affords the best view of the column, and throwing himself prone upon the edge of the cliff, and peering into the frightful abyss, pulls the black cloth over his head and the camera, and focuses the lenses. A flurry of snow threatens to intercept the sun's rays at the critical moment, but we hope the picture will develop well, as this is our last look at the canyon.

Mounting our horses, we hurry away to the camp on the mountain fifteen miles distant, and join the party of ladies and gentlemen that we took leave of in the morning. Snow is falling as we ride into camp. The adjutant wears his Navajoe blanket about him as gracefully as a native. The one worn by the secretary is conspicuous for its red and blue crosses, and he recalls to our mind a picture of a knight of the crusaders. We dismount in front of huge camp fires, and the cook serves us warm suppers of bacon, corn, and crackers, and seems to me such plain fare never tasted so good. A coyote scents our delicious repast, and "limps in the clearing." One of the cooks levels his piece at him, and misses him of course.

We pass up our plates I won't say how many times—till we are filled; after which we gather about the camp fire and relate to the ladies the remarkable exploits of the day. Our sopranos and alto rehearse pleasant melodies, and at intervals in their singing, Billy the guide and the cooks make the woods resound with songs and ballads. At length we shake off the snow from our garments, and retire beneath our tents for rest and strength to make that little ride of twenty-five miles, which is nothing for our party to do, and which will bring us back to the agency. \* \*

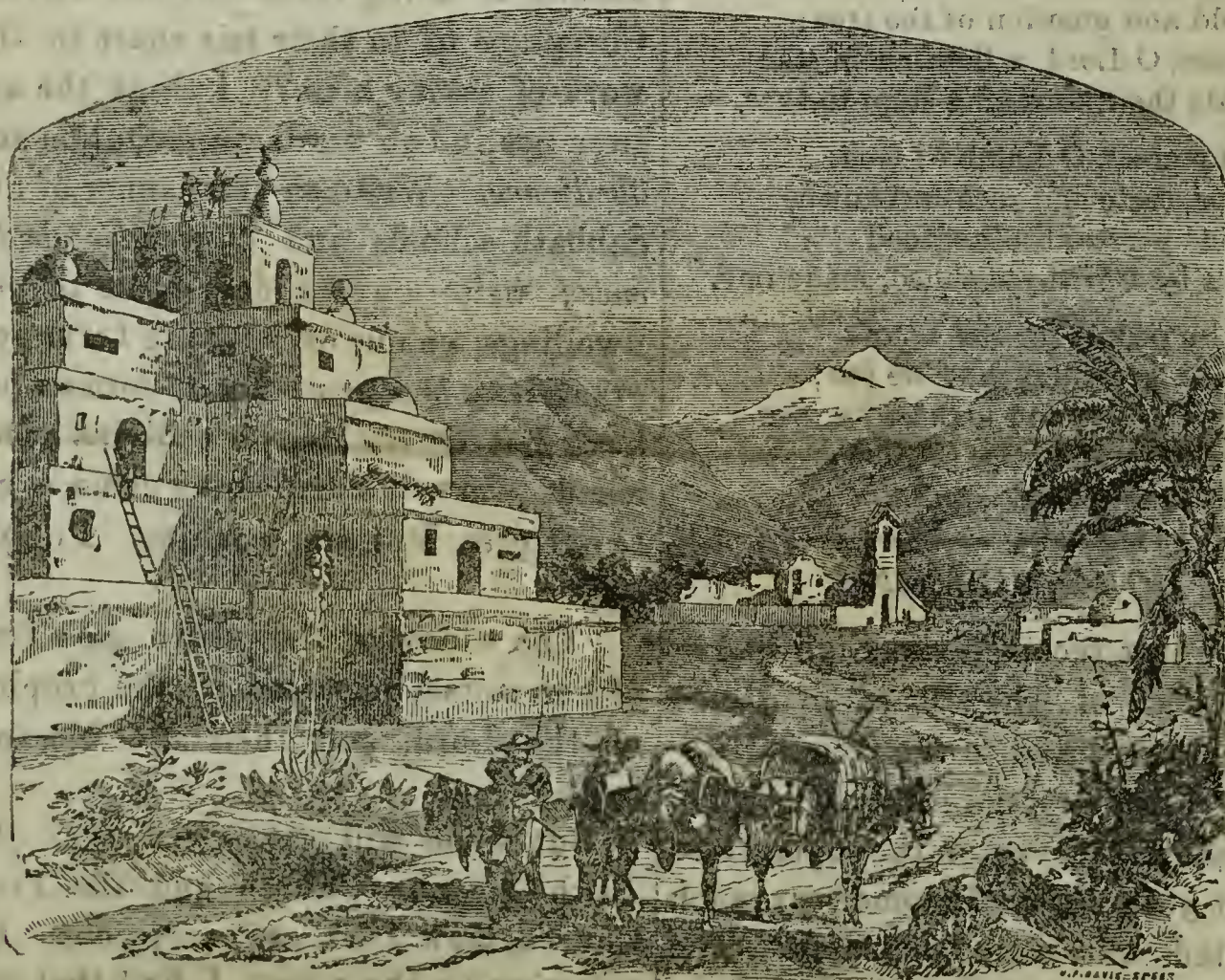
## Interesting Visit to the Pueblo Village of Taos.

### The Habits, Customs, Religions and Traditions of the People.

Of all the population of New Mexico no class presents greater claims for consideration than the Pueblo Indians. These Indians reside almost entirely in this Territory, and have their most complete town in the Taos Valley, situated about three miles northeast from the county seat of Taos Co., commonly designated as Fernandez de Taos. Besides being the most perfect Indian Pueblo in the Territory, it is one of the oldest. Their village is one of the wonders of ancient architecture.

#### STYLE OF LIFE.

The people of Taos are economical in the way of house room. There are but two dwellings at Taos, and in those two all the inhabitants reside. A house properly constitutes a village. One of the buildings at Taos covers about an acre of ground and the other about an acre and a quarter. They are constructed, as is generally known, I presume, like pyramids, one story on another until they reach fifty or sixty feet into the air, each story being set in from the edge of the one below sufficiently far to bring the structure almost to a point by the time five stores are attained. The walls are of adobe, and the bottom ones are very thick, as they must be to support the immense weight that they are compelled to hold up. There are innumerable partition walls which serve to support the roofs and top walls as well as to separate the rooms. The inside walls are thus the highest and strongest. Being thoroughly protected from what slight rainfall there is in this country, they stand for ages. The entrances are from the top, the ascents and descents being made by means of ladders. A ladder is about as useful a thing in a Pueblo village as a lead pencil is in a newspaper.



TAOS, PUEBLO.





THE GREEN CORN DANCE.

office. These ladders stand everywhere outside and inside of and all around a village. They are used to climb from the ground to the first roof, from the first to the second, and so on to the top, and then from the top to the first floor from above and so on back again to the bottom. The people go up and down them with the agility of monkeys. Even their domestic animals climb them with perfect ease. An Indian dog is the next thing to an Indian after his first cousin, and the animals must of course be in the house. Consequently, one of the first lessons a Pueblo dog must learn is to climb up and down these ladders. The chickens also understand the *modus operandi* and the housewife often thus has a whole brood picking crumbs from her fourth floor. The houses are divided into compartments, the rooms being about ten or twelve feet square. A family occupies one compartment, and whosoever owns the ground floor owns and occupies all above it. It may be seen that those having their residences in the center of the building have much more commodious quarters than their outside neighbors. When in one of the Taos "hives," a family, occupying central apartments, has five rooms, those upon whom are conferred front corner rooms have but one. They have rules regulating the distribution, generally giving the most capacious apartments to their most honored citizens. These people, when "at home," are so effectually separated by the immense wall between them that they are no more troubled by their neighbors than are the people who live along Fourteenth Street in Denver.

These Indians have lived at this place for over three hundred years, as we have every reason to believe from the old Span-

ish records still extant; how much longer will probably never be known, as they have no knowledge themselves. It is, however, believed that they settled here about the time or soon after Cortez attacked Mexico. They have villages all along the Rio Grande from this place south, and own the best tillable land in the Territory. They are very industrious, and are generally conceded to be among the best people of New Mexico. They till the soil by the most primitive means, refusing to adopt an iron plow, but going ahead scratching with the old wooden coulters as they have ever since they first learned to use these implements. But they continue to support themselves free of any aid from the Government.

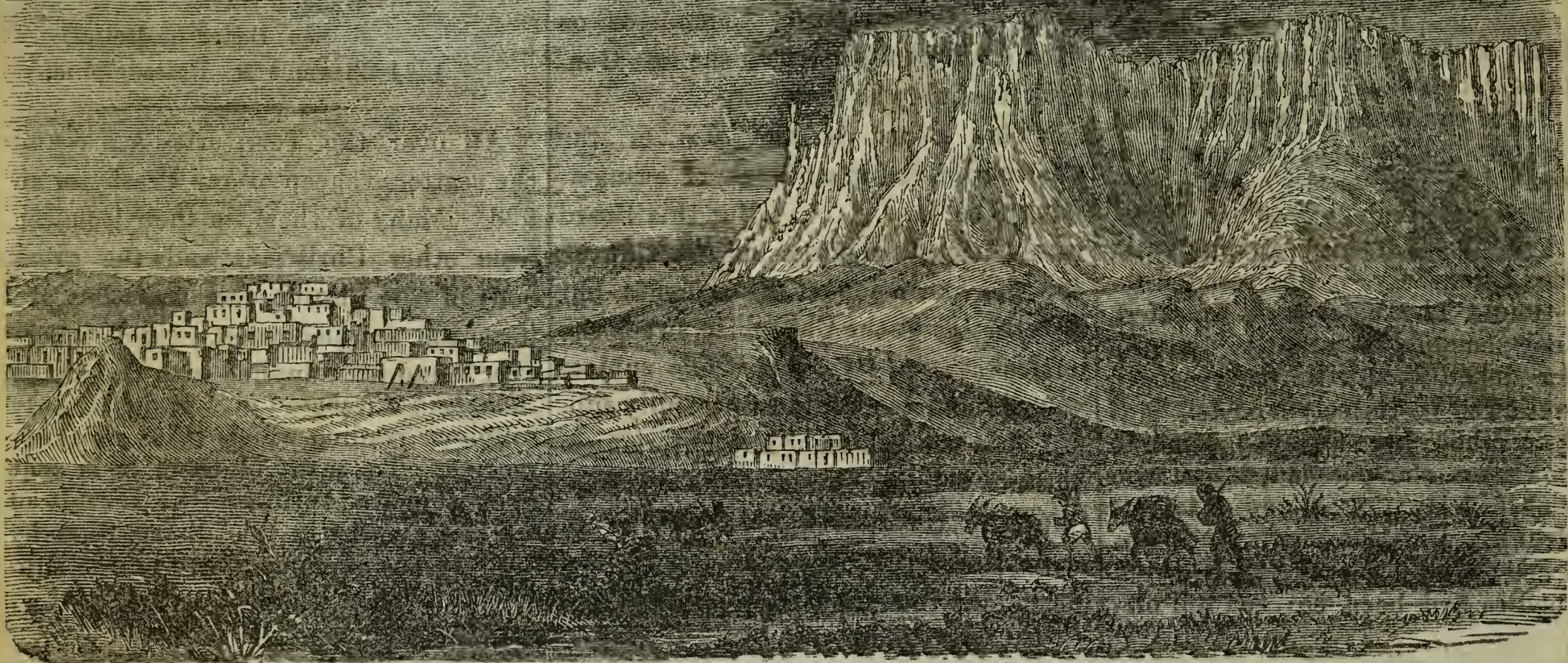
#### ARE THEY PROGRESSING?

A few of them, particularly those at the village of Laguna, are beginning to obtain some knowledge of the outside world and to adopt some of the customs of the Americans. This is due entirely to the efforts of the Baptist and Presbyterian missionaries. Dr. John Menaul is the Presbyterian minister now at Laguna. He has established a school, which is well attended. The people are anxious to learn the English language. They have been induced to use wagons and to send their wools to other markets, whereas previously they refused to send it away, or to use the wagon as a vehicle. These instances go to show that they are making some progress, and, most important of considerations, that they are capable of improving their condition.

#### RELIGIONS AND TRADITIONS

The Pueblos are generally considered as Catholics. Some of them have been made Protestants through efforts of missionaries. There is no doubt, however,





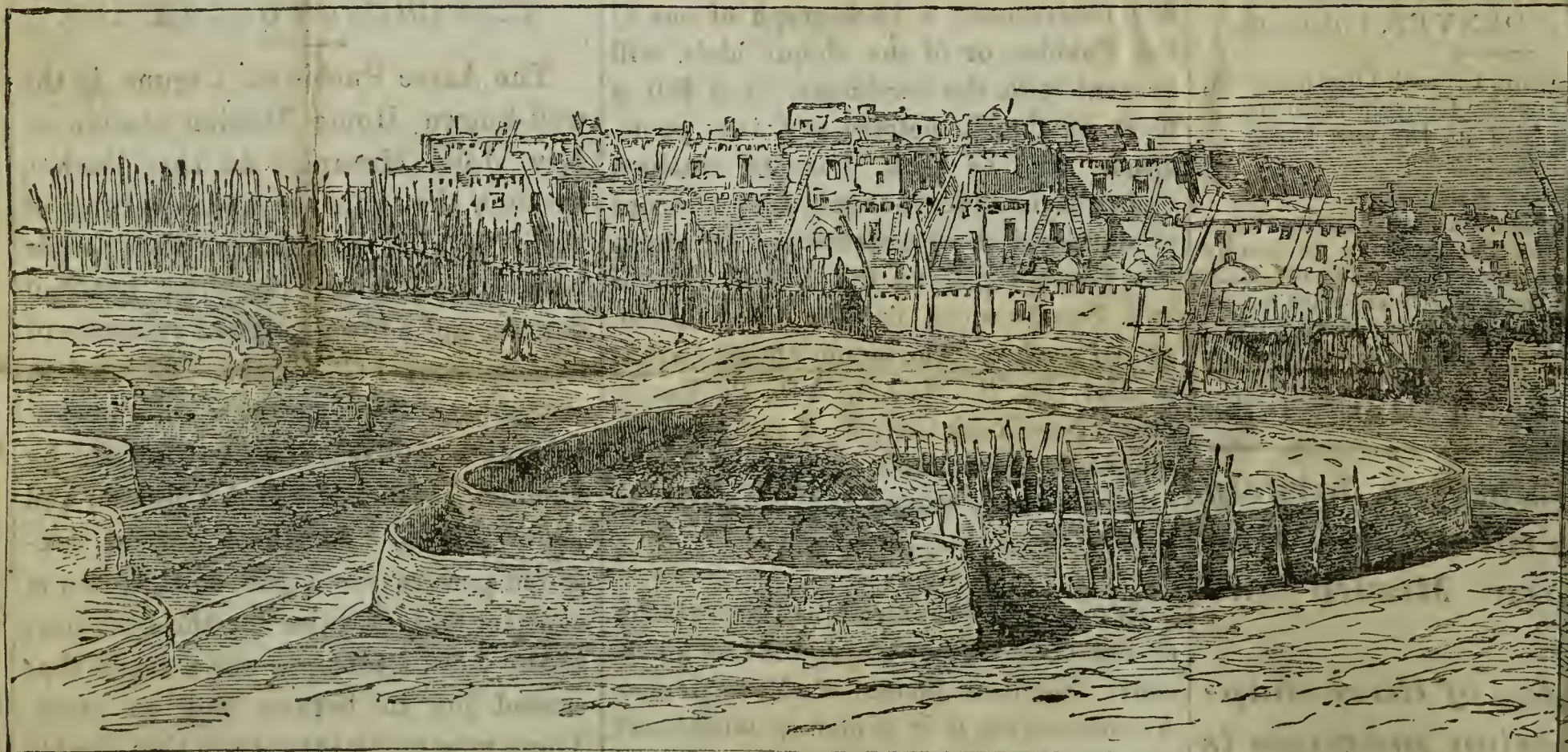
ZUNI.

that they still continue their old mode of worship. Montezuma is remembered and revered and dreaded by them. He is to the Pueblos what Jupiter was to the ancient heathen, or Mohammed to the Arabs, and they as confidently expect his return as does the Christian that Christ will make a second visit to this earth. They confound the religion of Montezuma and the Catholic faith to some extent, but they very likely do this for the sake of continuing their old forms. It is not generally believed that they are as devout Christians as they pretend. One of the most intelligent of them being asked which of the two religions he thought most of, replied that both were

good, evading a direct reply. The interlocutor, who is a prominent citizen of Santa Fe, and who himself told me of the conversation, dismissed the subject for the time, but returned to it in the course of half an hour. Then he asked the chief if he were compelled to surrender either faith, which could he most readily part with? The reply came that Pueblos could never cease to worship Montezuma.

#### A FIRE THAT NEVER GOES OUT.

At many places they keep a fire burning in his honor, which has not been allowed to die out for hundreds of years. One of these eternal fires is now burning at Taos. Mr. Antonio Joseph, who is



PUEBLO OF ZUNI, NEW MEXICO (NEAR VIEW).



county judge of Taos County, and a most intelligent gentlemen, told me that he had seen the fire only a few years since. This is a privilege granted to but the smallest possible few. A gentleman from New York, who took a great interest in the Pueblos, spent several months in Taos. He made them many presents, and so ingratiated himself into their favor that they permitted him to see the sacred flame, also allowing Mr. Joseph to go along with the New York gentleman. The place allotted to the fire is the central and largest one of their seven *estufa*. This is a subterranean chamber, generally used as a council chamber. The whole seven are situated near the houses. The fire was merely smoldering when Mr. Joseph saw it, and it is probable that it never burns very brightly. As Mr. Joseph understands the tradition in regard to Montezuma, it is that he was a tyrant. On account of some transgression, he visited the earth many hundred years ago and put his followers to work in the mines. But when he got ready to take his departure he told them that on condition that they would keep a fire burning, to remind themselves of his requirements, he would excuse them from this labor. But if they allowed the fire to die out, even for an instant, he would return and again punish them as they should deserve. So saying, he covered up the mines and took his departure. The fire was built, and year after year, decade after decade, century upon century, has it continued to burn without ceasing. The practice has been kept up so long and the faith become so inrooted into the simple mind of the Indians that it can not be wondered that they regard this fire-room the holy of holies, more precious to them than was the Arcana to the Jews. The fire is fed and protected by twelve men of the village, who are selected annually, each twelve serving until their successors are chosen. They are taken from their families and placed near the *estufa*, where they are compelled to remain for twelve months without speaking a word to an outsider. The other Indians keep well

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out of their way, and offer no inducement that would call their attention for a moment from their duty. They never go out except to get wood to feed the everlasting flame, their families carrying their food to them and giving it to them as silently as if they were feeding angels. The men are called *monjeys*—the pronunciation being almost monkeys. (I wonder that they do not adopt the English word.)

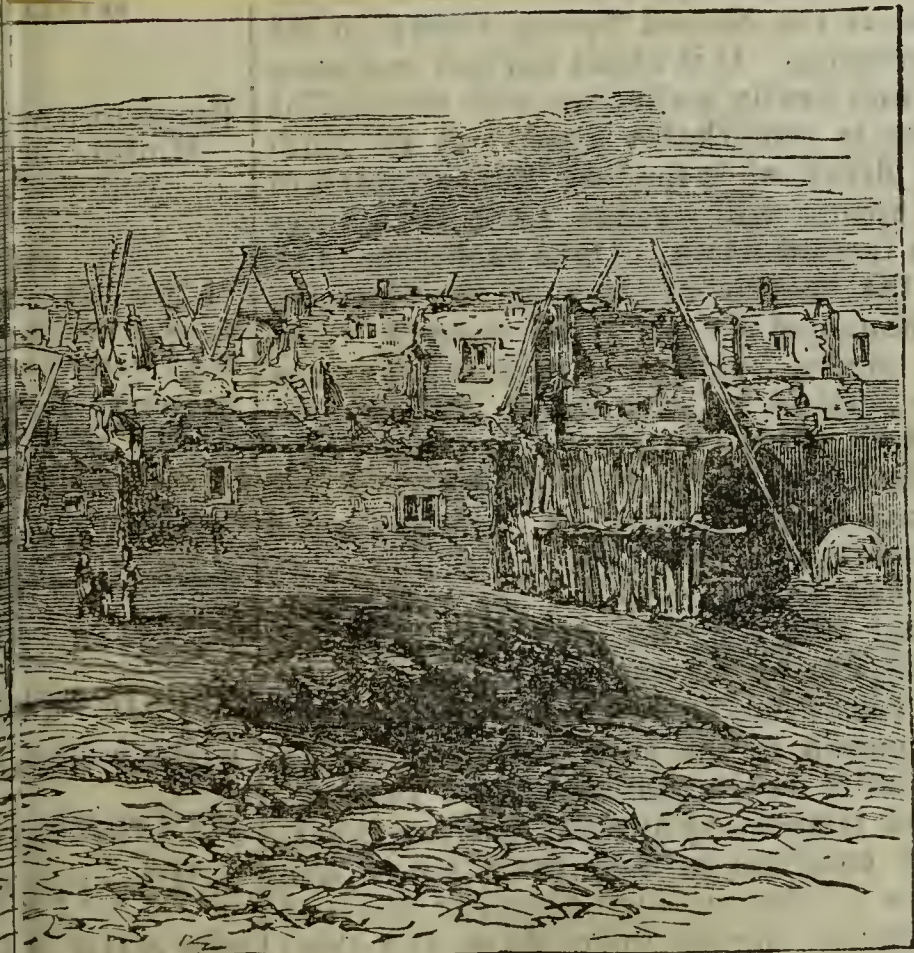
Some of the Pueblos have dropped the custom. But there is no doubt they all retain their faith in Montezuma. Dr. Thomas told me that at Moqui he had at sunrise seen great numbers sitting out upon a *mesa* crouched upon their feet and with elbows on their knees, and all gazing toward the east. He was afterward told that they were watching for Montezuma, whose arrival is expected to take place at sunrise. The one who should first see him would certainly receive, they said, some great favor at his hand. At Taos the Indians often range themselves on the bridge across the little stream near by at both sunrise and sunset, and chant unearthly sounds. Mr. Joseph is inclined to believe from this circumstance that they are fire-worshippers.

#### GOVERNMENT

The villages elect their officers, including a governor, annually, and these with a few old men constitute the council which governs the town. What is really, however, the principal officer, is called a *cacique*, or prince. He holds his office, for life, and has in his keeping all the traditions and religious lore of his people. He is the Grand High Priest, it being his business to preside at all religious meetings, conduct all religious dances and prescribe all religious forms. Domingo Concha is cacique of Taos, and is about sixty years of age. He assumes no extraordinary airs. You might go into a room where he is with a dozen others of his tribe, and never be able to distinguish him from his inferiors. Among the most noted of the caciques is Tosty Hosty (Rain and Lightning), who is the head of the village of Teguá. He is intelligent, and speaks and writes the Spanish language.

There are now about nine thousand of these Indians in the Territory of New Mexico, inhabiting nineteen villages. The largest is that of Zuni, containing about 1,500 inhabitants, but it is said not to be as perfect a specimen of the old-time Pueblo as that at Taos. They have refused to become citizens of the United States. They conform to the laws, but do not pay taxes or vote.

That they are descendants of the ancient Aztecs, there is much proof, but as my letter has already attained vast proportions, I will not trouble the reader with adducing any of them. The traditions about Montezuma would seem to confirm the belief to some extent. This is not alone a religious tradition. They say that their ancestors came to New Mexico from a place which they designated as a great salt lake far to the north, Montezuma heading the band. When they had been here but a short while Montezuma, mounted on an eagle, took his departure for the south, followed by a large







PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

number of his people. They went slowly, forming villages on their way, and at last arrived upon the site of the present city of Mexico, where the Indian city of Montezuma was founded and where their people were conquered by Cortez.

#### TURN RULE.

#### A Village of Sun-Worshippers — Sacred Spring—Altars and Groves in High Places in the United States—Home Mission Station.

We are greatly indebted to Messrs. Lee and Shepard, the well-known publishers of Boston, for the use of some electrotypes plates from their recent publication, "The Marvelous Country; or, Explorations and Adventures in Arizona and New Mexico." As there is no more romantic section of our country, adventures in it must necessarily be full of interest. While full of adventure, the book also conveys much valuable information concerning that wonder-land.

We clip from the work the following description of Zuni: The present buildings, as seen in the illustration, were standing and inhabited in 1526, when first visited by Joseph de Bazemilles. The houses are of stone, well constructed, and covered with a stucco, made of mud and gravel. They are terraced in the usual manner, some of them being five stories high. The egress is had by ladders, as very few of them have doors or windows in the lower stories until recently. Some of the best of them have stone-flagging floors, well laid, and the walls well plastered. The village is

situated in Western New Mexico, about ten miles from the Arizona line.

As a people, the Zunis are a finely formed and intelligent race. They wear their hair knotted behind, and bound with gay ribbons or braid. In front it is cut square across (banged) so as to completely cover the forehead, a custom common to all the Pueblos. In the summer a portion of the Zunis go out from the town from five to thirty miles to raise their summer crop of wheat, barley and corn, returning in the fall to pass the winter in the town. The government is patriarchal in form, their laws being made by thirteen wise men called Caciques, who are selected from among their wisest and best people. Their religion is nominally Catholic, though in reality, they are sun-worshippers. They were first discovered by the Spaniards soon after the conquest of Mexico, and priests have lived among them for nearly 300 years, until some time during the present century. The Zunis are a well-behaved people, keen in trade but hospitable and generous to whites who are led by fortune for a time among them. They are self-supporting; in many respects far more cleanly in their habits than other tribes, which is not saying much, and are proud to say that they have never killed a white man. From their form, build and personal characteristics they have, no doubt, an origin quite different from most other Indians on the continent. They have large flocks of sheep and goats, many horses and mules, some cattle, raise considerable corn and wheat, pumpkins, etc.; have large peach orchards,



which were, no doubt, started by the old Jesuit priests from pits brought from Europe during the latter part of the sixteenth century. A full history of this interesting people, of their manners and customs, of their long and interesting traditions, of their mode of life, etc., would be full of interest and might give the world some better knowledge than we now have of the early history of this continent.

#### The Flood.

Two or three miles from Zuni is a large mesa or mountain precipice, 1 000 feet high. Upon the top of this elevation was Old Zuni, a portion of the walls of which are seen standing in the illustration of Zuni altars. Old Zuni is said to have been built at the time of the flood.

(Visiting Zuni last spring to establish the mission, I took Zuni guides and ascended this mesa. It was a perilous climb, and we wished ourselves safely down many times before we reached the top.) Upon the top is a level plateau of many acres, upon which was standing a grove of cedars, surrounded by crumbling walls of great antiquity.

These prehistoric ruins cover an area of thirty acres. Towering high upon the side of this mesa were two immense columns of sandstone (one of which is seen at the end of the mesa in the illustration), each covered with what seemed to be human figures of colossal size.

#### Tradition of the Flood.

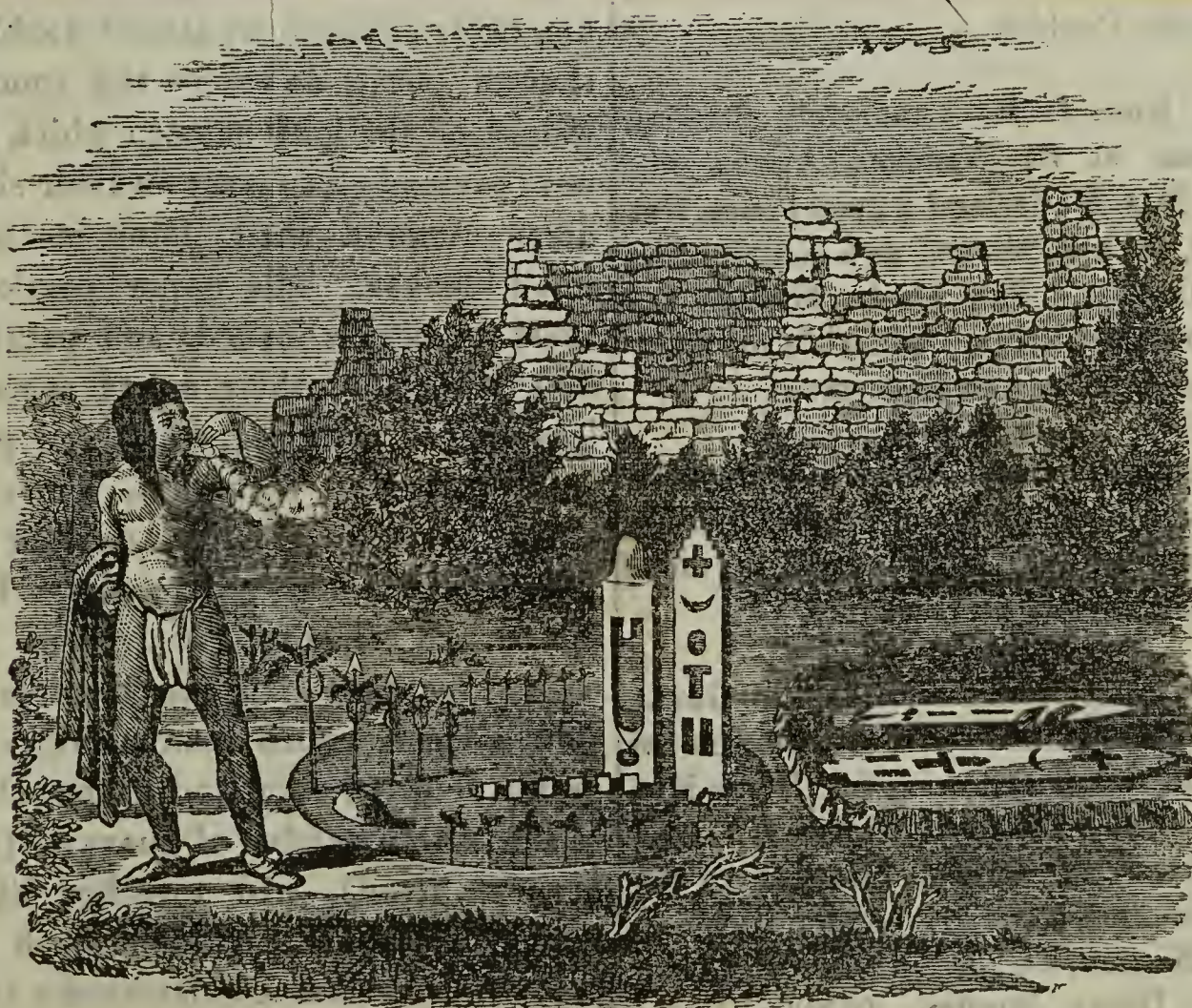
They say that ages before the appearance of the first Europeans a dreadful flood visited the earth. Water fell from the heavens, gushed forth from the earth, and rolled in from the east and from the west until the whole earth was submerged, destroying man and beast—the wild Apache and the sly cayote. Many of the people of Zuni rushed to the top of this

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mesa, but the greater part perished before reaching it. In the midst of the flood, darkness came upon the earth. The sun forgot to rise, and gloom and desolation reigned supreme. Still the waters rose higher and higher, threatening to overflow the mesa. To stay the flood, they took the lovely daughter and son of the Cacique and hurled them from the precipice into the surging flood as a propitiatory sacrifice. And the flood was stayed, having reached within thirty feet of the top. The boy and girl were turned into these great stone pillars, as a memorial that the sacrifice was accepted.

#### Altars in High Places.

These cedar groves contain many of the altars for their strange rites and ceremonies. [See illustration of Zuni altars.] As we approached them, mingled veneration and fear came over the countenance of the old Cacique who was our guide. Taking some white powder from a small bag suspended to his neck, and placing it upon a silver plate, which he took from his girdle, he turned his face to the south, holding a small portion of the powder between his thumb and finger gently blew it into the air, while muttering some mysterious incantations. This was an invocation to the spirit of Montezuma. These altars are generally oval in form, between two and three yards long, designated by a feather-arrow and kind of net-work screen. They always face the south, toward which point of the compass Montezuma was supposed to have gone, when he left his children of the Pueblos.

The foot of the altars was indicated by a cedar board, while in the center was a piece of wood carving. The outside was marked by a row of shells, or vase stones, or painted arrows. Many of the altars are very ancient, showing evidence of having existed hundreds of years.



ZUNI ALTARS AND INCANTATION SCENE.





THE SACRED SPRING OF ZUNI.

#### Sacred Spring.

In a small grotto, at the foot of the mesa, is the Sacred Spring shown in the illustration. It is about ten feet in diameter, and neatly walled up with stone. The water is remarkably good, but no Zuni will drink of it for fear that the spirit of the spring will avenge such indignities with instant death. Once each year, during the month of August, the Cacique, accompanied by his chief council, visits the spring, performs certain religious rites, cleans out the spring, places upon the wall an elaborately painted water jar, which has been specially prepared for the purpose by the high priest. All vows made at the spring are sacred.

While the sacred rites are being performed at the spring, those who have lost friends during the year form a procession, just as the sun shows on top of the mesa, and march to the summit there to spend the entire day, communing with their departed friends. Thus the ancient inhabitants continue to have their altars and groves of Baal in high places of the land—bringing curses upon them and their children. (Jer. xvii. 1-4.)

The Presbytery of Santa Fe has requested the Board of Home Missions to commission Rev. T. F. Ealy and family to Zuni.

But it is necessary that a mission-chapel, school-room and residence should be erected. The whole can be had for the small sum of \$2,000.

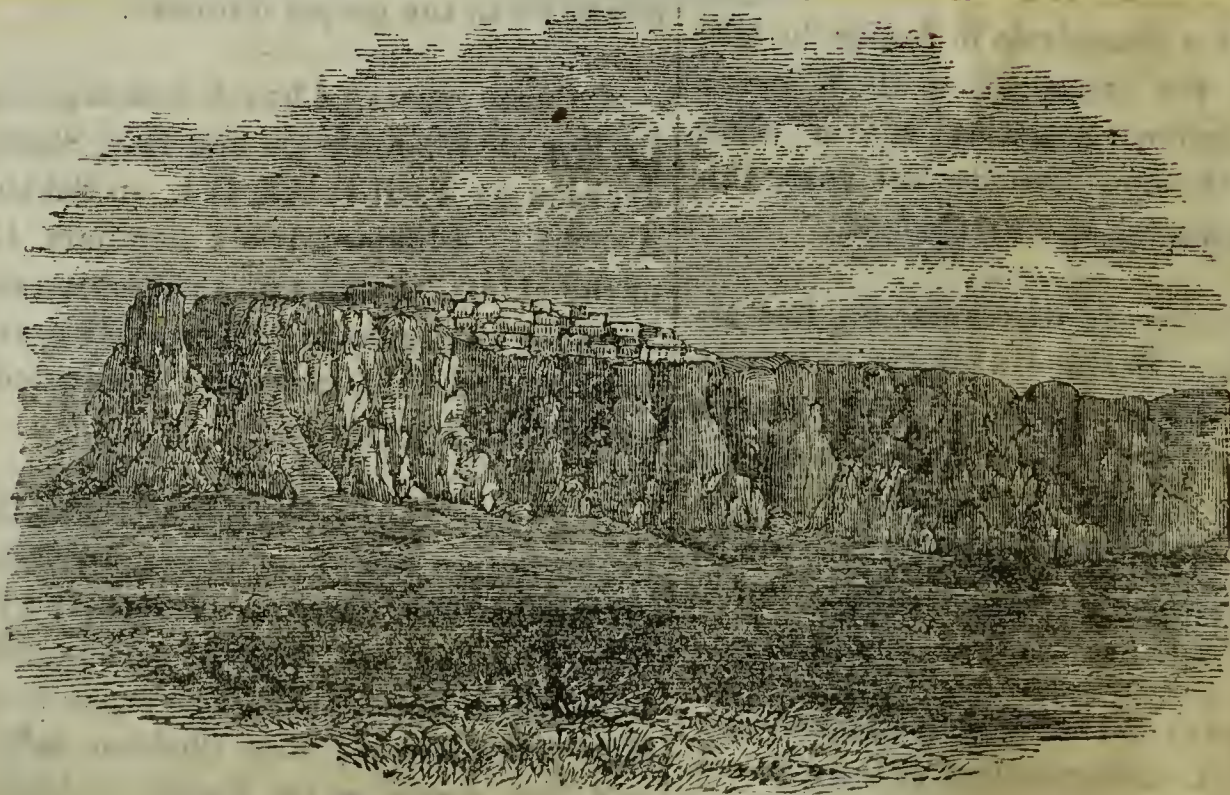
Will the Church sustain them as through the instruction of the people, they are able, like Josiah (2 Chron. xxxiv. 3, 4), to purge the United States from the high places and the groves; and break down the altars of Baalim? The prayers of God's people are earnestly asked, that the Holy Spirit may so accompany our mission schools among that people, that they will cut down their sacred groves, and find the blessing of the Gentiles, even by their springs of water. (Isa. xlix. 10)

#### ACOMA PUEBLO.

Acoma is an Aztec Pueblo, similar to Zuni. It stands upon a rock 350 feet high, and is reached, in part, by a sand-bank drifted against the base of the rock, then by means of a staircase of 375 steps, cut in the solid rock. At the upper end of the stairway is a ladder eighteen feet long, made from the trunk of a tree, in which notches have been cut for the feet.

The town is composed chiefly of blocks, containing sixty or seventy houses each, and generally three stories in height. A plaster of paris model of this village is being made by Wm. H. Jackson, Photographer and Artist of Hayden's U. S. G. & G. Survey, for the Paris Exposition.

These people are sun-worshipers, with no one to tell them of the Sun of Righteousness. When will the Church furnish the Board of Home Missions sufficient funds to establish among them, and others, mission stations, that the time may be hastened when idolatry shall no longer be found in the land?



ACOMA.



## PRE-HISTORIC RUINS.

### THE CAVE DWELLERS ON THE CLIFFS OF THE MANCOS CANYON.

Back of the lost Aztec cities there are in this region of country not merely traces but very well preserved ruins of the dwellings of a people who lived so long ago that not history or tradition, or even legend, has kept even so much as the shadow of their memory. They were and are not, is all we know. Prof. Tuckner, of Hayden's U. S. Survey, has made quite a study of their remains, and has given some interesting details concerning their discovery.

At first the existence of these cave dwellings was unknown to the party, but one of them, sharper-eyed than the others, suddenly descried way up, near the top of the bluff, fully a thousand feet from their base, perfect little houses, sandwiched in among the crevices of the horizontal strata of the rock of which the bluffs were composed. At the peril of his life one of the party scaled the precipice, and letting himself down into one of the houses, found the masonry as firm and solid as when first constructed, and so smooth and even that the casual observer from the cañon below would not notice the difference between it and the rock itself once in fifty times passing. The Cliff House, in the Mancos, was one of the wonders of their discoveries, it being first seen one evening just as the sun was sinking behind the western walls of the cañon. Perched in its little nook, like a swallow's nest, the Cliff House was found to be two stories in height, and evidently an edifice of considerable distinction, as its upper windows command an extended view down the cañon, and its position generally that of pre-eminence over the entire section thereabouts. The interior was found to be arranged far more elaborately than in any other building yet explored, the windows incased in wood, neatly fashioned, the sill and lintels still showing evidences of having been stained in imitation of dark woods, and most of it in a remarkably fair state of preservation. Some distance from this building, and upon other ledges, the ruins of quite a number of smaller buildings were found, and all of them ranging from seven hundred to a thousand feet from the bottom of the cañon below.

Many readers will recall the models of these cliff houses which were on view at the Centennial Exhibition in the government department, and which were always the center of a fascinated throng of the most intelligent and cultivated visitors.

## LAGUNA, PUEBLO—PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ORGANIZED.

The Aztec Pueblo of Laguna is the well-known Home Mission station of Rev. John Menaul. At that Pueblo, through the influence and teaching of their faithful missionary, the people have largely given up their heathen dances, and a few give good evidence of having become Christians. These few, on Sabbath, Sept. 15, were duly organized into a Presbyterian Church, by Sheldon Jackson, Dr. John Menaul and Elder Perea. As these former sun-worshipers received the solemn rite of baptism and sat down for the first time at the Lord's table, it was a scene that caused joy in heaven and on earth. There is so much interest in this Pueblo that the little church is too small for those who crowd it on Sabbath. When no more can find standing-room on the inside they are frequently seen crowding outside the windows to get within hearing distance. Surely the Sabbath-schools of the Church will see that \$500 is raised to enlarge the church, so that all these people who choose can at least hear the gospel.

### AN AZTEC THANKSGIVING.

In the Pueblos, where there are no mission stations, the various heathen dances are still kept up. One of these is shown in the illustration of

#### The Green Corn Dance at Jemez.

"As soon as the first ears of corn begin to ripen they are picked by the women and brought to the high-priest, who alone possesses the right to strip them from the husks, for the purpose of ascertaining their degree of maturity. After they shall have obtained the proper degree of maturity, if the promise for an abundant crop be a fair one, the high-priest sends criers through the streets to announce to the people, that as Montezuma has been kind to them and given them bountiful crops, they must assemble upon —, at noon, and render unto him thanksgiving and praise. Upon the appointed day a procession is formed, the men in single file, their bodies bent almost double, as though borne down by the immense weight of the load of corn which they



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were pretending to carry on their shoulders. Around their loins is tied a small blanket. The upper portion of their bodies is naked, and painted a dark red color; their naked arms and legs striped with red, white and green paint. Around each arm, above the elbow, is a band of cloth, trimmed with pine boughs and red berries. Their heads are elaborately decked with eagles' feathers. In one hand is carried a small gourd, containing a few grains of dried corn, and in the other a string with a number of guayaves (rolls of corn-bread), tied together like a bunch of cigars. Around each leg, just below the knee, is fastened a band, from which hang shells, eagles' claws, antelopes' hoofs, etc., while from their shoulders dangle the skins of such wild animals as the wearer had himself killed. One of the men has a "tombe" (drum), which he occasionally beats in a most frantic manner. Music is also made by drawing a notched stick swiftly across the convex half of a dried gourd, the sound of which is supposed to resemble the grinding of corn.

"Three members of the council accompany the procession, whose business it is to make a short speech before each house, the occupants waiting upon the roof their coming and bestowing upon them corn, which is added to the common stock. After all the houses have been visited the parties sing and dance themselves back to the plaza, where four large camp-kettles, with boiling corn, hang over the fire. The top of the poles from which these kettles are hung are ornamented with twelve ears of corn to represent the twelve months of the year. Each one of the kettles are tended by four men, their bodies being painted in white, red, green and blue. These men are supposed to represent the four seasons, and are selected for their ability to sing and endure fatigue. As they sing songs of gratitude to Montezuma they dance around the boiling kettle, keeping time with a corn-stalk on the edge of the kettle. This singing and dancing is kept up until the corn is boiled, after which the corn is taken from the kettle, burnt

on the fire, and the ashes sprinkled over the field to insure a good crop the next season. This ceremony completed, another fire is kindled and kettles refilled with corn. This is boiled and freely distributed among all the people. This dance has been handed down from generation to generation for many centuries."

When shall these idolaters of our land be taught the unknown God, whom now in their darkness and ignorance they feel after? Recognizing the obligation of thankfulness for their daily food, when shall they be taught concerning Him who is the Author and Giver of every good thing—who not only has provided food and material blessing, but has also provided a full and free salvation?

The missionary at Jemez (pronounced Hay-meth) is Rev. J. M. Shields, M.D., who, with his family, is living in one of the ancient houses. It is necessary to build mission premises and chapel, for which the children are asked for \$2,000.

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#### THE NAVAJOS.

No part of the world affords finer scenery than the Territories of our Union. Utah is rich in beautiful pasture lands, New Mexico in mineral wealth and mountainous contrasts, while Arizona is equal to any of her sister Territories in mineral wealth. She rises far above in beautiful landscapes. No part of Arizona is richer in this than that part known as the Navajo Reservation, situated in the northeast corner of the Territory. Here the researcher can find many traces of the almost extinct race of Aztecs, who inhabited North America centuries before the discovery by Columbus. The ground, in many places, is strewn with delicately made pottery, leaving signs or letters with which men of the present generation are unacquainted. The ruins of their villages, which are to be found on the reservation, show that they were in constant terror of war; built, as they are, on high peaks and in deep cañons, where life and limb are risked in getting to them.



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The cave dwellings will give the reader a faint idea of how inaccessible are these houses. The cliff, in which this cave is situated, is a perpendicular wall, 1,500 feet high, with foot and hand holes cut in the rock. The cave is two hundred feet above the ground. In this cave was found a knife, so well tempered that it cut cold steel. No doubt the Aztecs knew the art of tempering copper. It is to-day a lost art. Of this once powerful race no definite history can be found; they seem to have been swept from the earth in a body, leaving behind but few traces of their existence. The present owners of this country are the Navajo Indians. They have lived here for over two hundred years; they know nothing of the Aztecs. They say the houses were there when they came here. The Navajos are the most powerful tribe in the south, numbering 12,000. They are a peaceful tribe and live by farming. Every family has a flock of sheep, which supply them with meat, while their crops of *melons* and corn supply them with the other necessities. Their corn they sell, and buy clothing, sugar, coffee, etc. Ten years ago they were brought from Fort Sumner, on the Pecos River, where they were taken after their surrender in 1864, and placed back on their reservation. They were in a starving condition. The Government made a treaty with them and established an agency at Fort Defiance. They were given a pound of corn and a pound of beef per day, to men, women, and children. With this help they got along, and to-day rank among the wealthiest of American Indians.

Sheldon Jackson is now at their reservation arranging to give them the gospel.

#### INDIAN TRADITION OF "THE FALL."

The following tradition of the creation and fall of man is given by G. Kohl, in "Kitchi-Gami, or Wanderings around Lake Superior," translated in 1860. He mentions the following singular traditions among the Red Indians:

The first man and woman were placed in a garden rich with all manner of fruit. They ate, and lived there for

days and years in pleasure and happiness; and the Great Spirit often came to them, and conversed with them. "One thing," he said, "I warn you against. Come hither. See, this tree in the middle of the garden is not good. In a short time this tree will blossom and bear fruits, which look very fine, and taste very sweet, but do not eat of them, for if you do so ye will die." One day, however, when the woman went walking in the garden she heard a very kindly and sweet voice say to her, "Why dost thou not eat of this beautiful fruit? It tastes splendidly." She resisted for some time. The voice was repeated. The fruit smelled pleasantly, and the woman licked it a little. At length she swallowed it entirely, and felt as if drunk. When her husband came to her soon after, she persuaded him also to eat of it. He did so, and also felt as if drunk. But this scarce had happened ere the silver scales with which their bodies had been covered fell off; only twenty of these scales remained on, but lost all their brilliancy—ten on their fingers, and ten on their toes. They saw themselves to be quite uncovered, and began to be ashamed, and withdrew hurriedly into the bushes of the garden."

#### SUN-WORSHIP IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Indians of the great Southwest, as were the natives of ancient Mexico and Peru, are all sun-worshippers. They have various titles for their god, and worship him under various symbols; but it is the sun, the great giver of life and health, that is worshiped everywhere as the supreme power. The moon and the stars are, however, considered as gods of lower order, and subject in some myterious way to the sun, and to have control, in a limited manner, over the rain, winds, storms, and weather in general. They all have their sorcerers or medicine men, who are held in some degree of superstitious awe by the people. In sickness they use incantations of various kinds, and administer herbs of different classes, many of which, as we know from experience, are very effective in giving relief. If a medicine man undertakes to cure a patient he must do so, for if the patient dies, the doctor dies also, unless indeed the doctor prophesies that the patient will die, for then, in case the person recovers, the medicine man is killed as being a liar and not understanding his business. We have seen places where such a law or custom would work well at the present time.



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All savages are naturally very superstitious, and the Indians of Arizona are no exception to the rule. Indeed, we are inclined to believe they are, if possible, more superstitious than the natives of other parts of the land. The worship of these Indians is different among the various tribes. We have seen among the Hualapais what among civilized people would be called family worship. At the first peep of day the band would sit or squat on the top of a small hill, facing the east, and raise a most dismal sort of a howl. Then the patriarch of the band would speak a few words or utter what we supposed to be an invocation, in a most solemn tone of voice. Then another howl would arise from those around him. Then the old man would say a few words more. At this time the sun appeared above the horizon, and all prostrating themselves with their faces to the east raised a joyful shout, which was kept up until the sun had entirely risen above the mountain tops, after which they went back to the rancheria.

The Pueblo Indians worship the sun under the name of Montezuma. They also believe in inferior gods, and particularly in evil spirits. They claim that many ages ago, before they came to the land where they now dwell, Montezuma visited them and led them through the wilderness to the land where they have ever since lived. They also believe that it is his intention to return again to them at some future day, and make them a great and prosperous people.

The Navajoes do not believe in Montezuma. They worship what they call the Great Father and the Great Mother. The Great Father lives where the sun rises and is the author of all that is bad, while the Great Mother lives at the setting sun and is the giver of good and the protector of those who do right.

The Mohaves worship a god they call Matevil, whom they say once dwelt among their people, and that he will some day return. They also worship and fear an evil spirit they call Newathie, and who inflicts dire calamities on them at times. All these Indians fear to go abroad at night, as the devils and evil spirits are then at their work—according to their belief.

#### AZTEC RUINS.

Traces of the Old Races in Southwestern Colorado—Dwellings of Our Primeval Predecessors.

The ancient ruins which are scattered all over this country are some of the strangest unwritten pages of history. Our fertile valleys have been densely inhabited and highly cultivated by an

enlightened race of people centuries ago, while the ruins of the houses, corals, towns, fortifications, ditches, pottery-ware, drawings, non-interpretable writings, etc., go to show there have been many arts cultivated in those days which are now entirely lost to the human race. Their houses have been built of most every kind of rock, from small boulders to the finest sand stone. Some of the finest of these ruins and the most perfect are located fifteen miles up the Animas River, or about thirty-five miles below Animas City, in a large valley fifteen miles long by seven wide, on the west side of the river. This valley has been covered with buildings of every size, the two largest ones being 300x6,000, and about 300 feet apart. They are built of small sandstone laid in adobe mud, the outside walls being 4 feet and the inside walls from 1½ to 3 feet. In the lower story port-holes a foot square have been built for defense. There are rooms now left and walls for about four stories high still standing. About the second story, on the west side, there has been a balcony along the entire length of the building. No signs of a door are visible in the outer walls, and the ingress must have been from the top, in the inside, there being passages from room to room. Most of them are small, from 8x10 to 12x14 feet, the doors being 2x4 feet. The arches over the doors and port-holes are made of small cedar poles two inches wide, placed across, on which the masonry is placed. The sleepers supporting the floors are of cedar, about 8 inches through and from 20 to 50 feet long and about 3 feet apart. A layer of small round poles is then placed across the sleepers, then a layer of thinly-split cedar sticks, then about three inches of dirt, then a layer of cedar bark, then another layer of dirt, then a carpet of some kind of coarse grass, which forms the floors. The rooms that have been protected from exposure are whitewashed, and are ornamented by drawings and writings. In one of these rooms the impression of a hand dipped in whitewash, on a joist, is as plain as if it had been done only a few days ago. In another room there are drawings of tarantulas, centipedes, horses and men. One room in the eastern portion is quite a curiosity, it being perfectly round and must have been used for a hall. It is about twenty feet across. In some of these rooms have been found human bones, bones of sheep, corn-cobs, goods, raw-hides, and all colors and varieties of pottery ware. These two large buildings are exactly the same in every respect. Portions of the building plainly show that it has been destroyed by fire, the timbers be-



ing burned off and the roofs caving in, leaving the lower rooms entirely protected. The rock these buildings have been built of must have been brought a long way, as nothing to compare with it can be found within twenty miles. All the timber used is cedar, and has at least been brought twenty-five miles. Old ditches and roads are to be seen in every direction.

In conversation with the Navajoes in regard to these ruins, they say their forefathers came there five old men's ages ago (500 years) and these ruins were here, and the same then as now, and that they have no record of it whatever.

### The Lord's Prayer in the Language of Laguna Pueblo.

BY REV. JOHN MENAUL.

Sannashtiashe hawe wytua shapshe, Imme eshashe emenatako. Tue hatse katsyashe. Imme mame kochtuishtea enyetchasho tua hatse,imme eshetatanishe wytu. Wywe howwokawachane pa. Nakaskuyyannasosa seesotsime essechannatche, taah nutyemu hinometitch hawehutsche sotsime etsechanishe stch-eime. Pashme kawaheatsane nowtetskonishe, mame pashonuaskome tuatshoma suitsitseshe, noe imme Hatse kutcHa, ityekot, noe cHeko, tawakutscHa sityotsasHo. AmEn.

### A LEGEND OF THE UTES.

How Arizona Lost Her Forests.

A legend of the Utes, for which I am indebted to the persual of Major Powell's MS. notes, explains the cause of the absence of woods in Northern Arizona. It is not long, and there is something so inexpressibly novel in its movement, as well as in the fact of our drawing a new mythology and fresh imagery from the very heart of the continent, that I gave it as it is remembered. It is called "The Origin of Fire," and tells how once upon a time a bright spark fell from the point of a reed upon the ground, and the nightingale picked it up in its beak and found it was fire. And the mighty chief of the Utes asked what it was, and the nightingale said it was fire. And the chief asked if there were any more in the world, and the nightingale said that far off in the south was a people dancing ever about a great fire, with songs and shouts. So the mighty chief of the Utes made ready, and put on a fine cap, with long eagle feathers upon it, and started for the people of the south. And as he went he stationed nimble runners of his tribe all the way from the land of the Utes to the Fire People, at

intervals of a mile. And, journeying, he came after many days to the Fire People, dancing with songs and shouts about a great fire. And he mingled with them, but they saw he was a stranger and looked askant at him. But he danced and sang and shouted with them, and suddenly stooping, thrust the end of his eagle plumes in the fire, and they blazed up mightily. And the Fire People would have caught him, but he leaped over their heads and ran to the first man of his tribe, and falling exhausted, handed him the blazing torch of plumes and told him to run. And he ran and fell exhausted by the second man, handing him the plumes. And so they ran, each man catching the fire plumes from the hand of the runner, until the last man brought it to the land of the Utes. And they were so rejoiced they put the torch to the roots of a mighty tree on the edge of the forest, and shouted as it burned. But a great wind sprang up and carried the fire into the forest, and it spread in every direction, and all the woods were destroyed. And the people of the Utes prayed long and loud to the god Tawotz, and at length he sent a mighty rain, which quenched the fire. But a turtle sat upon a spark of fire and kept it alive during the rain. And this was the origin of fire. The myths combined give a not uninteresting barbaric history of the origin of the Grand Cañon and river of the Colorado and of the absence of forests in this part of Arizona. —M. S. Severance, in *Old and New*.

### INDIAN HYMN.

Many years ago an Indian preacher was in the African Church, in Richmond, Va. After a very impressive sermon, which he had delivered, he sang the following hymn with great effect. When he came to the two last lines he pointed to each class of persons. "See white man, black man," then striking his breast, "red man face, all happy, like on high." The church, which would seat nearly three thousand people, was well filled, yet not a dry eye in the vast multitude was to be seen.

"In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
Den me look heaven, me sen' up cry,  
Upon me knees so low;  
Dat God in high and shiney place,  
See me at night wid teary face,  
De preacher tell me so.

"God lub poor Indian in de wood,  
An' me lub God, an' dat be good,  
Me praise him till me die;  
Den me lub God wid inside heart,  
He fight for me, be take me part,  
He save me once before.

"When me be old, me head be gray,  
'Me wid you then, me hear him say,  
'Me wid you when you die;  
Den take me home to shiney place.  
See white man, black man, red man face,  
All happy, like on high.



Much interest has of late been taken in this powerful and semi-civilized tribe, and many prayers been made that they might be evangelized. Ex-Governor Army, who has been appointed their agent, is laboring with his usual energy to secure Christian employes at the Agency. Pastors knowing suitable persons for the work will promote the cause by calling attention to the following notice:

**Wanted**

The following employes at an Indian Agency: An able minister, with a wife, who will devote himself to the religious teachings at the Agency. Salary per annum \$720. His wife, if a suitable person, will be employed as matron of the school at a salary of \$1,000 per annum.

One school-teacher, at a \$1,000 per annum, one carpenter, one butcher, one herder, one good teamster, and three persons for general service at the Agency at \$60 per month. House rent and fuel free.

As the object of this advertisement is to obtain members of the church, so as to increase the moral and religious influence over the Indians, no application will receive attention unless accompanied by evidence that the applicant is a member of a church.

Address W. F. M. Army, U. S. Indian Agent, Fort Defiance, via Santa Fe, New Mexico.

As Fort Defiance is one of the best sanitariums on the continent, health may be an inducement to some consecrated minister in the Presbyterian Church to offer himself for that service.—Ed.

No. 809. Ruins on the Hovenweep, view from the front.

Nos. 810 and 811. Ruins on the Hovenweep, view of the interior.

[The above photographic views can be procured of the Department of the Interior, at Washington. Also a full description of the above ruins is found in the Bulletin of the U. S. G. and G. Survey of the Territories, Second Series, No. 1, published by the Department of the Interior.—Ed.]

Aside from the interest attaching to the ruins themselves, there are thrown about this rock and its surroundings, the romance and charm of legendary association. The story runs thus as given us by our guide: Formerly the aborigines inhabited all this

country we had been over as far north as the Rio Dolores, west some distance into Utah, and south and southwest throughout Arizona and on down into Mexico.

They had lived there from time immemorial—since the earth was a small island, which augmented as its inhabitants multiplied. They cultivated the valleys, fashioned whatever utensils and tools they needed very neatly and handsomely out of clay and wood and stone, not knowing any of the useful metals; built their homes and kept their flocks and herds in the fertile river bottom, and worshiped the sun. They were an eminently peaceful and prosperous people, living by agriculture rather than by the chase.

About a thousand years ago, however, they were visited by savage strangers from the north, whom they treated hospitably. Soon these visits became more frequent and annoying. Then their troublesome neighbors—ancestors of the present Utes—began to forage upon them, and, at last, to massacre them and devastate their farms; so, to save their lives at least, they built houses high upon the cliffs, where they could store food and hide away till the raiders left.

But one summer the invaders did not go back to their mountains as the people expected, but brought their families with them and settled down. So, driven from their homes and lands, starving in their niches on the high cliffs, they could only steal away during the night to wander across the cheerless uplands. To one who has traveled these steppes such a flight seems terrible, and the mind hesitates to picture.

At the Cristone they halted and probably found friends, for the rocks and caves are full of the nests of these human wrens and swallows. Here they collected, erected stone fortifications and watch-towers, dug reservoirs in the rocks to hold a supply of water, which in all cases is precarious in their latitude, and once more stood at bay. Their foes came, and for one long

month fought and were beaten back, and returned day after day to the attack as merciless and inevitable as was the tide.

Meanwhile the families of the defenders were evacuating and moving south, and bravely did their protectors shield them till they were all safely a hundred miles away. But the narrative tells us that the hollows of the rocks were filled to the brim with the mingled blood of the conquerors and conquered, and red veins of it ran down into the canon.

It was such a victory as they could



not afford to gain again, and they were glad when the long fight was over to follow their wives and little ones to the south. There in the deserts of Arizona, on well-nigh unapproachable isolated bluffs, they built new towns, and their few descendants, the Moquis, live in them to this day, preserving more carefully and purely the history and veneration of their forefathers, than their skill and wisdom. It was from one of their old men that this traditional sketch was obtained.

## AN APPEAL FOR THE PUEBLO MISSIONS.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

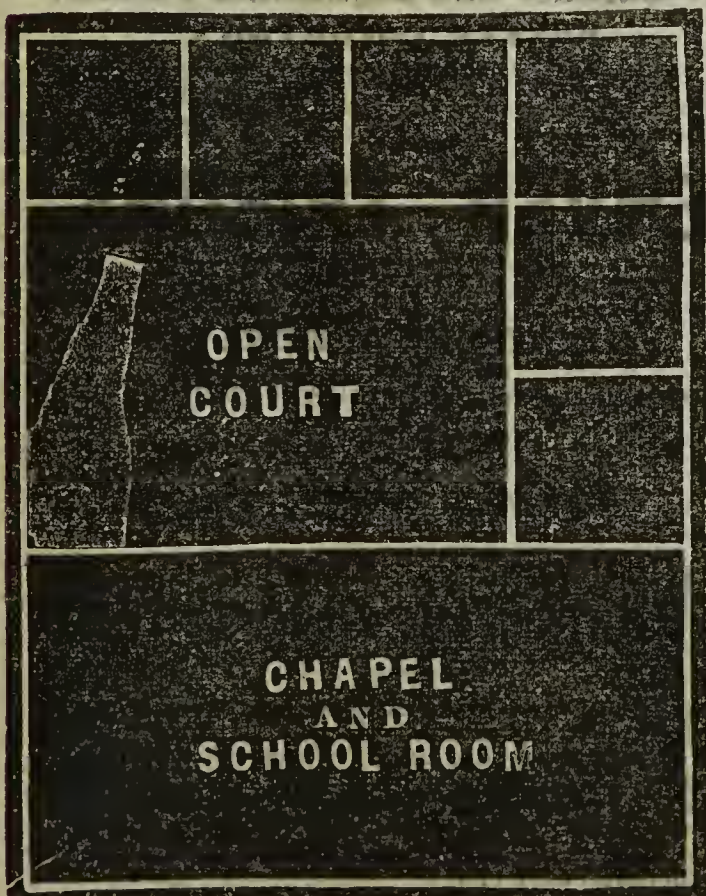
*To the Sabbath-School Children :*

Down in New Mexico are eighteen villages of a strange people, with strange houses and strange customs. No one can tell who they are, nor where they came from. They do not know themselves. There are from eight to ten thousand of them. Many think that they are the remnant of the great Aztec nation. They worship the sun, and do many strange things.

They live in great stone houses, that are from two to six stories high. These houses were standing when the Spaniards first visited that region in 1540, and, even at that time, tradition could not tell when they were erected. They may be a thousand or more years old. We know that they are over three hundred and fifty years old.

These people have been left all these centuries without any one to tell them about a Savior, although Roman Catholic priests visited them years ago and built churches.

A few years since a Mission was started



PROPOSED PLAN OF MISSION BUILDING AMONG THE PUEBLO VILLAGES.



ANTINAIN (POSY). PUTUSIV (EYELASH). WECHUTS (BIRDIE).  
THREE INDIAN GIRLS.—POWELL'S SURVEY.

at Laguna, and Rev. J. Menaul, the Missionary, is having good success. Last fall Dr. Palmer and family were sent to Zuni Pueblo, and, in the winter, Dr. Shields and family were sent to Jemez Pueblo. There being no mission-house at Zuni or Jemez, they were compelled to rent rooms in those ancient stone houses. These rooms were so damp and filthy, and the exposure so great, that Dr. Palmer was taken with a hemorrhage, and the health of his family was so affected that they were compelled to leave the Mission and return to the States. Some three or four of the leading Pueblos followed them two hundred miles, and could not speak of their loss without weeping. Another missionary family has been found for Zuni, but they can not be sent unless a house is provided for them; nor is it right to ask Dr. Shields and family to remain so exposed. Efficient missionaries are too valuable to be thus sacrificed.

Although these Pueblos are sun-worshippers, without any knowledge of the spiritual religion of the missionaries, yet they are anxious to have their children taught, and will do all they can toward the building. Women and children are willing to work day after day, under the burning sun of that country, in making *adobe* (sun-dried brick), while the men go





RUINS OF ANCIENT CAVE DWELLINGS, NEW MEXICO.

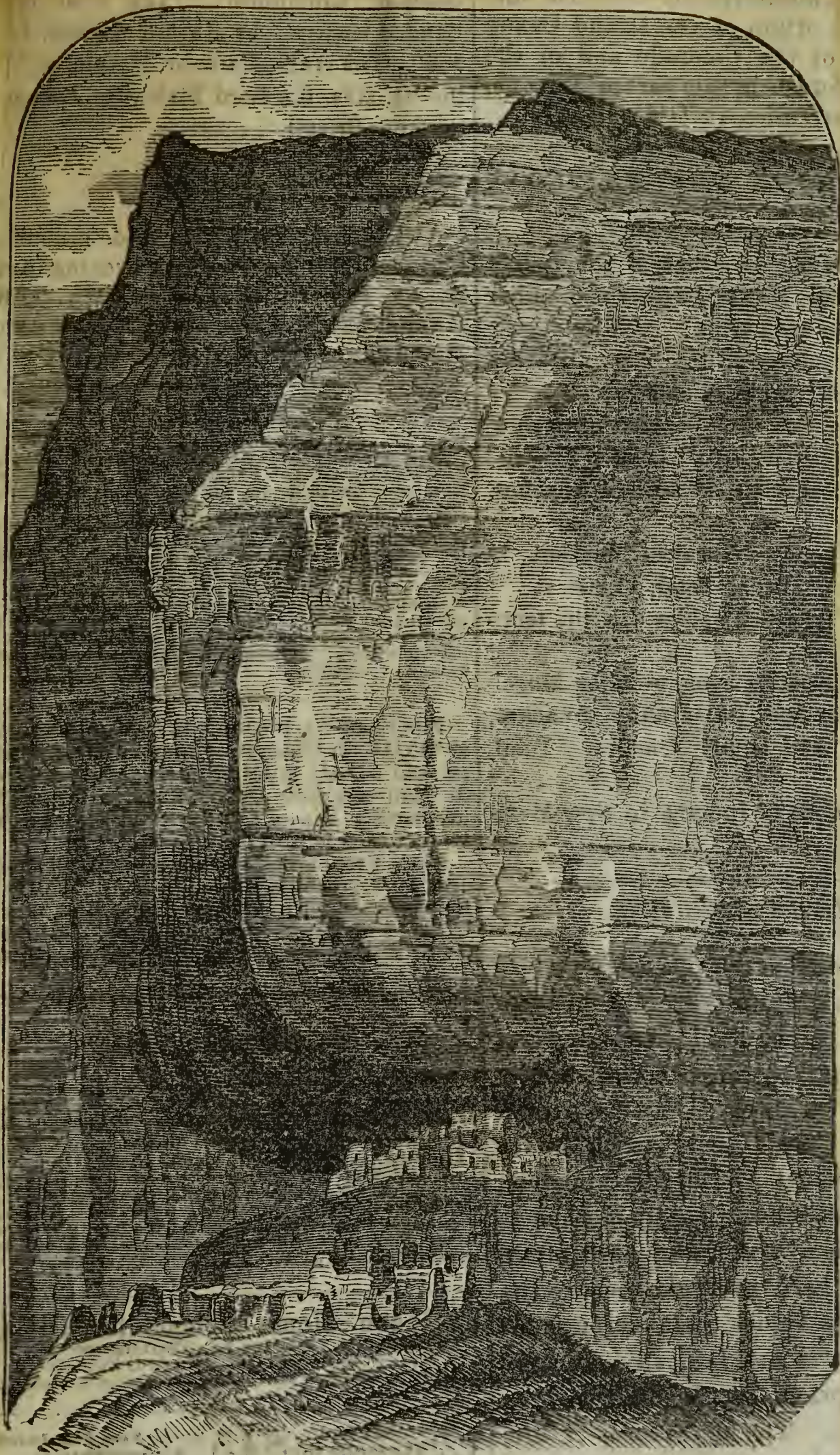
off to the mountains for the timbers to support the floor and dirt-roof. The clay and the water for the bricks will be carried on the heads of the women and girls. They will toil and suffer hardships, of which you can not conceive. They will do all that they can; but they have no money for the doors, windows, glass, hardware, lumber, etc. Will you help them to get these? or must they, in this Christian land, notwithstanding all they are willing to suffer to secure missionary teachers, be left without them, and consequently without ever hearing of Jesus? Shall it be said, in the great day of accounts, that they were left to perish because no one would help them to build a house for the missionary to live and teach in? Unless we can build a plain, substantial *adobe* building for chapel, school-room and residence, we

must abandon those interesting missions, and leave those sun-worshippers to perish. The need is so great, and the case so urgent, that I turn to you, children, for the money with which to build those houses, so that these Pueblo children may be brought to the Savior.

The last General Assembly (page 110 of the Minutes) authorized the collection of special funds for this purpose.

Now, children, shall those houses be built this fall? If they are, you will have to work hard for the next two or three weeks collecting the funds. A door, with trimmings, will cost about ten dollars; a window, with the trimmings and blinds, about ten dollars; *adobe* bricks, about ten cents each. The doors, windows, frames, hardware, etc., will be hauled in freight-wagons about four hundred miles, which





RUINS IN THE CAÑON DE CHELLY.

adds very much to the expense.

Any school contributing will be entitled to a photograph of one of those old Pueblo buildings, or of the Moqui idols, for each twenty-five dollars contributed, or a piece of Pueblo pottery, with two photographs, for each fifty dollars contributed. Each scholar contributing ten cents or more will be entitled to a certificate of stock in the Pueblo and Navajo Mission. The photographs can be sent at once; the pottery and certificates of stock can not be sent out before December.

Send the money, as soon as collected, to Rev. H. R. Wilson, D.D., Mission House, 23 Center Street, New York City, and specify for "Pueblo and Navajo Mission

Buildings;" then mail to John M. Reigart, Box 2,813 Denver, Colorado (Chairman of Sabbath-school Committee of Presbytery of Colorado), a memorandum of the amount contributed, number of certificates of stock wanted, and address to which photographs or pottery shall be sent.

A similar mission building is needed among the Navajo Indians, who number twelve thousand souls. The mission-chapel and residence will cost together about two thousand dollars at each place.

Illustrations of the Pueblo villages, green-corn dance, and altars will be found in the ROCKY MOUNTAIN PRESBYTERIAN for October. Ask your pastor for his copy; or send two three-cent postage stamps for a copy to Miss Abbie A. Potter, 178 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

The ladies and children of Geneseo have already raised \$150 to this fund.

The Presbyterian Sabbath-school of Colorado Springs proposes furnishing the money for the well at Zuni.

Others are becoming interested in sending money. Who next?

#### MOQUI PEEKEE.

Word is sent to me of a queer kind of bread called "Peekee," which is used by the Moqui American Indians. It comes in square loaves that are made by folding, twice across, several sheets of what looks like very thin bluish-green crust.

First, the meal is made by women, who grind it into flour between two stones, and then it is mixed with water until it is a thin blue paste or batter, when a little cedar-ash is sprinkled into it. The oven is a smooth-faced stone heated by kindling a fire under it. The batter is smeared over the hot stone, and is soon baked into a thin sheet, about two feet long and a foot and a half wide. Several sheets are folded, while yet warm and soft, to make a loaf, which is then set aside to dry.

This curious bread is very brittle and is eaten by breaking off little bits with the fingers. People who have never eaten it before soon become quite fond of it. "Jack in-the-Pulpit," *St. Nicholas* for September.

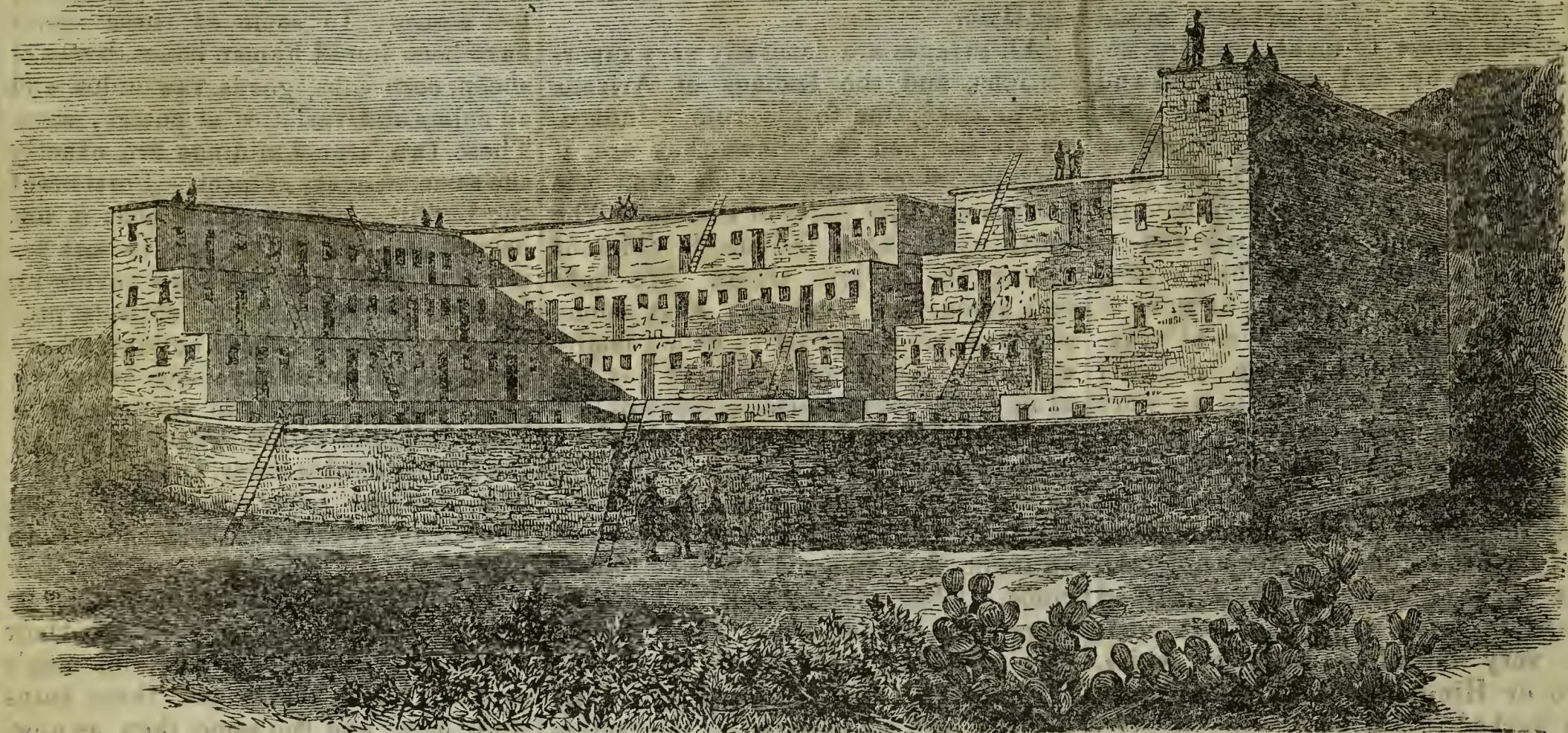
#### THE PUEBLOS.

The ancient civilization of this country is divided into three periods: first, that of the Colhuas; second, that of the Toltecs; and third, that of the Aztecs.

The Mound-builders are generally supposed to be identical with the Toltecs.

The Colhuas found the country inhabited by a people, the most ancient of which there is mention in this country, called the Chichimecs, whom they conquered. In turn they were subjugated by the Toltecs, who were overthrown by the Aztecs. The latter,





A PUEBLO RESTORED BY LIEUT. SIMPSON.

however, did not equal the civilization of their predecessors.

Unfortunately the Toltec books of record were nearly all destroyed by the Aztecs and what they did not destroy were burned by the ignorant and fanatic Spanish priests, so that all recollection of their former history and customs might be exterminated among the people they had conquered.

As many of the ruins in Colorado, especially those found in the valleys, seem to have a resemblance to the present dwellings of the Pueblo or Village Indians I will give a brief description of of a "pueblo." They are built of adobe (sun-dried brick) and are several stories high, the walls of each receding from those below. The pueblos are reached by ladders from the outside and the different stories are connected in the same way. They are community-dwellings, accommodating from five hundred to several thousand inhabitants.

The Pueblo Indians irrigate and cultivate the soil. The following is one of their traditions as to their origin:

They first appeared about the sources of the Rio Grande, coming from some unknown region, and wandered about without buildings, seeking shelter in caves.

At "Acoti," one of their northern pueblos, Montezuma was born. He became their leader and guide in subsequent migrations. He taught them to build pueblos, and to kindle sacred fires guarded by priests. Taos was the

first pueblo he established. Thence he proceeded southward, forming settlements along his route. At Pecos, one of the principal towns, he took a tall tree and planted it in an inverted position, saying that when he should disappear a foreign race would rule over them, and that there would be no rain. He commanded them to watch the sacred fire until that tree should fall, when a race of white men would come from the east, overthrow their oppressors, and he would return. The earth would then again be visited by rains, and treasures of silver and gold be found in the mountains.

From Pecos, Montezuma continued southward to the city of Mexico, where he lived until the Spaniards came, when he disappeared.

The Moqui Indians, of Northwestern Arizona, also lived in pueblos, which are built on the summits of high bluffs on the edges of precipices, and from a distance look like the towers and battlements of a castle. The Moqui pueblos are seven in number, having a total population of about 1,500.

Lieutenant Ives gives the following description of one of their towns:

"It is nearly square, and surrounded by a stone wall fifteen feet high, the top of which forms a landing extending around the whole. Flights of stone steps lead from the first to a second landing upon which the doors of the houses open. Each pueblo is built upon a rectangular court in which we suppose are the springs that furnish the



supplies to the reservoirs. The successive stories are set back one behind the other. The lower rooms are reached through trap-doors from the first landing. The houses are three rooms deep and open upon the interior court. This arrangement is as strong and compact as could well be imagined, but as the court is common and the landings are separated by no partitions, it involves a certain community of residence."

The walls of the houses are adobe, the partitions of strong timber and the floors of clay. The inhabitants are light-colored, and very neat and clean. They have gardens on terraces on the bluffs and cultivate corn and have peach-trees. The walls of the terraces are of dressed stone, and water is supplied from reservoirs above. Outdoor work is done by the men, the women having the care of the household and doing the spinning, weaving and sewing.

I have already given a tradition of the descendants of the people who lived in the ruins described in the previous article. At the present day, with our limited knowledge of the ruins and the traditions of the surrounding tribes, it is difficult to determine exactly their age, or to tell who are the descendants of their inhabitants. Although, with the exception of the cliff-houses, they indicate structures similar in design to those of the Pueblos and Moquis, they

are far superior to them as monuments of architecture, science and skill. The Pueblo Indians irrigate and cultivate the soil in nearly the same way to-day as during the period of the Spanish Conquest. Their buildings have the same character as when first seen by the early Spanish explorers.

Coronada gives the following description of Cibola, which, he says, consists of seven small towns, every one of them having its particular name: "They are excellent good houses of three or four or five lofts high, wherein are good lodgings and fair chambers, with ladders instead of stairs and certain cellars underneath the ground, very good and paved, which are made for winter; they are in manner like stones; and the ladders which they have for their houses are all in a manner movable and portable; which are taken away and set down when they please, and they are made of two pieces of wood, with their steps as ours be." This would answer as a description of the pueblos of to-day.

Although the Pueblo Indians are generally considered to be a frontier branch of the Aztecs, it is probable they were a distinct race, notwithstanding their tradition that they were descendants of Montezuma (which tradition may have been derived in part from the Spaniards). Their style of building is entirely distinct from that



SAN XAVIER DEL BAC.

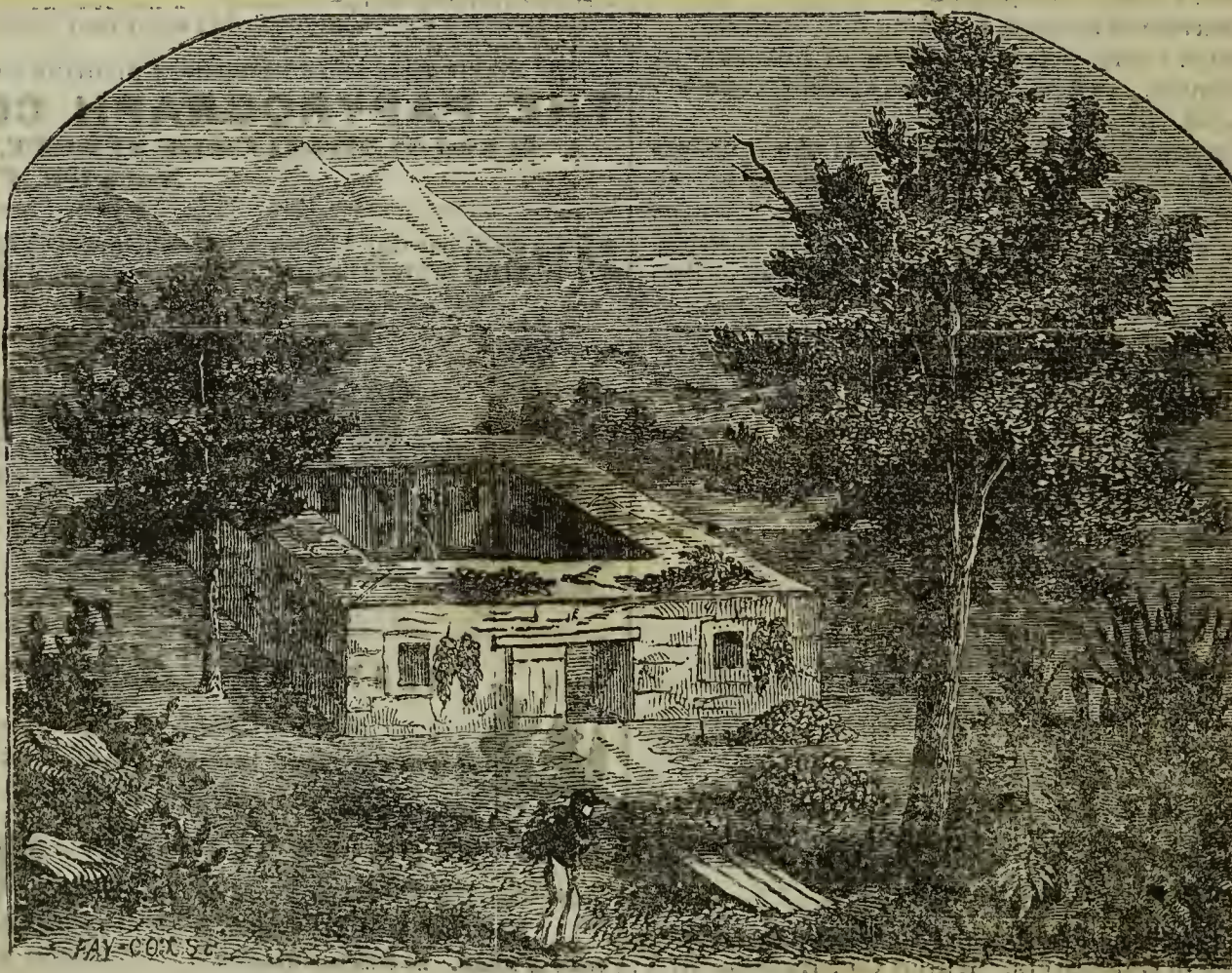
An Old Spanish Church of the 18th Century, near Tucson, Arizona.





of the Aztecs, and, moreover, it is altogether probable that the Aztecs came from the south into Mexico. It is possible that the Colhuas, Toltecs, Aztecs, and perhaps the Pueblo race were originally family groups of the same people. They all worshiped the sun. The Moqui and Pueblo Indians are a distinct race from the North American Indians. The former are not found toward the north, nor has there ever been found in Mexico, Central America, or South America, a people like the latter.

The ancient ruins of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, although not all of the same age, indicate a people who always build in the same general way, with some variation perhaps in the forms of their structure, and who had probably very nearly the same conditions of life. The Moquis and Pueblos, to day, inhabit structures that are similar although not so well constructed. It is, therefore, probable that they are the descendants of this ancient people, preserving more purely their history and veneration for their forefathers than their skill or civilization.



MEXICAN HOUSE.



## CLIFF CITIES.

### Discovery of Miles of Dwellings in Pumice Stone---New Mexico to the Front.

Washington Dispatch to Cleveland Leader.

Some additional facts have been obtained concerning the discovery of a hitherto unknown Cliff City in New Mexico. The section of the United States Geological Survey, of which Colonel James Stephenson was in charge, left this city last August for explorations in Northern New Mexico. They went by rail to Santa Fe and there procured mules and wagons for continuing the journey to their field of labor. They made some examinations at Taos and proceeded thence to the Indian town of Santa Clara, on the west bank of the Rio Grande. While at Santa Clara Colonel Stephenson first heard of some ancient and abandoned cliff caves, situated about twelve miles westward from Santa Clara, and about forty miles from Santa Fe. Procuring Indian guides the explorers started for the described locality.

#### THE RUINS

were found situated in the face of a series of cliffs between the Rio Grande and the Jemez mountains. The formation consists of a sort of volcanic mud or pumice stone, which appears to have been thrown out from these mountains, flowing down to be deposited in the form of wide mesas or table lands, extending out some eight miles from the foot of the mountain and about thirty miles long, so far as seen by the geologists, though the Indians said the cliffs and caves reached almost to the head of Jemez river, forty-five miles. After the deposit had formed and become solidified it appears to have been disturbed by subterranean convulsions, which broke the surface frequently and tilted the edges upward, thus forming cliffs, from the edge of which the surface descended back toward the mountain to the next cliff or bluff would be met, and so on, presenting the appearance of a continuous series of ledges reaching to the mountain. These cliffs or bluffs rise to a height of fifty to five hundred feet. In the face of the cliffs the habitations of a numerous people were made, perhaps, many centuries ago and abandoned.

#### HUNDREDS OF YEARS SINCE.

Some of the cliffs contain two, some three and others as many as five lines of antiquated dwellings rising line above line, and back toward the mountain tier beyond tier. Yet above each cliff and upper line there are ruins of rectangular houses built of blocks of stone of the form of bricks and adobes, but larger in size. All of those old houses were inhabited, probably by the forefathers of the present race of Indians, who now occupy the plains and valleys with adobe houses, piled upon each other and only accessible by means of ladders or balloons.

The houses on top of the cliffs in the abandoned city, between the Jemez mountains and the Rio Grande, are rectangular in form, but the caves in

the cliffs are circular, being ten to fifteen feet in diameter, with arched roofs. These dwellings were not caves, in the ordinary sense of the word, as the entrances to them were narrow, so as to admit of no more than one person at a time. The doors look, from a distance, like a narrow slit in the face of the rock.

#### WITHIN, THE EXCAVATION

is commodious, and around the circumference are numerous small apartments, apparently used as store rooms. Also, at opposite sides of the inner circle holes were drilled into the walls, poles having been inserted, and supported at each end, as though for the purpose of being used to hold up any article to be dried or put beyond the reach of small predatory animals, if there were any such in the Indian tribes long ago. At this time in some of those holes in the walls there are still to be found ends of the poles which were once extended across the apartment, and in many of the smaller niches are to be found the charred remains of some sort of small grain, and in other places corn cobs were discovered.

Another interesting and significant fact discovered in connection with the lodges in the ledges was that before each

#### LINE OF DWELLINGS

there appear to have been pavements, sometime four to five feet in width, on the broadest of which were two tracks or foot paths. In some places there was only room for one path. Into the rock of these paths tracks were worn to the depth of from five to twenty inches. In some of them the imprints of feet may be seen to this day. On the face of the rock, in places, may be found pictures and hieroglyphics.

All the indications point to the theory that a numerous population occupied the dwellings in the cliffs for long ages, and that they had defined ideas of living comfortably and in safety, removed above the reach of water snakes.

The most intelligent Indian who accompanied Col. Stevenson and his party gave it as his opinion that the cliff houses were once inhabited by the ancestors of the Pueblo tribes, and that they were induced to step down and out by the missionaries after the Spanish conquest of Mexico. At present those Indians occupy their adobe villages, cultivate fields of corn, melons, beans, calabashes, etc., own cattle and carts and get along in the world peacefully and comfortably. Their pottery

is celebrated for its durability, unique design and artistic decorations. They and their belongings form one of the most interesting fields of study connected with the aborigines, and though some interesting information has been gathered, the inquiry is yet in its infancy.

THE school at Zuni Pueblo has 110 pupils enrolled, with an average attendance for February of 44. 1879



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## THE SACRIFICIAL STONES OF MEXICO.

The "American Antiquarian" for September has a description of the sacrificial stones of Mexico, by Ad. F. Bandelier. There are several of these stones in the National Museum in the City of Mexico. They are described by the author as follows:

(1.) *Techcatl*, or ordinary slaughter block—mostly of obsidian or green-stone (black or green "Jasper," according to older sources) about long enough and high enough to extend a man on it, and so shaped as to bend that victim, head and feet downwards, while the breast was correspondingly elevated. The width of this stone on its upper surface can be inferred from that of the sacrificial yoke, by means of which the captive's neck or throat was tightened, both wings of the yoke lapped over the stone on each side.

(1.) *Temalactl*, stone of gladiatorial sacrifice—a cylindrical block of stone, with a surface more or less plain, and perforated in the middle. This stone is, in fact, the counterpart to the stake of the northern Indians and of those of Brazil. The prisoner tied to the stake was expected to display almost superhuman indifference or fortitude against the most atrocious sufferings. The captive, fastened on the round "shuttle-stone," (from "tetl" stone and "malacatl," as Orozco very justly remarks) had once more to show his bravery by resisting, unprotected and badly armed, the attacks of well armed warriors. His doom was, of course, sealed beforehand, but a last exhibition of skill and courage was demanded of him—a torture, moral if not bodily, like that of ruder and wilder tribes. Again, there are indications stated that the so-called "gladiatorial sacrifice" was but a state of transition, the original wild torture dying out, and what in a more advanced state of society became the gladiatorial contests of the Romans, looming up in its infancy. Finally, it is to be noted that the sacrifice on the "round stone" is mentioned previous to the year 1495—the date of its first inauguration, according to the "Book of Gold"—already. Space forbids further discussion of the point.

(3) *Cuauhacalli*, Bowl of the eagles—The typical form of it is a round stone, more or less carved, having in the middle a concavity like unto a bowl or saucer, and from it a channel or groove towards the edge. This concavity is stated to have been for the hearts, which, after being presented to the idol, were thrown into it, whereas the channel conducted the blood gath-

ed on the stone. We have an eye witness, Bernal Diez de Castillo, to prove that the hearts were afterwards burnt before the idols.

The "calendar-stone" was a horizontal and not a vertically inserted block; it was placed before the "bowl" as the *stone of the sun*, and the blood of the sacrifice, the proper "heart's blood" of the victims, was used on it to "wash the face of the sun." The Mexicans have their well determined picture to represent the sun, and this was the face with protruding tongue occupying the center of the calendar stone.

## THE WESTERN CLIFF-DWELLERS.

Of late, blown over the plains, come stories of strange newly discovered cities of the far south-west; picturesque piles of masonry, of an age unknown to tradition. These ruins mark an era among antiquarians. The mysterious mound-builders fade into comparative insignificance before the grander and more ancient cliff-dwellers, whose castles lift their towers amid the sands of Arizona and crown the terraced slopes of the Rio Mancos and the Hovenweep [pronounced Höv'-enweep].

A ruin, accidentally discovered by A. D. Wilson of the Hayden Survey several years ago, while he was pursuing his labors as chief of the topographical corps in Southern Colorado, is described to me by Mr. Wilson as a stone building, about the size of the Patent-Office. It stood upon the bank of the Animas, in the San Juan country, and contained perhaps five hundred rooms. The roof and portions of the walls had fallen, but the part standing indicated a height of four stories. A number of the rooms were fairly preserved, had small loop-hole windows, but no outer doors. The building had doubtless been entered originally by means of ladders resting on niches, and drawn in after the occupants. The floors were of cedar, each log as large around as a man's head, the spaces filled neatly by smaller poles and twigs, covered by a carpet of cedar-bark. The ends of the timber were bruised and frayed, as if severed by a dull instrument; in the vicinity were stone hatchets, and saws made of sand-stone slivers about two feet long, worn to a smooth edge. A few hundred yards from the mammoth building was a second large house in ruins, and between the two strongholds rows of small dwellings, built of cobble-stones laid in *adobe*, and arranged along streets, after the style of the village of to-day. The smaller houses were in a more advanced state of ruin, on account of the round stones being more readily disintegrated by the elements than the heavy masonry. The streets and houses of this deserted town are overgrown by juniper and piñon,—the latter a dwarf wide-spreading pine which bears beneath the scales of its cones delicious and nutritious nuts. From



the size of the dead, as well as the living, trees, and from their position on the heaps of crumbling stone, Mr. Wilson concludes that a great period of time has elapsed since the buildings fell. How many hundred years they stood after desertion before yielding to the inroads of time cannot be certainly known.

The presence of sound wood in the houses does not set aside their antiquity. In the dry, pure air of Southern Colorado, wood fairly protected will last for centuries. In Asia cedar-wood has been kept a thousand years, and in Egypt cedar is known to have been in perfect preservation two thousand years after it left the forest. The cedars throughout the territories of the southwest do not rot, even in the groves. They die, and stand erect, solid and sapless. The winds and whirling sands carve the dead trees into forms of fantastic beauty, drill holes through the trunks, and play at hide-and-go-seek in the perforated limbs until, after ages of resistance, they literally blow away in atoms of fine, clean dust.

On the Rio San Juan, about twenty-five miles distant from the city of the Animas, Mr. Wilson discovered the following evening a similar pile, looming solemnly in the twilight near their camping-place. The scene as described was weird in the extreme. As the moon arose, the shadows of the phantom buildings were thrown darkly across the silvery plain. The blaze of camp-fires, the tiny tents, the negro cook, the men in buckskin hunting garb, and the picketed mules, made a strange picture of the summer's night, with background of moonlit desert and crumbling ruins, on whose ramparts towered dead, gaunt cedars, lifting their bleached skeletons like sheeted ghosts within the silent watch-towers of the murky past.—*From an illustrated article in Scribner for December.*

### Interesting Reminiscences of Early Missionary Operations at Laguna, Pueblo.

BY REV. SAMUEL GORMAN.

I arrived at Laguna, October 5, 1852, and lived in a house owned by one Francisco of Pojuate, adjoining Juan Padro's *doure*, on the low rock, toward the stream. We remained there until December 9, 1853, when I removed to our new house on the flat, where we lived until our removal to Santa Fe, February 24, 1859. I remained at Santa Fe for three years and two months. My wife is buried in the cemetery at that place.

#### CITIZENSHIP.

When I went to Laguna, Capt. H. L. Dodge promised to get me admitted into the Pueblo, but he did not come

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for about nine months to attend to it. Those were the most trying months I ever knew. The Roman Catholic priests were doing their best to drive us away, and we did not know what effect they were having on the Indians. We had hard work to get enough to eat, and were out of funds most of the time, and the character of the place still further increased our distress.

But, at length, Capt. Dodge came, and had a large council meeting one Sabbath. He made a speech of about an hour long, in which he plead hard for them to settle us there as missionaries—who had come to do them good—to teach their children, and preach Christ unto them. They at last consented, and the Governor took me in his arms and prayed to their gods, and adopted me and my family as children of the Pueblo, and as his children.

Each of his lieutenants did the same, and then we were members of the community, and on an equality with the natives, and privileged to take up any unoccupied land for building or cultivation.

I at once commenced the erection of my house, and the building of an acequia, to lead water to my garden. You no doubt saw the the remains of it still in existence.

#### SCHOOL AND PREACHING.

I preached in the village church three or four times in February and March, but the Papist priest sued me for damages, and I had to go to Court three terms, down to Tome, 180 miles distant.

Soon after I went there, I prepared a school-room in Francisco's house, and tried to get the children into school, but they would not remain to learn anything. We tried for six years, but failed. The parents would not compel their children to come.

After the first nine months I preached regularly every Sabbath, except when off on missionary tours. Sometimes the preaching was held in plazita, and sometimes in the town house, until in 1858 I built the

#### CHAPEL.

Though the building of my house cost my dear wife and myself six years of



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incessant toil, self-denial, and exposure, our Mission Board (Baptist) did not allow me a cent to build the house, and only \$600 to build the chapel.

I was compelled to superintend the the work, board the workmen, and labor with them. Being much discouraged at the Station, my wife's health failing, and the Station at Santa Fe being vacant, the Board urged me to go there, which I did in February, 1859.

#### FIRST-FRUIT.

When I first went to Laguna, I found out a very retiring man, called Jose Senon, who could read in Spanish. Coming to my house, one day, he found a Spanish Bible on the table. It was about 10 A. M.; commencing to read it, he became so interested that he read on until 10 P. M.

That book was his constant companion for months. After reading awhile he would raise his head, exclaiming: "*Bueno Libro! Bueno Libro!*" (Good book.) He was then about forty-two years of age, and it was the first Bible he had ever seen. From that time on I employed him as my interpreter and assistant.

He was one of the closest Bible students I ever met, and soon became a skillful defender of the word. After two years' study of the Bible he was converted. He had been a devout worshiper of the sun, as they all are there, and also a devout Papist. But he came out clear and strong, cheerfully and fully giving up all his old faith and heathenish customs. Two years before I left he was licensed to preach, and when I left the Mission was given into his charge.

He continued to preach until his death. At the time of his death he was also Governor of the Pubelo. All the old people will remember him well. He is buried near the west window of my house. His death took place in July, 1861.

The next year after Jose Sanou united with the Church, Jose Conejo, the husband of the widow who still lives there, was converted and baptized. Soon after, Jose Maria Mach came out and joined.

Jose Conejo died most triumphantly in the Christian faith, about six months after uniting with the Church. He was buried at our west window, at his own request, and Jose Senon afterward. Please look up those graves and honor these two worthy dead. They are the first-fruits of Laguna.

He was an old man, and had been a high officer in their ancient rites and customs. Soon after his widow came and joined us, so that four of the Indians became members.

Several others, who regularly attended preaching, talked of coming out, and had Jose Canon lived a little longer, I think they would. Santiago Carpintero was one of the attentive ones at preaching, and was a great friend to us.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

After we had made our arrangements to leave, we would have altered them and remained if we could. When the last Sabbath came for me to preach, the little chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and I think there was not a dry eye in the house.

They wept as children who were burying their father and mother. And when we left our house, it seemed as if Jose Maria Maquache would almost go into spasms. [Just as they were emerging from the darkness of heathenism, they were again abandoned to it. After the death of Jose Senon, in 1861, they were left destitute of all religious instruction until 1876.—Ed.]

And after we went to Santa Fe, some of them came to visit us, and they would weep as if their hearts would break when they were starting home. And to this day I feel sad when I think of the poor Indians at Laguna.

#### PAPAL CRUELTY AND TYRANNY.

I am glad to hear that so much progress has been made. That they have come out so far from the dominion of Rome. I had many a battle with the priests while there. They used to make the rulers of the Indians whip the people for not attending mass. One morning they whipped forty-two women and girls at the church door, for no other offense than because they had offended the priest, and he



ordered them punished. They were compelled to bare their backs, and then the lashes were laid on until the priest was satisfied. There was no rule about it.

I am glad you have it in your heart to care for them, and pray that you may be abundantly blessed in your work. That ground has been wet with many tears, and many prayers have been made for their souls, and, therefore, I believe you will succeed.

COLUMBUS, Wis., Nov., 1876.

### THE NAVAJO RESERVATION.

BY BERT CLIFFORD.

Fort Defiance, the Navajo Indian Agency, was built in 1849, and has been a safe haven for the emigrant ever since. In 1858 the fort was attacked, at one o'clock in the morning, by a thousand Navajos. There were only forty soldiers in the post at that time, and, after a desperate struggle, the soldiers succeeded in reaching the battery, and poured a deadly round of grape, canister and chained shot in their midst. So deadly was this volley that they retreated in great confusion, and the battle-ground was running with blood. The soldiers followed up with two cannons, but on account of the darkness of the night the Indians escaped. In 1863 Kit Carson in command of six companies of soldiers, started to give battle to some 1,200 Navajos in the Cañon de Chille. He planted a battery at the mouth of the cañon, and sent Col. Phiffer around at the trail to drive them down. Phiffer, after a severe battle, drove them down to where Carson lay in wait to throw the iron hail in their midst. When the Indians saw the trap, they threw down their arms and surrendered. 1,100 were captured and taken to Defiance. But here they died off like sheep. Every morning a cart went around to gather up the dead, and no morning was there less than thirty bodies thrown into a pit that was dug for them. This stopped the revolution, and they allowed themselves to be led to Fort Sumner.

The scenery of the reservation is picturesque and grand. Cristone, the most beautiful of all the stone wonders, rising, as it does, rugged and in abrupt isolation, in a level plain fifty miles from any of its brother mountains, looks well what it is named. The Great Captain rises from the plains and towers 1,000 feet above its base, which is two miles around. Its walls are perpendicular. No man has ever trod the

summit of this grand monument. At a glance from the north the Cristone resembles a vessel as it glides along on

an undisturbed sea. From the south it has the appearance of a cathedral of the ancient times. In solitary beauty no titanic peak of nature surpasses this more than majestic gem of nature's priceless jewels.

The Devil's Chimney lies sixty miles west of the Cristone. It rises from the bottom of a deep cañon and stretches itself heavenward for 1,200 feet. This peak is very slender and looks as though a strong wind would throw it to the ground. Old Navajos tell of their fathers seeing smoke and fire arise from its summit. Four hundred feet from its base is a large hole, in which can be distinguished a table bearing curious figures; this, no doubt, has lain there for centuries.

The Maiden's Leap, three miles north of the Chimney, in the Cañon de Chille, rugged walls rise 1,500 feet on each side of the Leap, as such it is called. The Leap is a square block of stone 900 feet in height and can only be climbed by a great risk. Tradition tells us that many years ago a slave was condemned to die on the summit of this rock. A young girl who loved the slave called on the spirit of the great Montezuma to aid him to make his escape, and the spirit told her to go and tell him to jump off as it would not hurt him. The maiden did as ordered, and while up on the summit of the rock trying to persuade the slave to do as requested, her people saw her there and started up to kill them both, for such was the law of the nation. They caught hold of each other's hands and plunged into the darkness. The girl's body was found crushed and mangled on the stones below, but the slave was never seen afterward, so Montezuma kept his promise.

Cañon de Chille is sixty miles long, and can only be climbed in three places. The walls are perpendicular, and tower from 900 to 1,500 feet. In this cañon the Navajos get their peaches. There are about 50,000 trees. De Chille must have been the stronghold of the Aztecs, for here are their furnaces, building and farming land. An old Navajo informed me that he climbed to a house near one thousand feet up in the cliff and found an image or petrified man. He also showed me a small golden god that weighed a pound and a half. He said he dug up a grave which he stumbled on and found this in it.

Case Grande, the largest house in the cañon, has one hundred and twelve rooms in it, and has roof poles of cedar seventy feet long which are in good condition. A short ways from Case



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Grande there is a large hole in the ground three hundred feet in circumference. It looks as though it had been walled up some day. No bottom can be distinguished. I rolled a stone weighing about two hundred pounds down it, and, after a space of full two minutes heard a faint splash, as though it had fallen into water. This was, no doubt, their well. I saw the keystone in a large arch, also several other devices of to-day, which go to show that they were not an ignorant race of people. But where are they to-day?

### WOLF DANCE.

A few years ago, I went with friends from Decatur to Dakota, in Nebraska.

It was a lovely summer day, and the beautiful prairies could never be more beautiful. The tall grass courtesied and danced in the breeze, and bees, birds, rabbits and squirrels were rejoicing in their own way.

Our road lay through two Indian reservations, the Omahas and the Winnebagoes. We passed the Omaha mud village, passed the Agency, and "big field," covered with waving corn, but saw very few Indians.

On the Winnebago Reservation, we came upon a mammoth tent and bower, and under and around these there was a large company of Indians, gaily dressed.

As we approached the place, we heard drums mingled with sand-bag and gourd-shell music, and the loud "He-o, he-o!" of many voices. We stopped here to see what was going on.

As we alighted from the carriage, a little boy dressed in the height of Winnebago style stepped up to us, and said, in broken English, "Me hitch white man's hoss."

"There is nothing here to hitch the horses to," said the driver. "You must hold them."

But the boy had no idea of holding them, and saying, "Me hitch him hoss," he grasped as much as he could of the tall, growing grass, and to this novel hitching-post, the horses were secured. His smile when a new silver dime was placed in his hand for the service, was as good as a coat of varnish upon his painted face.

We entered the huge, oblong tent. Near its wall, upon all sides, beautiful rush mats were spread, and these were the only seats provided.

We preferred standing to squatting like Turks upon the mats, but the sides of the tent were too low for that, and the center was reserved for the dancers, so there was no help for it.

Several men circled round and round in a beaten path before us, dancing their wolf dance, and playing the wolf as they danced.

They were dressed to make themselves look as much like wolves as possible. Wolves' ears were tied upon their heads, wolves' claws bound upon their hands, and portions of their body were covered with wolf skins.

As they passed, single file, before us, thus attired, leaping, clawing, barking and howling like enraged wolves, they were certainly more like animals than men.

In one corner of the tent sat the musicians, squatted upon the ground. They vigorously beat their drums and sand-bags, and taxed their lungs with their loud "He-o, he-o!" They were certainly doing all they could to make the entertainment a success.

At length the wolves became exhausted with their game, and then, as each one danced around near the door of the tent, he leaped, with a loud, sharp bark from the circle, and retreated to the bower, where a sumptuous repast was provided for them.

When the last man had barked, and jumped from the circle, the wolf dance was concluded, and we continued our journey.—*Youth's Companion.*

### THE CLIFF-DWELLERS OF AMERICA.

BY ABRAHAM L. EARLE.

THE Moquis Indians of Arizona, whose curious habits of life fairly entitle them to the above designation, number about 1,700, and live in seven pueblos located on the tops of three of the mesas or bold headlands which rise hundreds of feet above the Southwestern plains. As in the case of all the Indians who live in these old villages, each pueblo has its chief—some of whom, however, rule over not more than a hundred persons—and each chief has a council room entirely separate from the dwellings. Unlike the dwellings, which are an irregular pile of apartments two, or three, or four stories high, the council rooms are subterranean. They are used during the day for weaving articles of wearing apparel—"mantas," or women's garments and blankets—and in the evening for amusement, or for gathering in council on the affairs of State.

On reaching the villages after a toilsome climb one finds one's self on a flat ledge of bare rock which extends out from the main table nearly half a mile in length, and from ten feet to perhaps three hundred feet in width. In this limited space, at a height of more than six hundred feet above the plain—the sides almost perpendicular—there are three villages with an aggregate population of about five hundred and fifty. The most populous of these villages, Wal-la-pi, is on the extreme end of the rocks, where the width is not over one hundred feet. All the water for all purposes is carried in earthen vessels on the backs of men and women—principally women—from a spring near the foot of the mountain, an average distance of nearly a mile, while the wood is brought from a distance of six to eight miles. Here these people have lived longer than they can tell even from their traditions, and hitherto they have been entirely averse to a change of location, notwithstanding the difficulty of obtaining their necessary supplies and the distance from their fields and herds. They are mainly a self-supporting people, and of comparatively industrious habits. They raise grain, vegetables and fruits; have flocks of sheep and



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make blankets and pottery, in which, like the Navajoes, they carry on quite a trade with other Indians.

A white (American) visitor other than their agent and interpreter is a very rare guest, and upon the occasion of my visit we were received with as much cordiality as they knew how to manifest. A room was assigned us in which to sleep, as we expected to remain over night, and an Indian woman prepared our meals. There was nothing in the way of furniture; our food was served on our blankets spread on the floor and our beds were only such as we brought with us. We made a tour of the villages, visiting each of the chiefs and some others of the prominent men, all of whom were as kind and hospitable as they could be. At almost every house we were afforded something to eat; bread, baked squash, dried peaches (stewed), water-melons (of last year's growth), pinon nuts, etc. Some of the food, owing to the manner of cooking and serving, was not particularly inviting, and was tasted with a little feeling of fastidiousness, but as was subsequently proven in my case I had not become sufficiently hungry to relish it. My own presence there had reference to their interests, not one of mere curiosity, and after our tour of the villages we were invited to meet the men in council. The meeting was held in one of their underground rooms, which was entered from the top by a ladder. In this room, of about fifteen by thirty feet area, there were gathered by actual count twenty-six Moquis and four Navajoes besides our party of four. A fire of small sticks, which was kept burning by one of their number who was appointed to this duty, served to furnish a glimmering light which was quite necessary, and also some heat which was *not* necessary. The weather on the bleak rock outside was very cold, and we went into the meeting with a good supply of winter clothing. The Indians, however, wore their blankets over an evening *un*-dress, and with them it was but the work of a moment to adapt themselves to the temperature of the room. They simply dropped the blanket. The only ventilation was by the entrance, and this also was the chimney. We were here for about three hours, going through the slow process of having our visit and its object explained through *two* interpreters—one in the Navajoe language to their interpreter and he in Moquis to them—and in hearing the roundabout and repetitious replies so characteristic of the Indian. We then took our leave and went to our quarters for the night. The next morning we were informed that the council remained in session until daylight, discussing the matters we had presented, and giving to them quite as favorable a consideration as we could have expected.

The evening view from this elevated point as the sun settled behind the San Francisco Mountain, showing the whole of its clear, bold outline more brilliant than burnished gold, was glorious beyond description. The full moon at midnight, in the clear, pure atmosphere so marked a characteristic at this high altitude, served to fasten and perpetuate the memory of this visit. But it was not without a contrast to make more complete the variety and incident. When the morning came a furious snow storm was raging, and as it was utterly impracticable to get our horses down the difficult mountain trail we were imprisoned for the day. This was peculiarly disappointing, as we had intended to visit the other villages and retrace our steps during the day. Besides we found our provisions were not

sufficient to carry us over another day and we should be compelled to accept such as our very kind but not very cleanly friends were only too willing to furnish.

Our regret, however, was considerably modified when we were informed of the effect produced on the superstitious minds of these people by the snow storm which marked our visit. With them a snow storm is indeed a godsend. In this country, where rains are infrequent, it gives the grass and crops an early start and a more abundant product. They now said that it had been predicted days before that a stranger would visit them and would bring snow. This storm, therefore, identified with this visit, was connected by them with the subject presented to them the night before, and all this served to make the advice and counsel more effective. I had no desire to foster any superstitious notions, but as the visit was made with an earnest purpose to promote their best welfare, I could not regret it if in the divine providence it should be emphasized in this way.

The morning before we left, one of the chiefs, in a very kindly spirit, came to our room to prepare our breakfast with his own hands. We could do nothing else than simply look on. He sliced a frying-pan full of onions, then taking a large lump of mutton tallow shaved off enough of it to saturate the mass; then wiping his knife on his foot he used it to stir the contents of the frying-pan. When the mass was sufficiently cooked he served it in two dishes placed on our blanket, which was spread on the floor, and this with some "guayaves" (*Wyaves*) or Indian bread, also fried in fat, composed our breakfast. Notwithstanding

I had watched the whole preparation I ate very heartily, to the great amusement of my companions who were accustomed to the frontier way of living.

These people, however, have a better idea of living than many other Indian tribes, with some methods common at least to all who live in pueblos and cultivate the ground, however rude they may be. Some of the water-melons I found very palatable and refreshing even in January. They have dried peaches which are good in flavor when cooked, but the blowing sand hides itself very closely until it is recognized by the teeth. This is true also of their flour, which is thrashed on the field by the tramping of sheep and goats. The grain is ground by women who rest on their knees by the side of a trough and rub out the grain between two stones, one large and firmly placed while the other is held in the hands, with a movement precisely like that of a woman using a wash-board, and humming a tune keeping time with the motion. These methods of thrashing and grinding, however, do not seem to keep the grit from the bread.

The Moquis Indians, like all others I have met, have their religious dances. They dance when they plant their crops, which is at the full moon in February. They plant in pots as a protection from the frost. They also dance to the "man" *above* for rain, and this at frequent intervals during the growing season; they dance to a "man" *below* to secure attention to the roots; they dance to a "man" at the north, at the east, at the south and at the west, all to secure a favorable influence on the growing crops. They believe that all these "men" know their thoughts, whether good or bad, and when any of them lie or steal or do anything else that is wrong that all these "men" come together and are very angry with the guilty person.



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It seems to them impossible that one Being is sufficient to control or direct in all these matters, while they are as little restrained from doing wrong by this belief in ultimate punishment for wrong doing and for wrong thinking as many who hold the Christian faith. They disclaim any recognition or even knowledge of "Montezuma," and assert that the custom of going on the housetops in the morning has no other object than convenience or fresh air. This, considering the manner of their living, may easily be deemed a sufficient reason.

They have also a "snake dance" in which live, poisonous snakes form a special feature. These are handled with apparent freedom from any injury. This dance occurs once a year and seems to be for the purpose of securing themselves against harm from these reptiles. The traditional origin of this dance was interpreted to me, when related in my hearing by one of their principal men, and is somewhat on this wise:

A young man, a long time ago, was living entirely alone in a valley, and was endeavoring to turn a stream of water in a direction where he wished to utilize it. Suddenly the stream stopped flowing, and in trying to discover the cause he was startled by seeing a serpent coiled, with head erect, at the very point where the difficulty in the water-flow appeared to be. By some subtle influence of the serpent the young man was induced to ascend a mountain, where he heard voices from a chamber underground. These voices invited him to enter, which he did, and found it occupied by men and women. The women were very beautiful, and one of them was given to him to be his wife. After remaining there awhile he determined to return to his home in the valley. In time the wife gave birth to a *serpent*, and he then discovered that he had married into a family of serpents. Soon there were other serpents which, crawling about, bit and poisoned all the other children. A remedy was found through the agency of the woman for those who were bitten, whereby the poisonous effects could be avoided or cured. This dance is therefore kept up from year to year, as required by their tradition, to secure them against the poison of reptiles. As I noted down this tradition I could but recall the story of serpents in the camp of the Israelites and the remedy provided for the bitten ones; and also the temptation in the garden and the promise to our first parents; and then repeat from the old Scripture record "the serpent beguiled me." If we who possess the Bible record of the temptation, the fall and the promised recovery, had been left entirely to *tradition* for the preservation of this record it is more than probable that our knowledge and our faith would have been as incoherent and unintelligible as the traditions of these and other Indians whom I have visited.

Their ideas of death and the future state are also striking as well as interesting. They believe in the future existence of the spirit, floating about in the air if it is the spirit of a good man, while the body, after death, is regarded very much the same as we regard it. A man is buried in a sitting posture, with a feather over the mouth to aid the spirit's flight, and with a vessel of water to be used in helping to make the rain. After death the spirit goes to an undefined place on a road where it is stopped and examined; if it be

found to have been that of a bad man, the spirit drops through an opening into a place of fire; if it be of one not so bad, it is allowed to pass on and be subjected to

a less severe punishment; if it be one that will bear the scrutiny, it passes into the company of those who are with the "man" above, and joins with him in making the rain and in bestowing benefits on those who remain upon the earth. They believe that one form of the penalty to those who have been guilty of theft and other kinds of sin is that all such will be compelled to carry the outward and visible mark of it, as a burden which every one can see and fully understand.

These people, as well as other Indians, have their tradition of the flood, and there is abundant evidence to justify such tradition. The building of their dwellings on such elevated places and building them in groups several stories high indicate quite as plainly that the purpose was as much to escape danger from possible floods as from human enemies. There is a striking suggestiveness of some mysterious connection with that ancient people who attempted to build the Tower of Babel as a means of safety from a repetition of such a disaster, and whose language was confused so that they could not understand each other, for among the Pueblo Indians whose dwellings tower up so high above the plain several different dialects are spoken unknown to even their neighbors of the next nearest town; and among the Moquis of the elevated mesa of which I am writing two languages are spoken, each unknown to the other although the people have lived within a quarter of a mile for a longer time than even their traditions can reveal.

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THE Smithsonian Institution sent out an exploring expedition to New Mexico and Arizona the past season, for the purpose of gathering information and relics of the prehistoric nations of the West. The party, who have just returned, have been very successful; but the most important find was a deserted city, cut out of the rocky face of a winding cliff, some sixty miles long, and estimated to have at one time had no less than 100,000 inhabitants. These ancient dwellings extended in one, two, three, four, and sometimes five tiers, one above the other, and were very simple, generally of one room, with one opening for door, window, and smoke flue. On the top of the cliff were found the ruins of large temples of worship, built of well-cut square stones. Many hieroglyphic inscriptions, and some stone sculptures were also discovered. Evidence was found to strengthen the theory that these cliff-dwellers were the ancestors of the present Pueblo Indians.



ALEX. H. DONALDSON, of Elder's Ridge, Pa., and a member of the graduating class at Allegheny, has offered himself to the Board of Home Missions for the Navajo Mission. The Board hesitates to send him for want of funds. Will not the churches of the Presbytery of Kittanning take hold of the case, and pledge the Board \$1,000 to send him out? *1879*

The Church should remember that the Navajoes were placed, by the Government, under the care of the Presbyterian Church; and, therefore, the Congregationalists, Methodists, or no other body, will look after their religious interests? Unless the Presbyterian Church does something for them, they must remain as they are now (heathen), with no one to tell them of the Savior.

Will the Church assume the responsibility of saying that Mr. Donaldson shall not go?

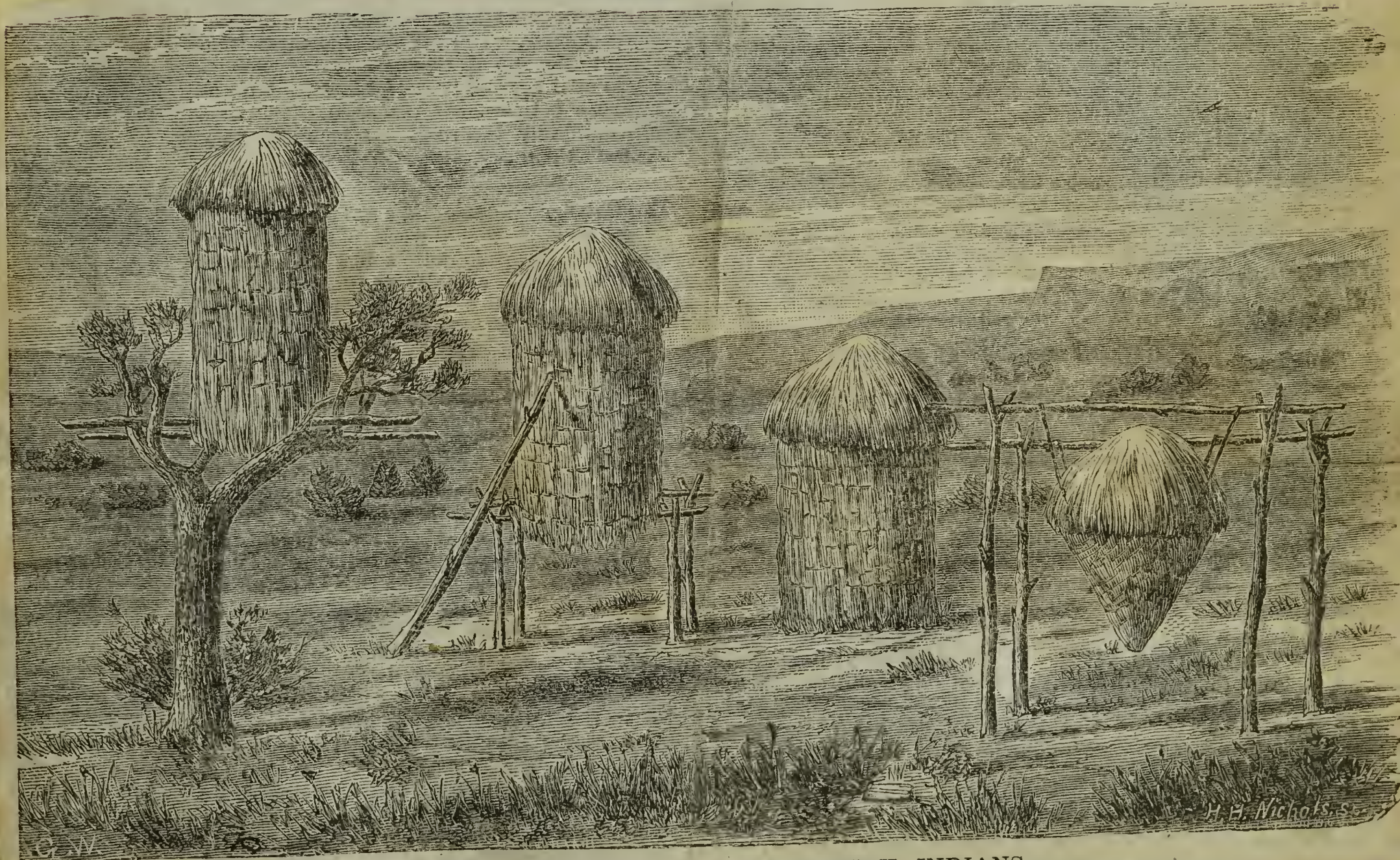
REV. ALEX. DONALDSON and family reached their new and distant station among the Navajoes on the 21st of Oct. Ladies' missionary societies that would like to engage in their support, will write Mrs. H. E. H. Haines, P. O. Box 3863, New York. *1879*

## The Mi-wok Indians.

The Mi-wok is the largest Indian nation in California, both in population and extent of territory. Their ancient dominion extended from the snow-line of the Sierra Nevada to the San Joaquin river, and from the Cosumnes to the Fresno. The mountain valleys were thickly peopled as far east as Yosemite; the great and fertile San Joaquin plains, and the banks of the long fish-full streams of the Mokelumne, the Stanislaus, the Tuolumne, the Merced, the Chowchilla and the San Joaquin were anciently crowded with multitudes of these Indians. Even the islands of the San Joaquin were made to sustain their quota, for on Feather Island there are said to be the remains of a populous village. The rich alluvial lands along the lower Stanislaus, Tuolumne and Merced contained the heart of the nation, and were probably the seat of the densest population of ancient California.

The language of the nation was more homogeneous than many others, not half so widely ramified. From the upper end of the Yosemite, traveling 150 miles with the sun, and from the Cosumnes southward to Fresno, there was scarcely a change of a syllable. There are, as always, many abrupt dialectic departures, but the root remains and is quickly caught by the Indian of a different dialect. They were nothing more than the different local pronunciations, such as are apparent in the English language, seemingly entirely different to a foreigner, but only an unimportant, well understood variation to a native.

North of the Stanislaus these people called



ACORN GRANARIES OF THE MIWOK INDIANS.



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themselves *mi-wok* ("men"); south to the Merced, *mi-wa*; on the Fresno, *mi-wi*. On the upper Merced the word "river" is *wa-kal-la*; on the upper Tuolumne, *wa-kal-u-mi*; on the Stanislaus and Mokelumne, *wa-kal-u-ma-tuh*. This is undoubtedly the origin of the word "Mokelumne," which is locally pronounced "mo-kal-u-my" (accent on second syllable).

So also *kos-sum*, *kos-sum-mi* (salmon) is probably the origin of the word "Cosumnes," which is pronounced *koz-u-my* (accent on first syllable). Although the largest, this is probably the lowest nation in California, presenting one of the most hopeless and saddening spectacles of heathen races.

They eat all creatures that swim in the waters, all that fly through the air, and all that creep, crawl, or walk upon the earth, with a dozen or so exceptions. They have the most degraded and superstitious beliefs in wood-spirits, who produce those disastrous conflagrations to which California is subject; in water-spirits, who inhabit the rivers, consume the fish, and in fetichistic spirits, who assume the forms of owls and other birds, to render their lives a terror by night and by day.

In occasional specimens of noble physical stature they were not lacking, especially in Yosemite and other mountain valleys; but the utter weakness, puerility, and imbecility of their conceptions, and the unspeakable obscenity of some of their legends, almost surpass belief.

A majority of all who have any well defined ideas whatever on the subject, believe in the annihilation of the soul after death. He was referred to as *itteh*, representing the memory of a being that once was. While other tribes mitigated the final terror by an assured belief in a Happy Western Land, the Mi-wok go down with a grim and stolid sullenness to the death of a dog that will live no more.

For houses the Mi-wok construct very rude affairs of poles and brushwood, which they cover with earth in the winter; in summer they move into mere brushwood shelters. Higher up in the mountains they make a summer lodge of puncheons in the shape of a sharp cone, with one side open, and a bivouac-fire in front of it.

The only special points to be noted in their physiognomy are the smallness of their heads, and the flatness of the sinciput, caused by their lying on the hard baby-basket when infants.

Major Stephen Powers, in Powell's Contributions to North American Ethnology, from which this sketch is taken, says: "I felt the heads of a rancheria near Chinese Camp, and was surprised at the diminutive balls which lurked within the masses of hair. The Chief, Captain John, was at least 70 years old, yet his head was still perceptibly flattened on the back, and I could almost encircle it with my hands."

For food they depend principally on acorns. They had, in common with many tribes both in the Sierra and in the Coast range, a kind of granary to store them in for winter. When the crop was good and they harvested more than they wished to carry to camp just then, with a forethought not common among barbarians they laid by the remainder on the spot. Selecting a tree which presented a couple of forks a few feet from the ground, but above the reach of wild animals, they laid a pole across, and on that as a foundation, wove a cylinder-shaped granary of willow wicker-work, three or four feet in diameter and twice as high, which they filled with acorns and covered with thatch. There they remained safe. As these were often miles from a village, the circumstance denotes that they reposed no small confidence in

each other's honesty. It goes near to refute altogether the frequent allegations that they are a nation of thieves. Now-a-days, they make most of their granaries close to camp, either right on the ground or elevated on top of some posts.

They are very fond of hare, and make comfortable robes of their skins. These are cut into narrow slits, dried in the sun, and then made into a wide warp by tying or sewing strings across at intervals of a few inches. Soap-root is used in the manufacture of a kind of glue, and the squaws make brushes of the fibrous matter encasing the bulb, with which they sweep out their wigwams. With millions of tall straight pines in the mountains the Mi-wok had no means of crossing rivers, except logs or clumsy rafts. All their bows and arrows were bought of the upper mountaineers. White shell buttons, pierced in the center and strung together were used as money, rated at \$5 a yard; periwinkles at \$1 a yard.

Their chieftainship, such as it is, is hereditary when there is a son or brother of commanding influence, which is seldom; otherwise, he is thrust aside for another. The Chief is simply a master of ceremonies. When he decides to hold a dance in his village, he dis-

patches messengers to the neighboring rancherias, each bearing a string whereon is tied a number of knots. Every morning thereafter the invited Chief unties one of the knots, and when the last one is reached, men, women and children joyfully set forth for the dance.

Scarification and prolonged suction with the mouth are the staple methods of cure among their shamans or physicians, some of whom are women. In case of colds and rheumatism they apply California Balm of Gilead (*Picea grandis*) externally and internally. Stomachic affections are treated with a plaster of hot ashes and moist earth. The shaman's prerogative is that he must be paid in advance, usually fresh slain deer or so many yards of shell money; the patient's prerogative is that if he dies his friends may kill the shaman.

Their favorite dance is the acorn dance, in which the whole company join hands and dance in a circle. Instead of a dance for the dead, there is an annual mourning (*nut-yu*) in which loud and demonstrative wailings and tearing of hair are indulged in by one or more villages assembled in a circle.

Cremation very generally prevailed among the Mi-wok, but was not universal. The Indians high up in the mountains buried their dead, while those about Chinese Camp always burned. They have a legend that man was created by a coyote, probably the modification of the tradition of some Indian tribes that their nations sprung from the remains of a coyote, in strict accordance with the modern cultured doctrine of evolution.



FORT WINGATE.—The Rev. Chas. A. Taylor, a Home Missionary at this place, writes under date of January 2, that while waiting for a school building promised by the Department of the Interior, it was thought expedient to open a school in one of the native villages. Accordingly, they went to one about twelve miles distant from the mission station, remained over night, and had a council with the chiefs. "They seemed pleased with the idea of a school, and readily provided a room for the teachers and another for the school. The following day my brother and his wife busied themselves cleaning the room which they were to occupy, and making such changes as were necessary, and on the 10th, the school opened with eleven pupils. From that day the attendance increased until eighty names are now enrolled. . . . There is absolutely nothing attractive in the surroundings. The room which the teachers occupy is in a third story, and reached by ladders from outside. The ceiling of about half of it is so low that my brother (who is teacher there) cannot stand erect in it. Their wood is carried fifteen miles on jacks, and they charge a dollar for what they can carry on a single jack. The Indians also bring their water from the valley below, and they usually expect twenty-five cents for what is required for a single day. The room which they use for the school is larger than the one occupied by the teachers, and has a ledge extending on three sides of it which serves as seats for the children. They also have a few rough benches. Most of the children come to school with no clothing, save a blanket wrapped about the body, and some come without even this. Even in the coldest weather children may be seen running about without a stitch of clothing on. The principal effort at present is to teach them to talk English by object lessons and to write upon their slates. The encouraging part of it is that they learn rapidly and seem to take pleasure in the school. We hope that this crude effort may win them sufficiently to enable us to receive a good number down here when the buildings are ready." \*

### The Zunis at Home.

BY DR. WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, U. S. A.

You have read in the Eastern papers during the last few weeks accounts of a party of Zuni Indians who are now on a visit to the atlantic seaboard. They seem to have attracted much attention there, partly because they have performed some of their interesting rites in

the presence of whites, and partly, no doubt, because their interpreter and conductor is a scholar and scientist, who can explain many things that interest not the ordinary interpreters of the Indian country. Their ceremonies of planting "plume-sticks," which they performed in the suburbs of Washington, and of their worship of the Eastern ocean, which took place in Boston Harbor, have been described in many papers. I wrote to you before of Mr. Cushing and of the high value of ethnographic work he is doing among this people. Some Eastern editors have cast doubts upon the genuineness of his work, and have ridiculed his labors. The testimony of an unbiased witness living "on the spot" may be of interest to the readers of the WORD CARRIER.

The pueblo of Zuni is but forty miles from here, and I have already made two visits to the place. There is, perhaps, no tribe in America which offers a more valuable field of investigation to the ethnographer than is offered by the people of whom I speak.

Eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, or the first house was built on Manhattan, the restless soldiers of Spain invaded the country which is now the territory of New Mexico, in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," where they hoped to find a wealth and magnificence as great as that of the empire conquered by Cortez. They found the seven cities after a wasting march through the desert; but in them, were neither gold or precious stones. They were inhabited by a simple agricultural people, such as are their descendants—the Zunis of to-day. Of the identity of the Zunis with the race that inhabited Cibola there can be now, no doubt. Thus they were among the first aboriginal people within the present boundaries of the United States who were visited by the white man, and yet, strange to say, there is no tribe within our domain more conservative or less changed by contact with civilization. For more than two centuries they had an important Catholic mission established among them,—the records of the mission and the vestments of the priest are still preserved as curiosities by an old cacique,—yet to-day they are stubborn pagans, maintaining unchanged the cult which was theirs before the *Santa Maria* set sail from Palos.

In the days of Spanish rule they were compelled to attend the services of the church under pain of corporeal punishment, and were severely chastised if found practicing any of their idolatrous rites—the penalty often be-



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ing death. With these facts in view it might reasonably be doubted that their worship had remained unchanged if the explorations of Mr. Cushing in their ancient sacrificial caves, did not establish the fact. He has there found quantities of their sacrificial rubbish—images of the war-god, paint-pots, painted slats, plume sticks, sacred cigarettes, etc.—which are just the same as the Zunis use in their worship to-day. Many of these caves are, according to Zunic traditions, over five hundred years old, while all the objects found in the caves, including weapons and implements, belong to the stone age. In the years of fiercest oppression they repaired to the mountains, ostensibly to hunt, but really to practice their rites and to transmit to rising generations their mythic lore, and the secrets of their various orders which have never been forgotten. A vast edifice in the Pueblo which once bore the imposing name of the "Mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe of Zuni," is now a ruin—its only occupants the donkeys and goats of the Indians; while the old *estufas*, the temples of the pagan priesthood—once closed by the orders of the Spaniard—have their floors well swept to-day, and their fires brightly burning. The result might have been far different had the strangers brought with the "Glad Tidings" the olive branch instead of the sword.

In the sixteenth century, Casteneda and other travelers described this people,—their many-storied terraced houses of stone and mud, ascended by ladders and entered through the roofs, their irrigated fields, their painted and fancifully wrought pottery, their beautifully woven blankets and sashes, their embroidered dresses and scarfs—and the descriptions would answer well for the Zunis of to-day. Since that time they have substituted the wool of the European sheep (of which they own large flocks) for the hair of the mountain goat, in wearing; they have ceased to cultivate cotton, and have added wheat to their crops.

Their myths and legends are numerous and show internal evidence of high antiquity and great ingenuity on the part of the authors. As among our northern tribes, they have many secret orders and societies. Their religious system is so cumbrous and ceremonial that it vies with that of the ancient Aztecs. Their dances are exceedingly picturesque; the costumes numerous and varied; all artistic, and many exceedingly grotesque. But in none of their imitations does the can-

didate pass through the terrible trials imposed in the rites of tribes of the Dakota stock.

It is affirmed by many writers that these and all other Pueblo Indians of New Mexico are worshipers of Montezuma—presumably the Montezuma who was monarch of Anahuac in the days of Cortez. Such statements are very misleading and have no doubt, in part, given rise to the theory, very prevalent, that these sedentary tribes are a remnant of the Aztec empire or descendants of the Aztec people. It is not at all probable that the people of this region had any definite knowledge of either Montezuma or his empire at the time of the conquest, or that the old Mexican monarch has any real place in the pantheon of the Pueblos. His mere name seems to have been foisted into their mythology by the Spanish-Americans, and substituted in different localities for the names of different heathen gods.

#### AZTEC MISSION.

Annual report of Rev. John Me-  
naul, to the Ladies' Union Mission  
School Association:

LAGUNA, Valencia Co., New Mexico, }  
March 1, 1877. }

MRS. S. R. TOWNSEND, 3 Elk St., Albany.

DEAR LADY:—To give you a concise review of the past year's work it is only necessary to refer to general topics, leaving particulars to the letters you have already received.

I came here in the latter part of March, 1876, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Jackson, Rev. G. G. Smith, and Dr. Thomas, U. S. Pueblo Indian Agent, and was very kindly received by the people. They promised to do all that they could in getting me settled among them, and that promise they have nobly fulfilled. Sabbath work commenced from the first through two interpreters.

My first outside work was to try and get water to irrigate a garden, in which I failed. I next settled on a place to build a house, after much observation of prevailing winds, and tendencies of sand drifts, all of which have to be taken into account here. I have built on a sheltered spot on the southeast side of a mountain spur, about a quarter of a mile from the town. In front of this the creek had formerly run, so I supposed we could get water by sinking about thirty feet, the depth of the creek at present, below. I therefore engaged a man to sink a well for me; the well had water, but so bad that it



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killed every plant I put it on, so my garden was an utter failure. The building of my house next occupied my time. The Indians brought in all the heavy timbers for roof and floors from the mountains, a distance of fifteen miles. For the floors these timbers are simply leveled on one side; for the roof they are squared and planed. Ours is the only house within thirty-five miles that has a board floor. The Indians also brought in all the stone for building the house. The work occupied the greater part of the summer, my spare time being spent in preparing the lumber for flooring, etc., in the intervals of other work. The lumber was freighted by Mexicans, a distance of seventy-five miles. The Indians put on the roof and did the plastering (or mudding) of the house, so that all that part of the house done by them cost nothing except to feed and supply them with tobacco; which things are of the highest importance in their estimation.

Our roofs here are all flat. The vigas, or beams, are first put in place, then boards, or brush, put crosswise on them; then anything, as straw, or grass, on this to make it close; then about two inches of mud, then about four inches of good clay, well trampled down. These roofs are generally good in this dry climate, but often a rain or sleet of two or three days sets in, as it is doing just now, and every house becomes an out-of-doors, *i. e.*, it rains *in* doors the same as *out*.

In July the house was got so far advanced that we were able to occupy it. So Mrs. Menaul and the children came out from Santa Fe, and we at once commenced home life among the Lagunas. Mrs. Menaul's health has not been good since coming here, but it is much improved from what it has been. My own health has been very good, considering the influence of the African climate.

The subject of water for house use was one of considerable importance; we carried from a large spring, on the other side of the creek, the water of which was brackish; besides, it was far, and the creek had to be crossed each time in order to get it. During the winter, or fall, I set about fencing in a mountain wash near the house in hopes of being able to raise some vegetables without irrigating. In the wash there is a seep (or oozing of water from the rocks), of very pure water which the people prize very much, and at which they sit waiting for a little water for hours. It occurred to me that perhaps I might find a supply of water well down in this wash; so I dug a

well and found plenty of the purest and best of water at a depth of ten feet (or bed rock). This water is near the house, and is a great blessing in this country where there is so little good water. Stable and cow house I put up at an expense of about fifty dollars. The Indians brought me in corn stalks enough for my cow and mule for the winter.

Educational interests are in a fair condition. The school was opened on the 1st of September, 1876, and has been in operation since, with very little intermission. The scholars have advanced in a satisfactory manner, at least those of them old enough to be interested in study. In October one man came to live with us for the purpose of learning English. In December another came, and now a third has come. The latter two support themselves, or nearly so. A second teacher has been in government employ for the last four months. He has charge of the little ones.

Church interests are prosperous beyond my most sanguine expectations. Generally the Sabbath services are attended by over two hundred people, our little chapel often not being able to hold them all. The service consists of singing and prayer in English, reading the Scriptures and comments on the same in Spanish, which is interpreted by a native into Laguna, and when he is absent, only in Spanish, as a good many of them understand Spanish, but will not undertake to translate it into Laguna. Then the Governor addresses the people more or less at length, approving of the exercise, and giving his advice and directions. Very often a meeting of the people is called immediately after worship for the transaction of business. The government of this people being purely theocratic, their worship and business are one and inseparable. Their Governor is at one and the same time Chief Magistrate in religion, law and politics; much as the Hebrews were under the Judges. Hence our Sabbath service must receive the sanction of, and be recommended by, the authorities to secure the attendance of the people; and the attendance of the people on the Sabbath is as much a part of their obedience to their officers as any other duty. God's Spirit has not seemed to work in a very manifest manner with any one yet. But we seem to have the "still small voice" of that Spirit "leavening the whole lump." The Sabbath is pretty well observed; the moral tone and life of the people are improving. They have a great desire to know what God requires his



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people to do, and they try (in their way) to obey as far as they know. No attempt has yet been made to find out how many might be willing to unite with a church. This has been, in part, owing to my not being able to present this matter without the aid of an interpreter, and in part to my opinion that it is well to make haste slowly, and especially with such a slow people. Besides, I hope to have the advice of Dr. Jackson some time this spring on the subject.

I have commenced to be my own Spanish interpreter now, and feel that I can do much better. Although I can use but a few words imperfectly, I can get to the hearts of the people as I am able. An unchristian interpreter inclines to modify what condemns himself. I will have to give a good deal of time to the Spanish; but, in the meantime, will be becoming familiar with the Laguna language.

The wants of our work here are mainly two. We need a church building *very, very* much. The Indians would do all the work, except some carpentering, if we had money enough for lumber, windows, doors, etc., which would require about \$300 to \$400. Then we need very much the means of running a small boarding-school, for those who wish to learn English.

These two things we need very much. While waiting, we cease not to pray for the prosperity of our common work, and for God's richest blessing upon every one taking part in his glorious work in this place.

Your servant in Christ,  
JOHN MENAUL.

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ATTENTION is called to the instructive article on Peublos, from Rev. John Menaul; \$1,000 is need to pay for the mission buildings at Laguna. Money may be sent to the Board of Church Erection, as special for Laguna.

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LAGUNA PUEBLO MISSION, NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. JOHN MENAUL.

This first mission, established among what many suppose to be a remnant of the great Aztec people, has made gratifying progress during the ten months of its existence. The interest of the people is unabated. The church, or school-room, is crowded to overflowing almost every Sabbath; even when they know that the interpreter is absent they come all the same. The average Sab-

bath attendance is above two hundred. The day-school average is about forty-five. Two boys (or men) are living at our house for the purpose of learning English. They are improving in a very satisfactory manner.

There has been no attempt made as yet to organize a church. The people are naturally very slow, and, in this matter, it is perhaps well for us to be a little slow, too, and, if possible, avoid the after evil of too much haste. The moral tone of the people is slowly but steadily rising to a higher stand. The Sabbath is much better observed. Their laws are being enforced, and field labor is receiving a new impulse. All these are the beginnings of better, and, we hope, of glorious things for this people. Our great encouragement is their eagerness to hear, and their ready assent to the truth, however slow they may be in acting on it. Of their slowness we can find little fault, when we remember that for hundreds of years this people have been holding on on "the even tenor of their way," except when disturbed by temporal elements; or more recently by Roman Catholic influences

HEATHENISM.

This latter, as far as religion was concerned, was more nominal than real. The priests simply gave them a baptized heathenism. In the Catholic Church in this place all the symbols of the Laguna worship are mixed in with the Roman Catholic. The sun, moon and stars occupy the largest and highest place in the canopy. Other places around and by the sides of the altar are filled with the Virgin, saints and Indian symbols, all jumbled together, so that, with the exception of Mr. Gorman's work, the apathy and ignorance of centuries are to be overcome, and all who are acquainted with Indian character will readily concede that it is a slow work. But we are not discouraged, nor have we any reason to be. I think that the people are progressing in a very healthy manner; a manner in which, I hope, there will be no going back.

LANGUAGE.

The language is a great hindrance to



present progress. They had not a word of their language written when I came here. There is no one among them able to speak English, or to read or write, to any available extent. So that it is necessary for me to study Spanish in connection with my attempt to get their own language. Their language (as all unwritten languages are) is so conflicting, as received from different persons, that I have not yet been able to do anything in it further than a few words in common use. I hope to get hold of its construction and analysis a little during the coming year, or as soon as my boys can help me by explanations.

#### MORE ROOM.

The wants of this mission field are not very great, but very pressing. Our school-room (the chapel built by Mr. Gorman) is capable of seating about one hundred persons. About two hundred are crowded into it each Sabbath, and often from ten to fifty by the door. We must have a larger house, if possible. The Indians will do all the work; but we want windows and lumber for roof, floor, doors and seats. The windows will cost about \$100, and the lumber at the mill will cost about \$250. The large beams for roof and floor will be brought in from the mountains, as also the lumber from the mill, by the Indians. Now, if the church and friends of Indians wish to help these Indians, they have a grand opportunity in helping us to build this church; a work that will pay well for God.

Another want is the means to carry on a small boarding-school for those wishing to learn English. Or, if a few friends of the Indians would contribute of their abundance to help to educate the two young men already at the missionary's house (and who are an overden to his very limited means), it would be a great help in our present efforts, both to educate the boys and get a knowledge of their language.

I hope some friends of the Indians will come up to our help, as this work is too much for one pair of empty hands. Those wishing to know the particulars of the Laguna mission field,

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can address Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., Denver, Col., or Dr. B. M. Thomas, U. S. Indian Agent, Santa Fe, N. M., men who are both interested in our work and in the welfare of this people.

#### LAGUNA AZTEC MISSION.

BY REV. JOHN MENAUL.

1877  
The work of the last three months is much like that of laborers upon a great building, which seems to them to have advanced but very little; while to the quarterly visitor considerable progress may be visible. There is a steady progress here all the time. There are a few who now "*believe*," and many who are "*thinking*," and still very many who do not care, or prefer their old customs, or a modification of them, to the pure gospel. There are few now who actually worship the sun or Montezuma (the sun being held as the father, and Montezuma as the mother god), but all the Roman Catholic party (about one-third of all), and many of the others, still keep up their dances, which are, to a great extent, devil dances. Even the most reformed dances contain very much of old customs. Each article of dress must be just so, and every part of the ceremonies most scrupulously observed. Each of the dancers are sprinkled by squirting (by mouth) a prepared water on their heads, accompanied with charms or mutterings of some kind, and with the laying on of the hands of the officiating priest, as he may be called, before taking any part in the dance, and a benediction pronounced on them at the final close of the exercises, or as each one may be discharged.

This leads me to ask you if you think that those who may become church-members should promise to take no part in such dances? The attendance at church is not so large as it has been. This is owing to the people being away from home and in the fields gathering their crops, which keeps from the town. The school has opened again, with over fifty scholars. I have been able to do but very little printing for want of type, but hope to have a good supply soon through the kindness of Dr. H. Kendall.



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We have had a very pleasant, and, I trust, a profitable visit from Drs. Kendall and Jackson and their ladies. Such men will see and learn more of our wants and difficulties in one short visit than all we could write for years.

*LAGUNA PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.*

*Second Annual Report.*

BY REV. JOHN MENAUL.

The word has been read and commented on to congregations of from 100 to over 200 persons every Sabbath of the year (except while attending Presbytery meeting) to the best of our ability.

The reception of the Scriptures by the people has been, perhaps, proportional to their understanding of them.

The longer we are in the work, the more we find out how imperfectly the truth reaches them. This difficulty exists, mainly, in their language itself. It is very meager, and so devoid of abstract ideas or words to express them, that it is very difficult to get a fair translation of simplest sentences. This is so to such an extent that the people among themselves are often at a loss to make themselves understood in relating or explaining anything new. We are supposed to have in this Pueblo what was once three distinct languages. These three languages are now combined, or rather used by the families representing them, as a common language. This forms a great obstacle in acquiring the language or in speaking it so as to be understood by all.

The language has no such connective words as *a, the, and, of, to, it, etc.* It contains no such real or abstract ideas or words as *soul, spirit, blessedness, virtue, vice, etc., etc.* Their whole catalogue, in this respect, consists in good and bad, and the doing of good and bad as acts of life.

There are about fifty forms of the words used to ask persons to come into the house; and not one for such words as *soul or spirit*. Neither are there such ideas or words as *salvation, redemption, regeneration, justification, etc.* The nearest we can get to such truths is, *believe and do as Jesus Christ tells you and it will be well with you*. So that our work consists, not only in giving them the gospel, but also in giving them the ideas and expressions peculiar to the gospel.

In this connection, we might also mention the unfavorable circumstances under which these people have lived for centuries.

The whole life, both external and internal, of the Indian is real. He has nothing to do with theory or abstractions; and his language is just the same. While he lives he labors for visible realities, and when he dies he is buried with his trinkets, blankets, bread, beef, water etc., to go on in the same matter-of-fact way in the land to which he goes. Hence the possessive pronoun is very seldom separated from the thing possessed; but is united with it as one word. In like manner, the names of things are very seldom used alone. They are spoken of as *mine, yours or another's*; so that it is often difficult to find out what the real word is.

Add to these the proverbial slowness of the people and the difficulty of our work becomes still more apparent.

It is only necessary for any of our readers to imagine themselves placed among a people speaking such a language, without a book or other means of communication (except another un-acquired language) to apprehend what our work really has been, and, to some extent, what it still is.

All these things have their weight; and weigh against the rapid progress of the work. In fact our work of getting the Scriptures before the people, even in very crude form, is only just beginning.

At the same time there is not the slightest cause for discouragement; but, on the contrary, there is every reason to hope for good and great results from continued gospel work among this people.

This hope is founded, first of all, on the sure promises of God, which never fail. And second, on the great willingness of the people to hear God's word; on their desire to do what is right, to be instructed in the school and to advance in spiritual, moral and temporal things. Further, this hope is, in part, being realized at present, in the people breaking away from some of their ancient customs; especially in their mode of burying the dead, and in the waning importance attached to their dances.

Even their priests (or rather magicians) say, that they do not want to keep up any custom contrary to the teachings of the Bible. That there is but one God, and that they have no power (the Indian magicians are skilled in most of the tricks of ancient Egypt and claim the power of gods. At present there are none in the Protestant party here, who claim any such power. The Protestants number 830, the Roman Catholics 468). This is



certainly a long step in the right direction, and gives us hope; even though it is but faintly borne out in the actions of their every-day life.

#### THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

The Sabbath-school averages over thirty scholars and from six to ten adults, who come for Bible instruction. Sometimes the interest taken by these men is very encouraging. Then something turns up to take away their attention and they seem to fall back into the same formal rut. Still we labor and pray and hope, and say, well, a very small grain of saving faith will save this people compared with those enjoying the full benefits of enlightened Christianity for generations past.

#### THE DAY SCHOOL.

The day school averages over forty scholars. The scholars are exceedingly slow; but they are learning faster this year than they did last. Six boys and three girls can read in First and Second Readers, and about twenty-five can spell and pronounce short words. Seven boys are working in simple addition and are getting an idea of what it means. This year, the officers of the Pueblo are seeing to the school personally, and are thus, to some extent, enforcing attendance.

#### PRINTING.

About eight months ago we received a little printing-press, the gift of Mr. W. Semple, of Allegheny City, Pa., to help us in our work. Through the kind and efficient co-operation of Dr. B. M. Thomas, U. S. I. Agent, we have also received a font of type from the Indian Department. Thus furnished, we have been able to print for the day and Sabbath schools thirty pages of matter. Of these twelve pages were for the day school, and made a total of 2,475 pages. Of the remaining eighteen pages only about seventy-five copies of each were printed. Total, 3,875 pages. In this part of our work we need the co-operation of some Eastern business man to get us material, and of such a kind, as we need for our work. No doubt Mr. Semple would have done so for us with pleasure; but we hoped others would have gladly helped, and so, to the detriment of our work, we did not ask him.

As yet this part of our work is only experimental and preparatory, and will be all re-done as soon as we procure type suited to the Laguna language, and have the work corrected. In the mean time we are engaged in getting up an English Laguno Vocabulary; both as a training exercise and as means of acquiring the language. The officers of the Pueblo have appointed three men to help me in this and other such work.

#### MEDICINE.

The medical wants of the people have been attended to so far as our small stock of medicines would allow. We are about to receive a liberal supply of medicines, through the kindness of Dr. Thomas, from the Indian Department, which will greatly enlarge this part of the work.

#### FINANCES.

We forbear to mention our financial necessities. We do not ask for means to build a church; although our people often stand outside for want of even standing room inside of our little chapel. Neither do we ask for several other things, which we greatly need in our work. But we would be perfectly delighted to get these things without asking for them.

In closing, we ask you not to forget that they labor in vain who work in their own strength. "Prayer is the Christian's vital breath; the Christian's native air." You are far from us but near to God. God alone is our help and hope, Christ is our sole salvation, the Holy Spirit our only Comforter. Help us, then, by your prayers. Not merely a word, but a soul prayer; a prayer of faith that takes no denial; and we will ere long rejoice in the wonder-working power of God in the salvation of this people.

Your servant in Christ,

JOHN MENAUL.

LAGUNA, Valencia Co., New Mexico, }  
March 1 1878. }

#### JOURNEY OF A HOME MISSIONARY.

BY HENRY K. PALMER, M. D.

Not many of our people suppose that in this day of railroads there is much danger or labor in the journey of any one laboring as a missionary on our borders, and that toil and privation are incidental alone to the life of the men and women who cross the ocean. As the journey could not be made by either stage or cars, as there was no line nearer than two hundred miles to our station, it was thought best that we fit out at the point from which we were to start, and make the whole journey of 533 miles in our missionary wagon, drawn by our missionary horses, driven by the missionary himself, although up to that time I had never undertaken to manage anything more complicated than a physician's "one horse shay."

#### From Colorado Springs.

We accordingly made the necessary arrangements, and Sept. 12 left Colorado Springs to make our way as best we might to Zuni, a Pueblo, twenty miles from the line of New Mexico and



Arizona, forty-five miles to the southwest of Fort Wingate, our present post-office. We made but a short drive the first day, as our chief object was to get started—a great thing, as all campers will tell you; so driving out three miles from town we turned into a pleasant field, and asked permission of a lady in a house near the wood to camp and to get wood from the pile of logs near by. This was readily granted, and we found we were on the premises of a member of our own Church, who speedily sent us milk for the children, of which well-springs of pleasure we rejoice in three, and came over himself to make our camp fire. We enjoyed our evening retrospect and our evening prayers under the stars, and our sound sleep in our tent, our tent of witness; and named our first resting-place Camp Boyd, for our kindly brother and his wife who came to visit us in the clear night and sit by our bright fire. The important elements of our party, it may please you to know, are Mac, Lulu and Ethel, wife, self, Jim, Don and Carlo, the last given us by good Mr. Leonard, and upon whose faithful care we learned, soon to fully rely, the only trouble being that his bite was likely to come before his bark. Next morning we broke camp early and drove that day about seventeen miles, and night found us uncertain as to where we were; so we drove into a little meadow on a stream near the road, and encamped. The wind was too strong for us to pitch our tent and we were obliged to take shelter under the pole of the wagon, spreading the tent over it. We called this "Camp of Four Winds," and were glad to be on our way from it early Friday morning. We passed through Pueblo next day and encamped on a creek twelve miles out about two o'clock that afternoon and prepared to spend our first Sabbath in camp. The place was dusty and unpleasant, but we got milk from a farm house (ranch they call it here) and fodder for the horses, and got on comfortably. No opportunity for holding a service.

The next Saturday afternoon found us at Costilla (Kostea), on the line between Colorado and New Mexico, and there we spent the Sabbath. We passed through La Veta Pass during the week, but I could not think of attempting to do justice to that portion of the grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains in a brief summary of a long journey. Besides the climb was so hard on Jim and Don that I fear I lost much of the beauty of the scenes in sympathy for the poor horses. We made the acquaintance of a party who, like ourselves, had Santa Fe for an objective in point, but they left us at Costilla, not

wishing to lose a day resting. Disregard for the Sabbath is the rule on the frontier. We passed and were passed by many on the road, but never saw a party stopping for the Lord's day. "No grass for the poor horses," or "bad water," or "so long out," or some excuse or other. All felt the necessity for an excuse. The drive Monday and Tuesday was very hard, and but for the fact that the bones of Rev. H. Kendall, D.D., and those of our dear co-laborer, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, had been shaken up over the same stones, I do not know how we could have borne it. Tuesday from the Rio Colorado to Taos was a hard drive, the worst stones, the highest hills, the longest stretch without water, that we had found, but at dark we were at the door of our pioneer missionary, Mr. Roberts; and the reply to our modest announcement, "why, come in, we've been looking for you for a week," set our minds fully at rest as to our being welcome. In a large city one meets a variety of greetings, some cheering, some not exactly of that kind; but go to the doors of the missionary, Home or Foreign, I have been to both, there is no uncertain sound in the "come in." Here we rested one day and slept two nights in a bed, and on Thursday morning resumed our journey to Santa Fe, which we reached Saturday afternoon, September 29.

#### From Santa Fe.

Here accounts of Zuni were so discouraging and for other reasons "too numerous to mention," we divided our party, and leaving my wife and two little girls in Santa Fe, I, with Mac, took up the journey to Zuni by way of Fort Wingate. Without making any attempt to excite your sympathy, I will simply remind you that there is no opportunity to mail or receive a letter on the route save at Albuquerque, seventy five miles from Santa Fe. The country is full of small pox; robbery, murder, and especially horse-thieving, are as common as it is possible to imagine. We took from Santa Fe a Spanish teacher and general helper, and left Carlo to take care of the dear ones in their lonely little quarters in Santa Fe. My wife was provided with a few blankets, for

herself and the two little girls, aged five and seven respectively, and Mac and I shared a few pairs of blankets, our other household stuff being upon the road, and the division of property being that of the small stock we had carried in the wagon all the way from Colorado Springs, at the foot of Pike's Peak, and which we had often thought was too scanty for the cool nights of early autumn, to say nothing of winter



and high mountains. It must be supposed that we were friendless or destitute; I mean simply to say that it is impossible upon a journey of that kind for us to take everything we could desire in a two-horse wagon. Dr. Thomas, the Indian Agent, and Rev. Geo. Smith, and other good friends in Santa Fe, did everything that they could, but these were simply trials between which and us no earthly friendship and sympathy could stand. The journey must be made in such a way, and the conveniences allowable by the mode of travel were the only ones that could be indulged in. We set out Wednesday afternoon and made our stop at a little spring fifteen miles out just as the sun was sinking out of sight. The night was very cold and we were glad to creep into our blankets as soon as the little fire of Buffalo chips, by which we made our tea, had expired. Poor Mac complained so bitterly of the cold next morning that we concluded it would be better to have our bed in the wagon, and in the morning drive off without rousing him and stop when it got warmer and get breakfast. This proved a good plan, and I should advise persons traveling, as we were, in cold weather, to adopt it. Mac called this Camp Desolation, because he was so lonely without his mamma and because we could have no fire to sit by. As soon as the sun was up it was warm, and we met scores of little donkeys, burros they call them here, driven by Mexicans or Indians, loaded with grapes, peaches and melons. Our next camp was near the Pueblo of San Felipe, in a pretty little meadow. We called it Camp Alice on a passing fancy. The Indians heard that a physician was passing and came to consult me as to divers cases of small-pox. I was obliged to refuse to see any of them, as I feared for Mac and my Lieutenant. Friday evening we drew near a village where my Lieutenant was well known and popular among the ladies, who loaded us with grapes, cleaned the ducks he shot, brought water for us and made us welcome in every way. We called this Camp Senora, and the next morning, Saturday, October 6, reached Albuquerque, where is one of the oldest Catholic churches in America.

FROM ALBUQUERQUE.

At this point we cross the Rio Grande, and our course from nearly south becomes west. Here we first bought wood, as not even buffalo chips were to be found on the sandy bank opposite the town where we camped to remain over the Sabbath. The road from here to Laguna is as nearly a bed of sand or ashes as can be found on the

continent. We were obliged to walk a great deal and the horses had hard work all the way, a distance of forty-five miles. We shot several rabbits on the road which varied the monotony of fried bacon three times a day. We reached Laguna, a Pueblo, Tuesday afternoon, and were not long in deciding that the white adobe cottage on the east of a high hill was the residence of Bro Menaul, with whom we expected to enjoy a short visit. Laguna is a most unprepossessing place, but the people are pleasant and cordial, and Bro M. is a man of ability in every direction, and carries on his school, preaches, runs a little printing press, and is doing more work than any of his generation will ever know. His wife was formerly a laborer among the Navajoes, and is an able helpmeet for Bro. M. among the Lagunas. We discussed a dish of pork and beans and other substantials, and made notes of all this in the meantime, and slept in a bed that night, and were far on our way at sunrise, leaving the family sound asleep. That day at McCarty's we came to the beginning of the great lava beds, and had duck for supper from a lake where we camped. Our next day brought us to Blue Water, another misnomer, as the little water found there looks like very poor chocolate. The next evening we were at Crane's, whose wife is a good Presbyterian and willing to do anything in her power to aid the work of the Master. Was sorry to see so little of them, but hurried on, and about ten o'clock, Saturday, got to Fort Wingate, and there were treated so very kindly by Dr. Lauderdale, U. S. A., and were so unlucky in getting lost in the mountains for four days after leaving there, that I shall have to leave the rest of the journey for another letter, if the *Banner* has been so good and patient as to insert this.

PUEBLO MISSION.

Experiences on the Journey to Zuni Pueblo.

BY DR. H. K. PALMER.

On our journey from Santa Fe, we remained over Sabbath at a Mormon settlement. Held an open-air Sabbath-school, with about a dozen young Mormons who had never heard of God, Jesus Christ, or even Joe Smith; but they all took sacrament at the celebration of the Lord's Supper that evening. On Monday, October 22, we reached Zuni, where we were kindly received by the Governor, and conducted to his house. They seemed much pleased



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that I had come, and still seem much gratified to have a teacher. The next day I was put in partial possession of a double house (that is, two rooms), and began to teach at once a class of about thirty, and for some weeks myself and little boy were busy from early morning till late at night. The rooms which we still occupy are in size 12x25 feet, 7 foot ceiling. The inner one is lighted by two small holes in the roof, over which I have laid some pieces of broken glass that were left from the general break-up of everything breakable in our freight. I procured some lumber from Fort Wingate, and laid a floor of boards over the stones in our rooms, without which we would hardly have lived through the winter. I also made bedsteads, tables, and some desks for the school. I now have my school in a separate house. The condition of the people is astonishing; we supposed that they were not Romanists, but find that every one in the village has been baptized, and bears a Romish saint's name. But they do not know the name of God or Christ, though they recognize that of Mary. The priest comes here twice a year and has mass, but they are very reluctant to give him corn for his horses. . . . They have some curious heathenish rites; one, a fire festival, much resembles a similar ceremony I witnessed in South India. I think that they make offerings of meal and fire to the elements. Almost none speak Mexican, so for the present our way to reach them is not very clear, but those to whom we have spoken listen with deep interest to the story of the cross. Their wonder at the stove and sewing-machine and the organ was exceedingly funny; they hardly knew which was the most wonderful—the organ, or the woman that could make it sing. They never tire of standing and looking at the little girls and seem to feel very kindly to us all.—*Our Mission Field.*

THE school to the Aztec children at the Pueblo of Zuni opened on October 25, with ten pupils. Dr. Palmer enters upon his work with great zeal and devotion. Let him be remembered in the prayers of the Church. 1877

DR. and MRS. H. K. PALMER have been commissioned by the Board of Home Missions to commence a mission at the Zuni Pueblo. Zuni is the most populous of the eighteen villages of Aztecs, in New Mexico, and the most western of the group, being on the boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona. Near by the present village, on the top of a rock (Mesa), one thousand feet above the valley, are extensive stone ruins, which the traditions of the people claim are the remains of the city inhabited by their forefathers during the flood. They are worshipers of the sun and moon, like the Baalites of old. The ladies of Colorado are busy raising Mrs. Palmer's salary. These missionaries, together with their missions, are commended to the prayers of God's people. 1877

#### AZTEC MISSION AT ZUNI.

BY H. K. PALMER. 1877

The people here are friendly and express themselves pleased to have me here, but they are not willing to sell anything but an occasional sheep to us, and will not wait for their pay. I can get neither corn nor grass for the horses, and, therefore, have to send them to the herd, several miles distant, until I can sell them.

I have been busy for two weeks getting my quarters in as comfortable condition as possible, and am waiting for the natives to clean out a house they have promised for a school. There will, I think, be a large attendance, and they seem to learn very fast. I do not believe that a more needy field exists in the world, and the work is that of the most heathenish of people.

Nothing can be hoped for from any other method than to build, and plant and work, meeting this stolid indifference to Christianity by an equally persistent, dogged and patient determination to win. There are, at least, 1,300 souls in this Pueblo, and no one else has ever attempted to gather them as a portion of Christ's harvest.



If you have occupied it for *all time*, by and by the results will be glorious; but do not suppose that they will be apparent in one year or five, but fight it out on this line and success is certain. It is very important that mission premises should be built at once, and the people feel that the work is permanent.

### AMONG THE AZTECS.

BY HENRY K. PALMER, M. D.

If my friends remember, I promised to let them know how I was received by the Indians at Zuni, and what progress I made toward the accomplishment of the great object of our coming. When we arrived we were conducted by the Governor to his house, which was vacated by six or seven women, a squad of naked children and an indefinite number of dogs for our benefit, and the Governor bringing in two shoulders of mutton, threw them down and bade us "be at home." We at once set about preparing dinner, ignoring as far as possible, the presence of the natives, save when a new-comer arrived and insisted on shaking hands with, and embracing us. This last operation caused some maidenly shyness on my part, as I remembered the animated nature beside the Indian in the blanket. Dinner over, we filled up the coffee-pot, and leaving such articles as we chose on the board, we invited the assembled braves to help themselves, after pouring out a little syrup as an especial treat for the Governor. The others paid very little deference to his position however, and "went into" his Orleans with their fingers with the most democratic equality; and in much less time than I have been telling it, everything was licked so clean that we had to look close to see that the plates had ever had anything on them.

#### A TALK.

Then came a long talk, which was prefaced by smoking an incredible number of cigarettes in such stolid silence, that I began to think they would sit all night without saying a word. They have the most remarkable capacity for sitting still that I ever saw; not only will one sit by your fire for four or five hours without moving, but I have boys in school who will not leave their bench from nine in the morning till three or four in the afternoon. Finally, one of them, without lifting his head or manifesting the

least interest in what he was saying, began in a dreary monotone, and continued to speak I suppose ten or fifteen minutes. Then a long silence, and another took up the discourse, which, after a shorter interval, was followed by another, and so on until all the principal men, the *elders*, had spoken. It was then nearly midnight, and they announced the result of their talk, which was that they were glad to see me, and to-morrow would find me a suitable house for school and dwelling. After more smoking and a free interchange of sentiments they all departed, leaving us a pile of buffalo robes, etc., for a bed. The next day we got into our own quarters and began school the day after.

#### TEACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I suppose there were forty or fifty persons in the house from daylight till dark for nearly a month, and as we had no place to lock up or put away anything, Mac and I watched and taught constantly, and for days together were not able to leave the house. There was no fastening to the door, and if there had been there were two ways of getting in from the roof, so that we were helpless. Finally I succeeded in getting the corn and a blacksmith shop out of part of the house, and removing a ladder from another part, and by piling heavy boxes against a door that led off to some neighbor's house by a dark subterranean way, we had our house to ourselves. In the meantime we cooked, ate, slept and lived in public. The old and young women of the neighborhood would sometimes come to make our fire before we were up, and walk around and inspect our persons and clothing with the most—well, comparisons fail. Mac said he never felt so like a hyena in a show before. After a little while curiosity subsided and we were allowed to get up and go to bed without visitors, but I do not know how long it was before we could all shut our eyes at prayers. The coffee-pot (coffee and all) was taken off the stove while we were sitting at the table close by, so you can understand that watching is a necessary part of devotion while any of them are present. The scholars were mostly youths from fifteen to nineteen years of age; many of them learned to read in a few days, and will compare very favorably with the white, negro or Hindoo races with which I have worked in schools.



Small-pox broke out in the Pueblo in December and in a short time all my brightest boys were dead, and of all that began school at the first only two remain. Nearly one hundred and fifty deaths have occurred from that disease, but when we consider the way they live one is surprised that any have escaped. For some time I gave up school entirely, and have only just begun again with an attendance of more than twenty. Snow fell on Dec. 17 and continued to fall until we were completely shut in, and in the mountain passes it was from four to six feet deep. I need not say anything of our loneliness. Week after week passed. no news, no one going or coming by whom to send or receive letters. Snow, snow; snow everywhere without and a most loathsome disease everywhere within. We felt especially thankful as the days passed and neither of the children took it, and yet often we could not count up at night the number that had come into the kitchen (dining room and dispensary all in one) thickly covered with the eruption. Often and often did we call to mind, "and they shall take up serpents, and if they drink of any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." By and by all our provisions were gone except "a handful of" flour "in a barrel" and a little tea. Day after day my wife said, "Well, really there does not seem to be flour enough here for breakfast." But there always was enough and to spare for a prophet if he had come in. The end of the first week in February our best of earthly friends, Dr. J. V. Lauderdale, U. S. A., became alarmed at not hearing from us and sent his own servant with a wagon load of supplies to our relief. The journey was a fearful one, but they reached us; and what a joyful day it was you, my dear friends, who have all the comforts of civilized life about you, can not know.

## RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE.

During the winter I have had many opportunities of observing the customs of the people. They are very devout in their way, and worship the elements—earth, air (wind), water, etc., etc., whatever they imagine can affect crops. They have many dances, festivals, etc., all of which I think are to a certain extent religious ceremonies. They spend a great deal of time and labor in tying very carefully feathers to sticks; and you will find these planted or buried in great quantities along the streams. After they bury the feathers they remain a long time mutter-

ing some prayers or incantations to the ruling power over the earth. You will often see, very early in the morning, a man standing with his face to the sun and his eyes upon the ground. If near enough to him you will hear him murmuring something for a long time; then he will sprinkle a handful of meal toward the East, and return to the village. I have tried twice to give some sort of religious instructions to them, but the only one of them that speaks Mexican well enough to interpret for me has positively refused to communicate for me, when he found what I wanted. But the first week I paid him a whole Mexican dollar, and then he had a big talk again with the principal men, and permission was given to teach anything I chose. Last Sunday we had them come in to hear the organ, and while waiting I read the ten commandments and gave a brief exhortation on the Sabbath, which was quite a novel idea to them. They enjoy the singing very much, and I have nearly a dozen that can sing "Hold the Fort" very nearly through by themselves.

## HOUSE NEEDED.

I shall not be able to keep my wife and children here through the summer, unless we get a house, of which there is yet no prospect. The health of my wife has already begun to suffer from these wretched quarters, and I fear for the summer.

We have captured a bell from an abandoned Catholic chapel, but it has no tongue, and I use a hammer in lieu thereof. Will some iron man in P. send me a clapper?—*Banner*.

## ZUNI MISSION, NEW MEXICO.

Home Mission Privations—Small-Pox—Facing Starvation and Freezing—Relief from an Army Surgeon.

BY H. K. PALMER, M.D.

*My Dear Doctor:*

We seem at last to have been delivered from our sore straits by the arrival of a wagon loaded with meal, flour, fruit, sugar, coffee, tea, etc., sent to our relief by the good Dr. Lauderdale, who, hearing nothing from us, feared we were in distress, and sent us aid. We have been down to bread alone, and this morning had counted just how many days we would have that article, by closely economizing our little handful of flour in the barrel. Snow began to fall December 17, and soon



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blocked up the pass so that even Navajo travel was stopped. January 7, I hired an Indian to try to reach the fort, but he gave it up and came back, and with his return hope of letting friends know of our condition departed, and famine began to seem close at hand, as we were entirely without money, and the people will not sell to us on credit.

Small-pox broke out about Christmas, and since then deaths have occurred at the rate of from one to five a day. The Indians do not seem to dread the disease, and take no precautions to prevent its spreading, and I have not been consulted but in a few cases. Where I have been consulted (and fancy, my good "Rocky Mountain" friend, having half-a-dozen cases of small-pox standing around your kitchen stove), and they have obeyed my orders, the case has recovered. We keep our children in a back-room, and, so far, all have escaped (I had varioloid years ago), but the poor little ones miss fresh air and sunshine very greatly, and the cold stone floors are trying to my wife's health.

Snow continued to fall until late in January, and our prospects for relief seemed more and more remote, and finally, as our supplies got lower and lower, we resolved to brave the mountain pass and try to reach Fort Wingate. We hired an Indian, with his oxen, and started one bright sunshiny day; but the cold was intense, and as soon as the sun disappeared behind the mountain the bitter cold wind came sweeping along the valley, freezing everything it touched with its icy breath. All around was a dreary expanse of snow three feet deep, and no grass or other food for the cattle. We drove into the wood at the foot of the mountain, where the snow had melted away, and made a fire of fallen trees, and melting snow for coffee, ate supper, and then, stowing wife and children in the wagon, I piled up the logs higher and higher, keeping watch all night, and walking about to keep from freezing. Next morning I concluded to return to Zuni, which we did, and were glad to get back to a fireside again.

School is about broken up, all my boys being sick or dead but four. I have tried to persuade the people to scatter out to their summer villages, but they do not seem inclined to go.

Dr. Lauderdale sent me some vaccine and I have vaccinated forty persons. To what extent this will limit the spread of the disease remains to be seen. I fear every blanket in the Pueblo is so full of it that our only expectation need be that it will burn itself out.

We have not really suffered, only in mind, but what we should have done had it not been for Dr. Lauderdale, I do not know. I can not tell you all he has done for us, and I hope that in every Christian family where the welfare of the home missionary is near to their hearts, the name of Dr. J. V. Lauderdale will be a loved and honored one.

ZUNI, New Mexico, Feb. 7, 1878.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

##### THE JOURNEY TO ZUNI IN AN OX-WAGON.

BY MRS. H. K. PALMER.

*Dear Brother*:—I left Santa Fe the 14th of November, 1877, and reached Zuni the 28th, just in time to spend Thanksgiving as a united family. As you know, Doctor Palmer remained at Zuni to make ready for us a room or two in an Indian house, so that we could pass the winter in some degree of comfort, sending the interpreter with the wagon and horses back to Santa Fe for the two little girls and me. The work had been started so recently that it seemed unwise to leave it so soon for so long a time. I left Santa Fe in company with Dr. Menaul and Miss Perry, whose company and help we had until we reached Laguna. Dr. Menaul's help was of the substantial kind, as he had with him a wagon and eight oxen. The children and I went to Laguna in the ox-wagon, with Miss Perry and Dr. Menaul in our wagon. This arrangement greatly relieved our weary, jaded horses. One week out from Santa Fe brought us to Laguna. I greatly enjoyed a day there visiting the school carried on by Dr. and Mrs. Menaul, and in getting some idea of what the mis-



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sion work among these people consisted of. After school, Mrs. Menaul and I threaded our way through the narrow streets (if I may call them streets) of the Pueblo, stopping every moment almost to exchange salutations with men, women and children, who all seem to feel that to do so, they must shake hands. I thought I never heard anything more musical than the word they used as they greeted us, "Quatse," being their equivalent for "How do you do." Early in the morning Dr. Menaul's place was swarming with the people who had come to work upon a house they are building, so that their young men may have the advantage of being near Dr. Menaul to study. I thought what an example it might be for Christian women. Mothers came to the scene of action with their babies; little girls and boys came to carry water; old men, too, and all seemed to find some way to help. It, indeed, was a sight I shall not soon forget. Next morning we resumed our journey, and not without fears that our horses would give out. We went along very well until we were compelled to spend a night and day without water for them, and then they began to show very unmistakable signs of failing. We were fortunate in getting help at Agna Frio, and we reached Lenejas, where one of our horses failed entirely. Here we could only get help in the way of two Mexicans, who were going to the Little Colorado on horseback. We tied two ropes to the tongue of the wagon, and attached the ropes to the horn of the two saddles, and in this way came into Zuni in a day and a-half. I can not tell you how glad I am that I have actually reached Zuni, about which all our thoughts have centered for so many months. We were kindly received by the Indians, and as soon as I had arrived they swarmed to see me, and shake hands with me. Curiosity concerning Doctor and Mac had waned as they had been here some weeks, but a white lady was a new feature. One old woman who knew that Doctor had sent for me, exclaimed, as she extended her hand, "Come at last, at last!" All day the men and boys

have filled the room where Doctor has the work-bench (to day being Saturday, there is no school). What shall I do? They have stolen my coffee-pot! The people of Zuni are certainly an inferior people when compared with Laguna people, as they are so filthy in their persons. They are *all, men, women, and children, full of vermin*. The women are the most disgusting women I have ever met, in their appearance. The first thing to be done is to induce them to keep themselves clean enough for us to get nearer than we can now, without finding that we have more company than we care to entertain. But their filthiness and every other disgusting feature make it more necessary that they should be taught better things. The field is indeed a wide one for missionary effort. As yet we have no girls in the school, but hope soon to have. If, in ten years, these people are what the Lagunas are to-day, we may well feel that labor has not been expended in vain. The Lagunas had years of missionary toil with its results, through Mr. Gorman, and now they have a faithful missionary and friend in Dr. Menaul. The people are friendly, and kindly disposed, but they have no appreciation of the value of education and Christianity. They feel that Americans are superior to them and know a great deal, but because they can not attain to their standard in a day, they feel it is too big a job to undertake. We have faith to believe that they will think differently, after we have been with them some time. We need the prayers of God's people, that these Indians may have that preparation that will lead them to accept Christ, and all the benefits of the gospel. We ask your prayers that we may have guidance in presenting to them these blessed truths.

ZUNI, New Mexico, Dec. 1, 1877.

**ZUNI MISSION.**

BY FLORA D. PALMER.

Dear Girls and Boys:

1878

Within the last ten years the girls and boys of all our churches have learned a great deal about the children



of almost every country upon the face of the earth. How full of sympathy many of you were for those in India, Japan, China and Turkey, when you learned that they knew nothing about God and his dear Son Jesus, and of what he had suffered for them that they might know what it was to be happy. Many of you formed yourselves into little societies for raising money to send the Bible to these children, and I know of a great many girls and boys who gave nickels and dimes that they had formerly spent for candies, nuts, dolls, fire crackers, and various things that bring so much delight to children. Now the mission bands number thousands, and they are doing such a part of the work that if they were to suddenly stop giving many schools would be broken up, and this work for heathen children sadly cut down. So, dear children, these great missionary societies of our land can not get on without the children. I want to give you something more to work for, something more to think about, another class of poor children to pray for and to deny yourselves for, but this time I will not ask you to look away across the sea, for right here, in good old America, these strange little folks are.

Get your geographies out at once and look up New Mexico. You all know that Santa Fe is the capital, and after leaving this city there are no towns going west except Mexican and Indian towns. Upon the maps you will see that Zuni is out far to the west of Santa Fe, and is the home of a strange people. The houses are built one upon the other, sometimes running up three terraces high. The people go up from one row to the next higher by ladders. The children run up and down with as much ease as you would run down the front steps and out the gate. I find it very difficult to go up and down at all, as every round on the ladder turns around every time one puts their foot upon it. They are as wild as so many rabbits, and it is hard to get hold of them. They have not been used to

white people, and, I dare say, they think we are just as odd as we think they are. Many of them have bright, pretty faces, long, black, smooth hair, when it is kept clean, and all wear nothing but a jacket with loose pants, made of unbleached cotton cloth, leggins of sheepskin, or stockings knitted of woolen yarn. Outside they wear a blanket. This is the dress of a boy well-clad, but my heart has ached to see scores of the children with nothing on but a short jacket. This winter has been one of much sorrow and distress to this village, as small-pox has been among them during the whole winter, and at least seventy-five of the children have died from it. I believe if they had been warmly dressed but few would have died.

These children know nothing about God, never heard *his* name nor the name of *Jesus*, and know very little about what it is to be happy and comfortable. We hope to teach them much that will make them happier and better children. Here is a work that I feel a very strong desire to see the children having a part in. There are a great many of these Indians Pueblos, and none of them have the gospel and know nothing about Christ. Two missions are now established—one in Zuni and one in Laguna. Will not the children take hold and help send missionaries to many more of these Pueblos? I shall feel much surer that this will be done if the children in all our churches will only take hold.

These children are very much like the children of all other countries. In many things they like pretty clothes and bright, pretty things about them in the way of silver buttons in their leggins, red handkerchiefs to be about their heads, and they think a blanket with a bright stripe is something very attractive. Little boys and girls have to take a great deal of care of the babies which they put across their back, and keep it in place by drawing their blankets over it as tightly as is possible. Little girls soon learn to grind the flour for the family, and when they are twelve years old they look like old



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women. I wish you could see some of their pretty water-pots, so beautifully painted, and when the colors are burned in they are really beautiful. They are all a kind of pottery, the art of making which is one of those ancient arts that has been preserved these hundreds of years. They make such quaint little water vessels, in shape like an owl and other birds and animals.

I will be glad to write everything I can find out, if you will only take an interest in these Indian children. These Indians are not like the wild, roving tribes, but are a people who have been living, for no one knows how long, in villages, and all have farms upon which they raise wheat, corn, beans, pumpkins, etc., and have very little to do with people of any other village or tribe, although in former years they were continually fighting with the Navajoes, who would steal their cattle. I will tell you something about their games, etc.

Every Sabbath we gather them in, and I have quite a large class of boys who are trying to learn to sing with the organ, of which they are exceedingly fond. Yesterday was Sabbath, and I find that not only the children like to hear the music, as almost as soon as we were up a man came to know how soon the music and singing would be. He said he wanted to go out and hunt up his oxen, but he wanted to wait for the singing, and as we did not ring the bell until ten o'clock he finally thought it best not to go for the oxen on Sabbath at all. Here, dear children, is plenty for all good hearts and hands, too.

ZUNI, New Mexico, Feb. 25, 1878.

#### AZTEC BANDS.

The Zuni Mission must have a house built for the missionaries to live in. Will the children build that house? Who will form a band and send money for a door or window, or even building one room? Any sums from one dollar to a hundred dollars will be thankfully received.

#### ZUNI PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.

BY MRS. FLORA D. PALMER.

*To the Ladies of the Presbyterian Church:*

This especial mission, "The Mission of Zuni," was established by our Home Board last fall, my husband, Dr. Palmer, arriving the 22d of October. The 25th he opened a school for the children and youth of the Pueblo. During the winter the school has gone on uninterruptedly, except for two weeks, when the entire school had fallen victims to the small-pox, which had raged in our midst fearfully for three months. We found that of the thirty enrolled when school began only seven remained. We reorganized the 1st of March and have since a regular attendance of from twenty-five to thirty. As yet we have not succeeded in getting any girls into the school, almost the entire number being young men from fourteen to nineteen.

The people of these Pueblos differ from the wild, roving tribes, first, in having a settled place of habitation, consisting of villages built of adobe, in which, during the winter, they with their families live; and second, in living not by hunting, but by agricultural pursuits, and from the products of their flocks and herds. The Pueblo of Zuni consists of houses built of adobe, one upon another, until in some cases they reach five terraces or stories. The people ascend from the ground to the first roof and from this to the next, and so on, by means of ladders, which serve a double purpose, that of access to their houses, and affording them protection against enemies, as at night or during times of danger, these ladders are drawn up, thus rendering it almost an impossibility to enter their houses. This Pueblo numbers (it is estimated) from twelve to fifteen hundred souls, is built upon a hill in about the center of their reservation. Their farms lie to the north and west, fifteen or twenty miles upon the Nutria and Pescado Rivers, to the south twelve and fifteen miles to the Warm Springs. Upon these farms they raise wheat, corn, pumpkins, beans,



etc., upon which they subsist. Here they keep their oxen and horses. They are entirely without any of the improved means of farming, using a stick to turn up the soil before sowing grain, but nevertheless they manage to get enough out of the ground to meet their wants. The clothing of the people consists for men and boys of a jacket and pants, made of unbleached cotton cloth, with a blanket for the winter (these are woven by the women). Leggings and moccasins of dressed skins afford covering and protection to the legs and feet, for both men and women, although I have never seen those for a woman with any of the silver ornaments which in many cases profusely ornament those for men. The dress for a woman consists of a black blanket sewed in the shape of a narrow skirt, extending to the shoulder, over which it is caught and fastened with a little tassel, a belt for the waist, a strip of unbleached cloth about a yard long is tied around the neck, falling over the shoulders, extending to the knees, with as much grace as such an arrangement can possibly afford. Where the family can not afford moccasins the woman is provided with stockings knitted of thick, heavy yarn, which extend only to the heel. Women here seem *independent* as regards their social position, not moving around while in the presence of their husband with that slavish fear which enthralls and characterizes the Hindoo woman; but *they* are the *slaves* here as well as there, and like the women of China, Japan, India and all heathen nations, these women (our sisters) are without the gospel or the least idea that there is a message of salvation for them which waits to set them free.

All the grinding of wheat and corn for bread is done by the women; carrying water (which is done in large water pots upon the head) is also the wife's work. This, like the same work in India, done after the same manner, is no light work, when we reflect that it is carried up in many cases four ladders. Women do their full share of the sowing and reaping; when the grain is brought in to be

stored for the winter, the wife carries it all up the ladders and stores it away. I have observed, if the husband is off hunting or trading, when he comes home, there waits a woman to take whatever burden he may have and hasten away, quickly returning to relieve him of his saddle, etc., etc. All sewing, knitting, cutting, and lighter work, is done by the men. I sat outside the door a few evenings ago, watching the setting sun, with my knitting in hand. Directly I had a crowd of twenty or thirty men around me, all seemingly much amused. Soon I learned it was a rare sight to see a woman knit. One man said, "Why, I have seen her cut and sew, too." They were quite overcome as this old Indian went on to tell them about the machine I had, etc., etc. The sewing machine fills them with great surprise. They, at first, thought it acted like it was alive.

The women are very inferior looking, physically, and not prepossessing in appearance, but they always have a kind look and a pleasant manner, which make me like them. When I look at them and know the utter darkness in which they are groping, I feel like there is nothing I would not bear if I can ever be God's instrument of telling to them that "old, old story" that has wrought such wonderful things for so many women of other lands. I have been kept from visiting them as I longed to do in their houses, during the winter, on account of small-pox. Death has visited every dwelling in the Pueblo, in some cases taking every child. Indeed the poor people have been under a thick cloud, but it now is lifted and the disease is about gone, leaving as a record of its work 150 deaths, many with but little use of arm or leg, in some cases one eye gone, etc. The Lord has stood between us and the terrible pestilence like a wall, and although for three months we had people come right into our kitchen all broken out with the disease, yet it did not come near us. We have called to mind many times during the reign of terror (for such it was to the people), and felt it verified: "And nothing shall by any means hurt you." (Luke x. 17.)



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We gather as many as we can upon the Sabbath into our kitchen (a room we use for kitchen, dining-room, workshop, reception-room for the Indians, bedroom for guests, and for gathering in the people for service or Bible reading), for a Bible service, when Doctor Palmer reads and explains portions of the Scriptures, first in English, then in Spanish, using an old Indian, who speaks some Spanish, as an interpreter for the Indian dialect. There are only two or three who speak *any* Spanish, beyond a few simple words, in this village. This old man will enter into the spirit of the occasion if he is in an extra good frame of mind, and interpret as well as he can; but, if not, he will make some excuse. We feel that if the gospel is given to them intelligently it must be either through their own language or through English. We have been busily engaged with Spanish, but soon hope to make an attack upon Zuni. This is not a written language, and as we will have no help in the way of grammars and dictionaries, we will find it a heavy task.

We use the organ and have singing in connection with our Sabbath readings. The people are exceedingly fond of music, and will linger after the services are ended, hoping to hear a little more. Quite a number of the Indian children have learned to sing two or three hymns so they can accompany the organ, and their parents are greatly delighted. As yet but few women attend these meetings upon the Sabbath. Upon inquiring why their wives and mothers did not come they tell me they have not time. Every day it requires to grind their meal for bread *an hour or two*, and then they must *cook*; thus their home duties were made an excuse for not hearing the Bible. But I do not wonder that these poor Indian women, who do not know there is a God or a dear Savior for them, allow these things to keep them away, when those who have always known of these things are deterred from improving precious privileges by the most trifling things.

I have been trying to devise some way to help them manage this grinding business (which is done with two stones),

so that they will get more time. I am anxious to get a mill, one run by horse power, that will grind enough in an hour for a week. Such a mill will cost from \$100 to \$150. Indeed it will be money well invested. It will help to open up the way for the women wonderfully. I am anxious to have the men change work with the women, giving them the lighter work and taking upon themselves the heavier work, thus giving the girls and women an opportunity to learn to read. The girls, as soon as they can use their little arms, are put to grinding, and packing the babies, of which there are hosts.

The most effectual means of raising up a generation of educated women, I believe, is a boarding school, into which we could gather the most promising girls and keep them under Christian influence, away from their homes, for a few years. I believe that the very same means of Christianizing these Pueblo Indians may be used, and are necessary to be employed, as those used in foreign fields, boarding and industrial schools, as well as the day school, visiting the women in their houses, having classes among them, Bible readers, teaching them to sew, cut, knit, make bread, etc., identical with mission work in other lands. The object is the same, that of bringing them to Christ, and helping to make life more joyous to them—lifting them up out of their degraded condition, that of a *drudge*. Here we have the great difficulty of the language to meet, either to conquer or be conquered by it, and many other trials peculiar to this especial work, which only time and the influence of the gospel can overcome; while, on the other hand, we have not many of the difficulties peculiar to work in India and China, as, for instance, we have no *caste* prejudice with which to contend. In India we had this to meet in every department of our work, as it is a part of the very blood and bone of a Hindoo. There women are nothing socially; here she has a voice in everything. She seems to have fallen into this position, and accepts it as something that may be borne. One great trial in living with such a people is their



carelessness in regard to cleanliness. They never wash anything they wear except their blankets, which need it less than any other garment, as it is worn outside. Vermin on both their heads and upon their persons is the natural consequence of such neglect, and it requires great care on our part to keep our garments from touching theirs when they come into our house. The Ladies' Society at Colorado Springs has done good work through a package of fifty fine tooth-combs, which were distributed and most thankfully received.

We have been living since we came here, and are still living, in an Indian house of two rooms. While we are so situated we must allow them to come and go almost as they choose, and we are subjected to many annoyances of which we will be relieved when we have a mission house outside the village. All we ask is a shelter from the heat and cold, rain and snow, while we labor for the Master among these people.

I rejoice in the prosperity of the work in foreign lands, as my heart was firmly bound to the dear Tamil women of Southern India while we labored there, but here in dear America are thousands of these Indian women who are bound by superstitions as heathenish as any that bind the women of foreign lands, and who have a claim upon us as Christian women, to do something to set them free. These heathen women, not across the seas, but at our own doors, should not be forgotten or ignored by us. The question presses itself upon us as one of such importance, and with such importunity, that we can not set it aside longer, but must take it up and ask ourselves individually, "*What can I do?*" and "*How can I do that little so that it will be most effectual?*" Our responsibility presents itself in a tangible form, since our Home Board has explored carefully these fields, *ascertained* the wants of the work, *established* the work, and *now* waits the co-operation of the Christian women of our Church, to enable them to do what is necessary to find an entrance for the gospel. So, many times

we read in our leading church papers articles stating that our churches are too much burdened already to take any new work; now I believe if we would take the pains to investigate, that we would find those who already give more largely to the *old work* will give most cheerfully to the *new*, they have learned what a joy it is to give to the Lord. I entreat you, as fellow laborers in the Master's work, to add **THIS** work to that you are already doing, to bear these Indian women upon your hearts and in your prayers, and I believe you will see them brought to Christ at no very distant day.

ZUNI, NEW MEXICO, April 8, 1878.

M. Fitch Williams, M.D., has offered his services to the Home Board to take charge of the vacant mission of Zuni, Pueblo. The special prayers of the Church are asked in behalf of this mission. Also special funds are solicited for the erection of mission premises.

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THERE being a drouth in the Zuni country during June, the Pueblos took an image and carried it in procession sixty miles to their sacred spring, hoping thereby to secure rain.

MISS HAMMAKER has reached Zuni and entered upon her work with much hopefulness. The fall term of the school opened the first week in September.



